

MY MEMORIES

Written by Himself



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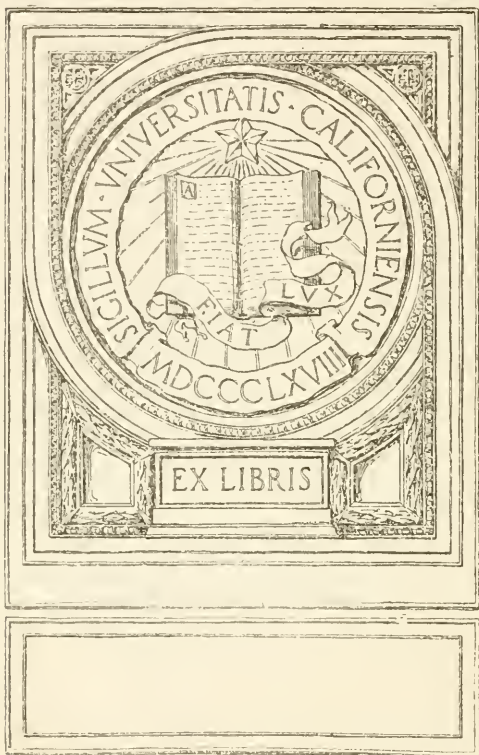


SIR
HENRY HEYNAN

PEDRO J. LEMOS

A mes très cher amis
- Sir Henry, Heyman
en souvenir de tout le bon
moment passé ensemble
Ovid
New York 1920.

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MUSIN'S MAXIMS

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

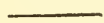


TO VINU ANATOMIA

- 1 Genius does not need Talent, Enaudi, famous calculator, never studied mathematics. (He told me so.) Talent is acquired. Genius is the gift of God.
- 2 Ideals are innate not acquired.
- 3 Where there is aptitude for the Violin, the personality will manifest itself naturally.
- 4 Science and Art are not Sisters. Mathematical calculations are not Art.
- 5 Great Masters of Harmony and great Fuguists are often mediocre composers. Science and Inspiration, combined, produced the great works.
- 6 Technic can be reasoned, but must be acquired physically.
- 7 Memory pertains to the Mind; and must be trained by exercising the brain when very young.



- 8 The success of a player depends on something not taught by books, namely the personal conception and inspiration of the artist.
- 9 In Violin playing the left hand is only the workman, the mechanic. The right hand, the bow arm, is the artist. It is through the right arm that the virtuoso can give polish to the Technic, color to the interpretation, and expression to the inspiration of the moment.
- 10 Michael Angelo said: "Who acquires the habit of following will never lead."
- 11 Be yourself.



N. B.—Regarding these maxims in connection with a life devoted to music, I venture to say, without self-exaltation, that the study of them will not only prove beneficial to artists but to everyone, more so indeed, than any book written about the violin's mastery.

OVIDE MUSIN.

MY MEMORIES

The figure consists of two parts. The top part shows a single hexagon with vertices labeled 1 through 6 in a clockwise direction starting from the top-left. The bottom part shows a larger section of the lattice with vertices labeled 1 through 12, illustrating the connectivity between adjacent hexagons.



Ovide Hudson

MY MEMORIES

BY

OVIDE MUSIN

Founder of the Belgian School of Violin in New York, 1908;
Officer of the Belgian "Order of Leopold;" Commander
of the "Order of Nisham Iftikar" (French);
Officer d'Academie (France); Ordre du
Merite (Holland); Officer of the
Order of the Bolivar (South
America), etc.

A HALF-CENTURY OF ADVENTURES AND
EXPERIENCES AND GLOBE TRAVEL
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

NEW YORK
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1920

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Gift of Sir Henry Reynolds

TO MY WIFE
ANNIE LOUISE HODGES-MUSIN

INTRODUCTION

Many of my friends have said to me frequently, "You who have traveled so much and have made so many people happy by your music, why do you not write your experiences? They would assuredly be of interest not only to artists but to the public in general." Thus urged I decided to write this book, simply as a *raconteur* with a pretty good memory, and tell as succinctly as possible in an unpretentious way some of the phases of my artistic life, impressions, episodes and reminiscences, comprised in a career of upwards of fifty years.

My letters to the paper "La Meuse" of Liège, Belgium: my diary kept from time to time when visiting new countries, and my lectures on the History of the Violin, given in French and English, have been a great help to me in writing these "Memories."

OVIDE MUSIN.

New York Dec. 25th 1919.

NOTE

The fac-simile of the autographic letter of Leopold II of Belgium to his sister Charlotte, Empress of Mexico, dated 1866, which appears on page 268 was nearly prophetic of the war of 1914, and, had this Monarch been alive at the time, it is possible that the war would not have taken place; for his advice was listened to by every Monarch of Europe, and in fact Leopold II was called "The Diplomat of Europe."

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MY MEMORIES

WRITTEN BY MYSELF

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

IN 1799, William Cockerill, an English mechanical inventor, settled in Belgium as a manufacturer of spinning and weaving machines. His son John joined him there later and through his own industry and the help of William I, King of the Netherlands, founded in 1817 the great iron works of Seraing. Cockerill and William I were joint owners of these foundries for thirteen years, when in 1830 John Cockerill purchased the King's share and became sole proprietor. My father, who was an engineer, was employed by this company for many years, first in Belgium and later in the south of France, but finally, wishing to retire perhaps into a less active occupation, he returned to Belgium, built a house in the village of Nandrin, in the Province of Liége, and set himself up as a merchant of grain and wine.

My father was born at Avins near Huy, Province of Liége, but it is probable that he settled at Nandrin because it was only three miles from the castle of Sothrez in which my mother was born. In former days, the de Milles, which was my mother's maiden name, were an important family in these parts, my grandmother having even a private chapel attended by all the peasants in the neighborhood, and it is likely that Nandrin appealed to

them as being the nearest town to my mother's old home. I was born at Nandrin, on the 22nd of September, 1854.

I was the youngest of five children, and with the exception of the eldest, we were all born in the house which my father built at Nandrin. We were a comfortable provincial family, stoutly clad and shod, well fed, but with the frugal habits one finds in all old countries. We had what we needed but no more. There was no waste and as the children grew up they were expected to help in the performance of the household or other family labors, until old enough to find outside occupations. This was so everywhere in Belgium, except in the richest families. Money was so hard to make that all must help in trying to make it. On the farms the daughters worked at the churn, and took the butter to market with the eggs of the chickens and pigeons. Sometimes they helped in the fields, the sons always. All labored together for the common good. In this country, the United States, it seems to me, the children of the farmers often think themselves above farm work, often the farmers seem to think so too, and, in consequence, their money goes for piano lessons and for the purchase of cheap automobiles. No one would dream of indulging in extravagances of this kind in Belgium. Indeed, farming there is considered impossible without a large family of sons and daughters, as, if it were necessary to hire labor it would be too difficult to make it pay.

I remember being caught one day in a sudden storm. I was still a young lad and was so absorbed in my occupation of the moment, the catching of trout, that I did not notice its approach until a sudden growl of thunder and

a gust of cool wind caused me to look up. The storm, with its dense masses of heavy clouds, was almost upon me, and, picking up my fish, I began to run toward a farm house which stood on the other side of the field. It came so quickly that I had barely reached the house when torrents of rain began to fall. My own concern was simply to avoid a drenching, and I was, therefore, amazed to witness the despair to which the storm had reduced the family with whom I had sought shelter. They were on their knees, weeping bitterly and praying that their crops might be spared. If it brought hail, and that was what they feared, it might mean the total ruin of the result of many months of labor. Each felt this equally, young and old, of both sexes, because all had done their part, and it made me understand, young as I was, precisely how they felt; that with all their unremitting toil, their shrewd industry, they were after all dependent for success on the fortuitous circumstances of nature. The hail did not come, I am glad to say, and their crops were spared.

But although all work hard, once a year, for three days during the month of October, a fête is held in which the whole countryside takes part. The usual regimen of bread and cheese is abandoned and tarts are baked — tarts of plums, of apples, of rice and eggs, tarts of every description; a fair is held. The young men have saved money during the year to spend on their sweethearts and the sweethearts have saved some too, to spend, I am afraid, on themselves. There are games, dancing and music. One of my earliest recollections, I must have been very young, is of listening entranced on one of these

occasions, to the music of an "orgue de barbarie" or, as it is popularly called, a hurdy gurdy. The first I had ever heard.

We had, as I remember, not too many pastimes, but one which I indulged in whenever opportunity offered, and which I still enjoy, was that of fishing. There were a number of small streams in the neighborhood of Nandrin which contained trout, and I have caught many of them, some weighing as much as two pounds, not with a rod, for at that time I had never seen one, but with my bare hands. I knew the pools where the trout were to be found, and creeping cautiously to the edge of one, behind a screen of grass, I would wait until a fish came within reach, when I would begin very gently to tickle its belly, working up gradually toward the head, when I would seize it suddenly with all my might and throw it on the bank.

Not many years ago I paid a visit to Nandrin. I could find very few of the neighbors I had known before, but the village priest, now an old man, was still there in his little house close to the church, where as an altar boy I had served mass, swung the censer and poured the wine. He greeted me with real joy and announced that I must dine with him, adding ruefully, after a moment, "But there is no fatted calf to kill, Monsieur, I am sorry to say!" Then a thought struck him, "You who used to catch trout so skillfully, do you think that you could catch one now?"

I answered that I would do my best, and going out with him to a stream which ran close behind the vicarage, I rolled up my sleeves and began to creep toward the edge

of the pool which I had chosen for my operations. I was not as slender as on my last fishing expedition thirty years or more before, the recumbent position which I used to assume without a thought seemed strangely uncomfortable, breathing was not easy, and I was sure that I was in momentary danger of a rush of blood to the head. But I persevered and within ten minutes had landed a fine trout weighing a pound and a half. We had it for dinner with a hot butter sauce sprinkled with chopped green herbs, cold meat, bread and cheese, salad, and a bottle of fine old Burgundy — a meal fit for a king.

So my first recollection indicating any especial love for or appreciation of music, aside from the incident of the hurdy gurdy at the fair, had to do with a small toy violin which my father gave me at Christmas. I was about six at the time. My interest in this instrument was so pronounced and so sustained that it attracted my father's attention, and a little later he bought me a larger one. I derived a great deal of pleasure from manipulating it as well as I could, but I soon realized that I must in some way acquire the rudiments of the art before I could accomplish anything at all with it. The problem of where to discover a teacher in a place as small as Nandrin was not easy, but I thought at last of an old man, the village cobbler, who sometimes helped to make up a small orchestra, recruited from neighboring towns, for the purpose of playing at dances. The cobbler played double bass. In the shop of this old man I received my first lessons, the cobbler cobbling while I stood before him with my violin. He taught me the first notes

and how to tune the violin, and with this equipment, I taught myself to play by ear.

As I became more proficient, I grew more attached to my violin, and devoted more and more time to it, sometimes perhaps to the annoyance of my family, for as it was not a small one and as the time I had formerly spent out of doors was now taken up indoors in practice, I was probably often in the way.

It was an effort to obviate this difficulty perhaps which resulted in my frequently playing my violin sitting on the floor under the table which stood in the center of the big front room of the house. By this arrangement, I was in nobody's way and, as I was only seven, the space under it was quite large enough.

One day, a professor of the violin who lived in Liège, but who happened to be in our village, heard, in passing the open windows of our living-room, the notes of a violin issuing therefrom. The windows opened directly on the street, and as he glanced in he was surprised to see that there was no one in the room. Except for the musical notes which filled it the room was empty. The professor of the violin, naturally surprised at this phenomenon, thrust his head in at the window and looked cautiously about, only to find the mystery more insoluble than ever. The notes sounded louder and more distinct than before, but of the player there was not a trace, and he was beginning to fear that he was the victim of some form of mental derangement, when my mother happened to enter the room, and after a word of explanation, made the matter clear by lifting a corner of the table cloth and revealing myself fiddling away behind it.

This incident had an important bearing on my future, for the professor, insisting on hearing me again, under conditions savoring less of the supernatural, liked my playing well enough to advise my father to give me a musical education. The professor's praise finally resulted in my going to Liège with my father to attend the examination of candidates who wished to enter the Conservatoire. My family had arrived, by this time, at a tentative decision. I was to go to Liège and play before the judges. If my application was refused, there was no more to be said for the present at any rate. It would be time enough to decide definitely in case I should be accepted. That spring therefore, a very frightened, small boy, standing in the Examination Hall in the Conservatoire at Liège, before a small company of judges and applicants, played a composition of his own. The small boy was myself,— the composition which I played secured my admission, and my parents found that they must decide definitely whether I was to enter or not.

Since I have come to know, later in life, what difficulties young aspirants for careers in any of the arts often have to overcome in the way of family opposition, I am more thankful than I was then that every member of mine had a genuine love of music. And yet, as was natural, when my parents finally determined to follow the professor's advice, their decision was mixed with a good deal of apprehension at the idea of my leaving home,— I was eight at the time — and to live in so distant a place as Liège, fully twelve miles away. My mother indeed, at first, felt that she could not consent to such a scheme, and it was only on my father's discovering that a friend of

his who kept a small but very good hotel there would be glad to take me under his care, that the matter was finally settled.

It being decided to send me, preparations were begun at once. The village tailor made me a suit of clothes. The village cobbler abandoned his lessons, and fell to fabricating a pair of shoes for me. A small trunk of yellow tin was unearthed and packed with my belongings, and on an early day in October, my father and I climbing to the top of the diligence, began our journey to Liège.

As we passed out of the village, a delicious and well-remembered smell floated to my nostrils — the smell of baking tarts; tarts of plum; of apple; of eggs and rice. The fête was to begin the next day and I was not to be there. A sudden regret assailed me, but after all, what did it matter? Had I not become a man of the world, destined to see many things more wonderful?



NANDRIN VILLAGE

CHAPTER II

FIRST CONSCIOUSNESS OF MUSIC

THE awakening of my consciousness of music or, in reality, a subconsciousness of the charm of music sufficiently tangible to enable me to recall my impressions, was in connection with the music of the Church and that of the celebrations of the Feast Days in the village of Nandrin.

As will be seen from the picture, the village church stood as you face it just to the right of my father's house, where I was born, and it was there that I learned to sing the Latin chants and responses to the intoning of the priests in the services in which I acted as altar and choir boy.

I must have had a pretty fair voice, as child voices go, and been able to carry a tune, as the expression goes, or I would certainly not have been called to the position. I do not recall that I ever had any difficulty in learning the music, no doubt grasping the musical idea by instinct, or, if you will, more with a psychological sense than in any other way.

I have an idea that even at an early age, I had a clear idea as to pure, free tone and correct intonation for very often the thick, nasal tones of the priests, badly out of tune, were either quite painful to me or suggested ideas which were so amusing that I could hardly keep my face straight.

One of the priests sang something which sounded to me more like omelette — o — rum — fricandum (Gigotum Cressonem) and which, at early mass, aroused my appetite for breakfast. But this in no way detracted from my reverence for the holy fathers who were always most kind to me. Then, on the Feast Days, I, like other children, absorbed the music of the folk-songs and the Cramignon.

The Cramignon seems to be peculiar to the Province of Liège and the race of Walloons, for I have never seen it or heard of it in any other country. The Cramignon is not, strictly speaking, a country dance, but more properly a march, which may be a remnant of some very ancient religious ceremony dating from the time of the Druids. Relics of this order are still to be seen around Liège in the Dolmens scattered here and there.

At any rate, the Cramignon must have originated in times so ancient that the country was still covered with vast extents of forests where the Dolmens were erected and the people worshipped not only in their temples but in the groves. This may account for the curious serpentine windings and coilings of the long line of marchers as they twine in and out among the trees, or might this peculiarity be traceable in any sense to the serpent?

The Cramignon begins in this way: A young man, the leader, carries a bouquet in his right hand and, with his left, he takes the right hand of his lady, her left hand being taken by the gentleman following, and so on, couple following couple as, one after another, they join in the march which is done side-wise, with arms extended.

The leader starts a song, singing the first line, which

is taken up and repeated by the marchers in chorus, and so on during the whole song or chant, which is kept up as the march continues, the leader sometimes coiling them into a solid group and then uncoiling again, twining and turning this way and that as the line trails its way through the street, until all are quite out of breath, when they disperse.

We all learned to sing the Cramignon, and some Belgian composers have taken the ancient themes and woven them into compositions of real merit. Debefve wrote a Symphony on one of the themes which was produced at one of the concerts of the Royal Conservatoire of Liège with grand orchestra.

I was only eight years old when I left my home in Nandrin to begin my studies at Liège. But it was not as if I had gone out into the world alone. The Tournemont family with whom I went to board — a good kindly people — were, as I have said, friends of my father's, and it was there the stage coach stopped in going to and from Nandrin. My father came very often to the exchange in Liège. I saw him once or twice a week, and often went home to visit my mother. The inn was on the quai des Pecheurs, which was burned by the German soldiery in their passage through Liège in 1914. The Germans claimed that the people there shot at the soldiers, but it has been proven that it was not true.

I often used to watch the men who were fishing from the quays. This was in one of the most ancient parts of the city near the oldest bridge, the Pont des Arches. There were two bridges by which I could cross the Meuse in going from where I was living to the Conservatoire.

The nearest was the Pont Neuf. But it was a toll bridge and one had to pay three centimes, either way, going and returning, thus costing six centimes. I thought the matter over carefully and decided to expend this amount to my personal advantage, instead of enriching the town of Liège to that extent. I walked about a half mile down the river to a bridge which was free of toll. An old lady cake vendor was established near this bridge, with her little stove for frying the cakes. They cost just three centimes each, and I regaled myself. And as I embraced the opportunity every time I crossed to the other side of the city, both the old lady and myself were mutually gratified. Since that time a third bridge has been constructed — it is called “*Passerelle*,” and is only for pedestrians.

I never had time to play, like most boys, as I had to learn my lessons for the Conservatoire, as well as for school, and thus I was at work most of the time. Later on, when I studied harmony, quartette, and violin, I had to get up very early in the morning and work at my music before going to school.

In order to provide very young pupils with some educational advantages, there are in Liège night classes for instruction, outside of music, so that the daytime could be devoted entirely to musical study. In these classes four subjects were laid down as essentials: — the French language, grammar, literature, history, geography and mathematics. I, however, attended the Royal *Athénée*, or day school which is like the American high school, where I followed only three branches: — French, mathematics and history, each session being of one hour and



OVIDE MUSIN
14 Years of Age

each with a different professor, as well as the Conservatoire. This arrangement of night classes for artist students was a fine thing, for in that way a boy could get a general education and his musical education at the same time. In the United States, however, no such provision is made for artist students. Schooling must come first, and music afterward, as best it can — which explains why there are not as many American artists as there might be. Our Belgian Government, and also that of France appreciates the fact that to become an artist one must have the chance to specialize in the study of music and his chosen instrument. Altogether, I spent nine years at Liège. During that time I won the second prize — that was in 1867 — in 1868 the first prize, and in 1869 the gold medal for violin and quartette playing.

It was in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, that Henri Leonard, the celebrated violin virtuoso and pedagogue, left Paris and came to Liège, where he was appointed head of the violin and quartette department of the Royal Conservatory. During this time a public audition was arranged for César Thomson and myself. I think the program will be interesting. César Thomson played,

The whole Concerto of Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in G minor, by Bach, for violin alone, Seventh Quartette in F major by Beethoven.

I played:—

The whole Concerto of Beethoven the Chaconne of Bach, and the Quartette of Beethoven, number ten (called the Harp Quartette).

The séance began at two and lasted until nearly six; but the Salle d'Emulation was crowded from the beginning to the end. I have just heard that the Salle d'Emulation was burned by the Germans in 1914. It was in that Concert Hall that Chopin, Thalberg, Tausig, Liszt, Rubinstein, Vieuxtemps, Leonard, Joachim, Wieniawski, and hundreds of others have appeared in Liège, and where I gave my farewell concert in 1872.

Among the students who entered the Conservatoire about the same time as myself were boys who are now very well known. I have mentioned César Thomson. Then there were Martin Marsick, Eugene Ysaye and Guillaume Rémy (now of the Conservatoire Nationale at Paris) and some others even more talented — Simon Mauhin, for instance, and Lechat, considered a genius. Lechat died, however, before graduation, from typhus fever. His remarkable genius was admired by the whole Conservatoire.

Martin Marsick, the great violinist virtuoso, who has traveled as soloist in America, and all over the world, was the second of a family of seventeen children. The father was a cobbler. The mother went to private houses, as a scrub woman, picking up a franc here and there when she could. The oldest of the family was Louis Marsick, just as talented as his brother. But, in order to bring home bread as soon as possible, he played his violin on every occasion,— at balls, receptions, and in orchestras. I must say that he was a good son and brother, for he devoted himself to the education of Martin and the comfort of the family. They lived in a small house, in Rue Vertbois, near the Church of St. Jacques,

one of the oldest churches in the town of Liège (Thirteenth Century).

I could not see where that immense family could all sleep, in so small a house. They were divided into two sections for their meals. When the first "bunch" had finished, the second came in, for the room downstairs was not big enough to accommodate them all. It was a problem that I could not solve, that on such a small income, such a large family could be brought up, and all kept in good health. Martin, the virtuoso, had a beautiful voice. He was the soprano soloist of the Cathedral of St. Paul, and other churches, whenever they could use his services. For a Mass he received three francs (about sixty cents). So, at fifteen years of age, he was making good money and, like his brother, Louis, bringing home all his earnings. But to bring up a family of seventeen children, and that means nineteen to feed — this still remains a problem to me!

EUGENE YSAYE

Ysaye and I were at the Conservatoire together when we were boys, and we had our second prize for violin the same year — 1867 — at the Salle Gretry, Liège. I lost two bottles of champagne because I bet it was in 1866. But in 1866 we had an epidemic of the cholera in the town from which many people died. The Conservatoire decided not to have any contest that year. This fact I had forgotten, but like an American, I paid my bet, and enjoyed the champagne just the same.

Ysaye's father was a good musician, and had been for many years the conductor of the orchestra of the Pavilion

de Flore, a vaudeville place in Liège, where the students of the university and the people of the town would come and enjoy a comic song, and an operetta. Eugene and I were at the same stand, and this was my first experience in an orchestra. I was fifteen years old.

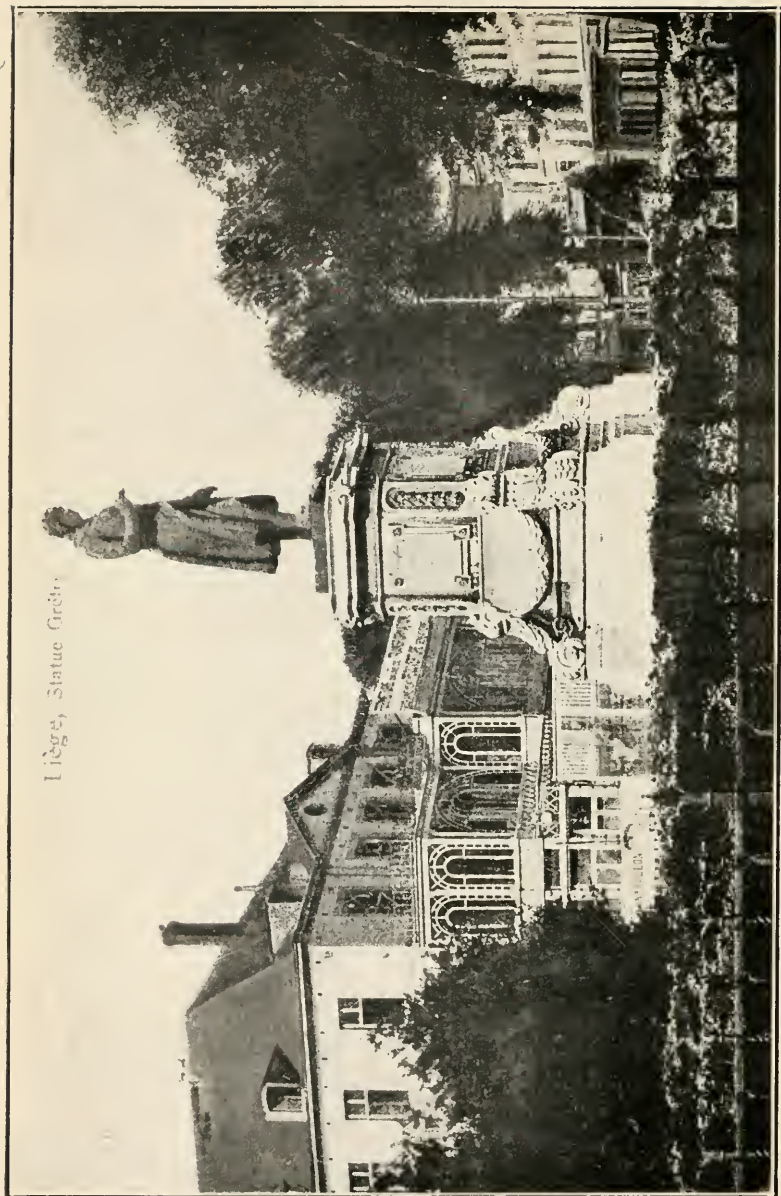
The brother of Ysaye, Theo Ysaye, was also a very gifted pianist, and composed several works of distinction.

CÉSAR THOMSON

His father was a cobbler, in the Rue des Recollets, Liège. César had a sister, and also a brother who was a hunchback. Besides being a cobbler, the father played double bass at dances, and made good too, every Sunday with his instrument. Thomson's brother, the hunchback, was a good musician, and very witty. I wish I had a penny for every joke of his that made one laugh until he cried. César Thomson, too, was a queer fellow, with ideas of his own. This will illustrate him at a glance.

Once, going in a boat with friends, for a pleasure trip on the river Meuse, he said to them, "I can walk on the water as Jesus did." He tried it, but took a bath, and he was lucky that his friends were able to get him into the boat again. He left Liège to be concertmeister to Baron Derevis, who had an orchestra in his castle on Lake Lugano. (This castle has been purchased by Louis Lombard of Utica, New York.) It was there that he met the young Italian lady who became his wife. Baron Derevis was very wealthy, and a lover of music. He had his own orchestra in winter at his castle near Nice, as well as at Lugano in the summer. Since we were at

Liège, Statue Grégoire



the Conservatoire at Liège, in the class of Leonard, the next time I met him was at Nice, in 1876. I was then a member of the Jean Faure Concert Company. He introduced me to his wife, a very pretty lady, and I complimented him on his choice.

But I found that he had some very queer ideas. For instance, he would say that "France ought to have less heart, and more wisdom." And that "Corneille was a vile courtier of Louis XIV," and so on. I cannot remember all, but he had been reading Schopenhauer, and endorsed his doctrines.

ROUMA, THE REMARKABLE VIOLINIST

Rouma, son of Auguste Rouma of Liège, that revered teacher of Henri Leonard, to whom Leonard dedicates his celebrated method for the violin, was one of the most interesting musicians of Liège: from the physiological point of view, as well as in artistic appearance; for he seemed to be Richard Wagner "redivivus." Small of stature, the head large — the mask both in profile and full view being the counterpart of Wagner. Rouma's home, where he was born and where his father lived before him, was in a house in that part of the town nowadays called "Vieux Liège," with solid oak floors, beams, etc., quaintly interesting. Here the father had amassed a wonderful collection of old manuscripts and musical instruments. He was a charming old gentleman, and I often visited him to hear him converse about old days, and see his collections. He lived in the Rue Vertbois, near the ancient thirteenth century Church of St. Jacques.

It is well that the old man did not live to see his dear old city bombarded by the Germans.

Leonard's dedication of his didactic works to Rouma's father, Auguste Rouma, which I give below, shows the delightful sympathy which existed in most cases, between master and pupil, in my time, and long before. He says in his dedication (translated literally),

“To my master and friend, Auguste Rouma, of Liège. Receive, my dear master, this affectionate remembrance from your pupil. In writing these studies for young violinists, I have often thought of the happy days of my childhood, and of the paternal counsels thou gavest me, together with the musical instruction. This work contains the fruit of thine experience, united to mine. May it attain the object I proposed in writing it.

“(Signed) H. LEONARD.”

In 1872, the Franco-Prussian war being ended, Leonard resigned his position at the Conservatoire, and went back to Paris. He had advised my father to allow me to continue my musical career. To that end it was decided that I should go to Paris, and in October of that year I gave a farewell concert under the patronage of the Governor, and of the Mayor of Liège. This concert was a great success financially, and I cleared over two thousand francs. It was thus that I was launched on my artistic life.

But it was while I was still at Liège that I made my first appearance in public — outside of the public examination of the Royal Conservatoire.

I remember distinctly I was about twelve years old.

The concert was given by the Fanfare of Gemeppes, a town quite near Seraing, where the celebrated John Cockerill Steel Works are located. I played on that occasion the Seventh Concerto of de Beriot. About forty years after I met on the street in Liège the Director of that Fanfare which still existed. I told him that in view of his being the first musical society to introduce me in public, any time he might require my service, I would be at his disposal. He took my offer up at once and arranged a concert for the benefit of the society. The hall could not contain the crowd, and needless to say everything was *en fête*. At my first appearance I do not recall if I was nervous, but later on in life I found that every artist suffers more or less from nervousness in playing in public.

While I was still at the Conservatoire, I was called on sometimes to play second violin in a quartette headed by a wealthy amateur of Liège. And the mania of this amateur was the tuning of his violin. He usually spent a quarter of an hour, with someone to give him A about a hundred times. He played pretty well, but for one reason or another, or for none at all, he would stop the playing, and say — “Let us tune up.” I remember that once in an adagio of a Haydn Quartette, which was going very well indeed, he stopped the piece, broke us all off short, saying, “We are not in tune.” Then every one had to take the A again, and thus it went. This happened a long time ago, but it was so striking a characteristic that I have a vivid recollection of the difficulty we experienced in getting through even one movement, not to mention a whole work.

CHAPTER III

AN EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND

IN the summer of 1870, César Thomson and I were playing in the orchestra at Ostend (always a fashionable watering place), and among the pranks we young fellows played was the following. Mr. Bidlot, the engineer of the S. S. Marie Antoinette, plying between Ostend and Dover, and a Liegeois, was a friend of ours, and to our great pleasure, he invited us to make the trip over and back free of cost. We decided that we would avail ourselves of the occasion to pretend that we were street musicians, and play to people congregated in the parks, and in imagination we could see the astonishment they would manifest at discovering violin artists in disguise. A great joke we promised ourselves. The program was arranged — we would begin with the duet for two violins by Leonard, then while Thomson passed the hat, I would play the Arpeggios, for the violin alone, by Prume. Thomson would then take my place and play something whilst I passed the hat and so on. As we paid for our rooms at the Hotel de l'Univers at Ostend by the month, we ventured to ask the landlady to put us up a basket of sandwiches as we expected to be gone all day. I found an old suit of clothes, and an old hat and a pair of shoes with holes in them, and Thomson arrayed himself in equally disreputable habiliments, and when we

boarded the steamer our friend the engineer scarcely recognized us.

We got to Dover about three in the afternoon, and at once took our violins out of their boxes and started from the pier for the town. Not far from the pier is a large square and we started playing there. Some boys gathered around us and a few people stopped to listen, but doubtless being in a hurry they did not stay to hear the end of the duet. This was disheartening and I told Thomson that open air concerts did not seem to be popular in England; but Thomson, still undaunted, proposed that we try some of the cafés; thinking these in Dover would be like ours in Belgium with tables and chairs and so on. Farther on we saw a place which we took to be a café, but when we got inside there was only a long bar with every man standing as he drank, with a lot of girls behind the bar talking to the men and serving their drinks.

Once more we started our famous duet, but the first few notes were interrupted with "No, No, no music here, gow auwai, gow auwai," bawled out by a big voice somewhere in the rear of the bar.

This meant that we were unmistakably put out of the place. What a blow to our visions of an entranced populace gratefully pouring guineas, shillings, and sixpences, even the humble tuppence by handfuls into the cap held out by Thomson who would bow gracefully and smiling sweetly say, "Merci, Mesdames, merci, Messieurs, merci, merci." Our joke was most decidedly a boomerang, which hit us in a very tender spot, i.e., our artistic amour-propre. Thoroughly disgusted as to the artistic discernment of the British (when taken unawares,

at any rate), we went back to the boat and told Mr. Bidlot of our experience. We, figuratively speaking, would gladly have shaken the dust of Dover from our feet (which had literally sifted into our shoes through the holes) had it not been impossible to leave immediately. The hour for the return trip was not until eleven at night, and to pass the time our friend the engineer took us to see a music hall. The orchestra at this place consisted of four pieces, one piano, one double bass, one clarinet and a fiddle. Behind the orchestra, seated on a stool high above the heads of the public was a man with a hammer in his hand.

His business was to announce the numbers as there were no programs, to act as prompter, and to assist in the applause. He would begin by making a noise with his hammer to attract attention and then say, "Mr. (or Miss) So and So will appear next and sing such and such a song." These were invariably followed by a dance. It was a succession of songs and dances. If the artist or the selection was a favorite with the public, the public would applaud by stamping with their feet, the man with the hammer joining in with his tattoo.

One announcement was, "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Almonte will appear next and sing 'White Wings,'" when a voice from the crowd growled out, "She can't sing," — but the man with the hammer replied, "Nevertheless, Miss Almonte will sing 'White Wings.'" This was all so strange that it made a very weird impression on us boys from Liège. To find everything so different in a country just across the channel, and such weird music too. We were not sorry to get back to our boat

which had waited for passengers coming from London, on their way across the channel, to catch the express at Ostend for Brussels, Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and perhaps on to Berlin, or to spend some time in Ostend, celebrated for its beaches, display of fashions, and the Kursaal, with its orchestral concerts.

The nice basket of sandwiches given us by the landlady of the Hotel de l'Univers had not been touched, but on the boat we had eaten a real fried sole — a celebrated English dish. That was another thing to be remembered. Neither Thomson nor I did much talking, when we got back to the shelter of our hotel, but I am certain his private reflections were similar to my own, i.e., that we were not built to be street players.

CHAPTER IV

ANECDOTES

AT one time I remember hearing of four amateurs who were playing a new quartette for the first time, and they did not always go together. In the first part, the 'cellist, seeing the viola in trouble, whispered, "At the pause," and the viola said, "Already?" At the repeat the same trouble occurred again, and the 'cellist whispered again, "At the pause." But this time the viola answered "only?" I heard the story. I am glad I did not hear the quartette.

I recall an experience of my youthful days which is amusing. The students have not much money to spend, and if we could occasionally pick up a little from playing at dances we felt very rich. So on one occasion a concert was to be given at a village six miles from Liège, to be followed by a ball. César Thomson and I played in the small orchestra for the dancing. We left Liège on foot, as there was no communication with the village in those days, and walked for two hours to arrive in time for the concert, which began at five. It was on the 25th of October. The program began with a few concerted pieces and songs. This was interspersed by a ball. The long benches used for the concert were withdrawn and the people began dancing. The proprietor sent us ham and bread and butter with light beer at three different times. The ball ended about four o'clock in the morn-

ing, and we had more supper of bread and light beer. Then with the compensation of four francs, each one of the orchestra walked back to town in the pitch dark night, but as we came into the big square of Liége we felt that the whole town belonged to us each and every one individually, so rich we felt with those four francs (about eighty cents of American money).

The annual concours or contests at the Conservatoire were a matter of intense interest to the people in town and the province, because the contests were judged by a jury composed of the Director as president, and four, six or eight members (according to the importance of the contest) taken from other Conservatoires — and as every pupil had his own coterie of friends and admirers, the rivalry was high and the excitement was great when the verdict of the jury was announced. The contests took place in the large concert hall of the Conservatoire, and after the séance for violin, which lasted two days with two sessions each day at 8 A. M. and 2 P. M.

The first consisted of studies (at least three in number) for each pupil, and the afternoon session was for the sonatas of old masters, at least three in number; selection to be made by the jury, in all of which the pupil must be prepared to play from memory. The first session of the second day was devoted to hearing the pupils in a piece of their own selection, and the second session in the afternoon consisted of the playing of an imposed work, either one or more parts, of a classic concerto, selected by the Director; and when you consider that there were usually between thirty and forty contestants, you can imagine the repertory which was played by the pupils, and had to be

listened to by the jury. At the end of the concours the jury retired to a private room and voted by secret ballot as to the degree of merits, distinction, prizes, etc., which they conferred upon each pupil.

Their decisions were inscribed and posted in the large corridor of the Conservatoire where the crowd of pupils and people were waiting with the greatest anxiety. This describes an ordinary contest called "Concours Ordinaire." For the Concours Supérieur, or highest contest, when gold and silver medals are awarded the competitors, each one must have a repertory of fifteen pieces, composed of four concertos and the balance of classic pieces and *Morceaux de Genre*, all played from memory, and from which the jury might make its several selections. In these Concours Supérieurs the number of pupils was very small, but the public interest was immense. For the contest the student had to know not only his repertory for his instrument, but also orchestration, transposition and the history of music, in which he was examined by the different members of the jury. The concert hall of the Conservatoire of Liège would seat two thousand people, and was in the style of the Opera Comique of Paris, with Royal boxes, etc., and a magnificent organ at the rear of the stage. This stage could hold six hundred of an orchestra and chorus.

This is the program of Louis Siegel who has toured in America, and who received the Gold Medal in my class in Liège.

SIEGEL PROGRAM

Concertos — 1. Beethoven. 2. Mendelssohn. 3. Max Bruch-G minor. 4. Wieniawski.

Sonatas — 1. Chaconne, Bach. 2. Prelude and Fugue, Bach. 3. Sonata in E minor, Bach.

Pieces of Virtuosity — 1. Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saëns. 2. Caprice de Concert No. 2, Ovide Musin. 3. *Airs Russes*, Wieniawski. 4. Polonaise No. 2, Wieniawski. 5. Romance in B minor, Paganini. 6. Romance in G major, Beethoven.

Selection by the pupil — Concerto No. 1 in E major, Vieuxtemps, with orchestral accompaniment.

Every one of the above numbers had to be played from memory, and the jury would choose certain movements and fragments from these works in order to judge of the pupil's command of the different styles, technical finish, interpretative powers, and special qualifications for the career of an artist and musician. The work of the pupils in preparation for such a contest was tremendous, and they usually grew thin at it. The interest and rivalry which existed among the professors was equally great. For my part, I am proud to recall that at the age of fifteen I carried off the Gold Medal "with greatest distinction" (this is the official term given for the Degree awarded). At the annual contest of the *Concours Supérieur* of the Conservatory, the Jury is augmented from five to seven members, and the house is simply jammed with interested auditors. I hope some time to have complete data as to the careers of my many prize pupils formed during my eleven years' service as Pro-

fessor of the Superior classe at the Royal Conservatoire of Liège.

OSTEND

In 1871 I became Concertmaster of the Symphony concerts in Ostend which were given in the old Kursaal, which has since been moved to Dunkirk, where, strange as it may seem, I appeared in it again in 1888. The old Kursaal at Ostend has been replaced by a magnificent new hall which will seat about ten thousand people; but the classic concerts at Ostend before the war of 1914 were given in a smaller hall which seats about a thousand and where I appeared in the summer of 1902, playing the Damrosch "Concertstück" in four parts (by Dr. Leopold Damrosch), my Caprice No. 2 and other pieces. The orchestra was the largest of any summer resort in the world and was conducted by Louis Rinskopf.

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 did not put a stop to the concerts at Ostend, which was then also a fashionable watering-place and except for a few more modern hotels was the same as to-day.

The work was light in those days as we had only five concerts a week of one hour and a half, the Kursaal being used on Sundays and Thursdays for military band concerts. Singelee, who had composed a lot of music for violin and was formerly conductor of the Opera House la Monnaie, in Bruxelles, was the Conductor of these orchestral concerts.

Besides playing as soloist I had also to play with the orchestra, and I had a Quartette which gave séances every Thursday afternoon, of which Arthur Guidé was second

violin, Kurt was the viola, and Mariotti the 'cellist, I playing first violin. Eugene Ysaye was one of the first violins of the orchestra and sat at the same stand with myself. Arthur Guidé, already a prominent violinist, asked me one day if I would give him a chance to appear, and I said: "Certainly, with the greatest pleasure;" and it was arranged that he should appear as soloist in my place on a Wednesday, two weeks later; but the day before the date when Daveluy came to get the program, Guidé was so nervous that he said he would have to give it up. I said, "Very well, I will play; but I should like to play the 'Airs Russes' (Russian Airs by Wieniawski) but I have not the orchestration." Joseph Duysens, a member of the Symphony, and one of the boys from Liège, overheard the conversation and said, "That is not such a very long job, I think I could do it." That was at 9 P. M. on Tuesday, and at 9 A. M. the next day the orchestration was finished and the parts on the stands for the rehearsal, three each for first and second violin, one viola, 'cello, double bass, and for all the wind instruments, etc., etc.

Duysens had sat up all night to finish the score on time for the rehearsal. To say that I was delighted hardly expresses my feeling on the subject.

An incident connected with this concert I shall never forget if I were to live a thousand years. After the concert was over Singelee, the Director, came to me and said: "Musin, here is some one whom you will be glad to meet; let me present you to M. Henri Wieniawski." Imagine my state of mind, for to us young violin artists Wieniawski was a god. I said that I was glad I had not

known of his presence before I played his beautiful work; for I would surely have been very nervous; but the great celebrity complimented me on my playing of his composition, and took me with him to his hotel. There was a long table in the middle of his large room and arm in arm we walked around and around it talking music and violin for hours. He also told me of his leaving St. Petersburg on account of his fight concerning Mario, the tenor of the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg. Wieniawski told me that Vianesi, the Conductor of the Imperial Opera, did not like Mario, and Wieniawski, who was Concertmaster of the Opera orchestra and a great admirer of Mario, threw some flowers to Mario, which so enraged Vianesi that words finally led to blows.

The Emperor heard of the encounter and Wieniawski had to leave the country within forty-eight hours. The Opera house in St. Petersburg at that time was considered as belonging to the Emperor, and any one causing a disturbance had to be punished. Wieniawski went home and told his wife to pack up what she could and to take the children and leave with him the next day. He afterward came to America for a tour with Anton Rubinstein, Wm. Steinway backing the venture, and on his return to Europe he accepted the position of Professor of Violin at the Royal Conservatoire of Brussels in the place of Henri Vieuxtemps, who went to Paris. I must not omit to mention the fact that Wieniawski asked me who had made the orchestration for his Russian Airs which I had played. I told him it was young Duysens and he said it was very good indeed. At that memorable meeting I had the hardihood to show this great Master my Ca-

price de Concert No. 1 and played it for him, and it turned out that my composition had the great honor of being played by this master on his concert tour, the last which he made in Europe.

Vianesi with whom Wieniawski had that quarrel came to New York in 1884 as first Conductor of the Metropolitan Opera under Henry Abbey's directorship. The second Conductor at that time was Campanini, afterward Director of the Chicago Opera.

As I have already mentioned, my Quartet gave chamber concerts at Ostend every Thursday in the Concert Hall, and all four of us were living in the Hôtel de l'Univers. Besides our own rooms the landlady had given us a nice large room on the first floor for our rehearsals but on the condition that if any one should rent it we should have to take our music stands out and go somewhere else for rehearsals. We accepted this arrangement with pleasure and everything was all right until one day an old man and his wife rented the room. When we were informed of the fact we were in despair for we did not know where to go. Having related our misfortune to one of our friends more clever than we were, he said, "I know a way by which you could get your room back again but for that you will have to follow my instructions which will be given to you to-night, at half past eleven, at the hotel." This was the time when the hotel was closed for the night and everything quiet. We were all very much excited and tried to imagine what our friend could have in mind but we were altogether in the dark about his plan. After the Kursaal Concert, which was finished at nine o'clock, we went home to the

hotel and waited for our friend to come. At about ten o'clock the old gentleman and his wife retired, and by eleven the lights of the hotel were all out; and then came our friend. In a very mysterious way we all went up stairs and at last our friend gave us the clew. "Come out into the halls," he said; "run up and down stairs and yell fire! fire! at the top of your lungs. Keep it up until the whole house is in an uproar." Thereupon we did as he directed and immediately there was the greatest excitement, the landlady, the old man and his wife and every one else rushing about to know where the fire was. Meantime we had sneaked quietly up to our rooms. The old man left the next day disgusted, and half an hour afterwards our music stands were back in the nice big room on the first floor.

TRIO HUMORISTIC

Leonard had composed a trio for three violins with orchestral accompaniment called "Trio Humoristique" which Ysaye, Guidé and I played several times at the Kursaal at Ostend with great success. Leonard had arranged this composition from a Spanish theme which told the story of a maiden, her lover and the severe father. Ysaye took the violin part which represented the maiden, Guidé that of the lover and I that of the severe father.

I came across a faded photograph the other day taken of us three after one of those performances. Ysaye had evidently outgrown his clothes for the legs of his trousers are much too short and tight, and the sleeves of his coat allow his hands to protrude conspicuously, while my own

Symphonie en trois parties d'ensemble.



Trio Humoristique de Léonard

par

M. M. Musin, Isaye et Luidé.

coat was far too large for me and my trousers too long. Guidé's appearance is much more sleek in this old photograph; but this may be accounted for by the fact that his father was a tailor.

Clothes did not count for much with us young fellows at that time, consumed as we were with artistic ardor and ambition; but I recall one of those days at Ostend when I felt very keenly in more senses than one, a mishap which occurred to a brand new pair of pearl gray trousers in which I was arrayed. It happened that we had gone to a restaurant for supper, when a violent thunderstorm came up. During a lull we ventured out to make a run for home, when a thunderbolt struck just near us and we were all thrown to the ground and into mud-puddles to boot. We were all stunned for some moments and one of our party lost his eyesight for several hours, and my new trousers were ruined. From that day to this I am decidedly nervous when a thunderstorm comes up. Speaking of thunderstorms reminds me of an experience I had while on a visit to the Adirondack region. I never went through such a period of nervousness, or witnessed such perpetual displays of lightning, or heard such constant growling and explosions of thunder; day and night and night and day, just one storm after another for several weeks. At night I would nearly suffocate, buried under the bedclothes, with hardly a wink of sleep to be had. By day it was to run and close the windows, pull down the shades and light the gas. One time we had been trout fishing and hunting — my nephew and I — and we had our rifles along which lay in the bottom of the open wagon in which we were

riding on our way home long after dark. Of course it began to rain in torrents, with lightning flashing about us with crashes of thunder. Under such conditions, and considering the proximity of the gun barrels as conductors, we thought it wise to seek shelter in a farm house which we saw by the road. The driver stopped the horse, and we, seizing the robes, held them over our heads and made a dash for the door of the cottage. For a moment or two there was no response to our knocking, but finally a woman cautiously opened the door a bit and peered out but quickly shut it again in our faces. After considerable explanations and pleading, through the crack of the door, we were allowed to enter; but the woman had two men folks with her. It seemed that our appearance was such as to frighten the woman, who thought we were vagrants, robbers or possibly murderers. On finding us really harmless and unarmed they treated us hospitably and allowed us to remain until the storm had passed.

Although I had excellent sport and made many charming friends up in Malone, and at Paul Smith's and at other resorts in the mountains and on the beautiful lakes, the thunderstorms which prevail thereabouts have since deterred me from making further trips there.

To return to the subject of the "*Trio Humoristique*," I should mention that Arthur Guidé's brother was formerly Director of La Monnaie, the Royal Grand Opera at Brussels. Guidé was a warm friend of mine, and whenever we met we would have many a laugh together over the boyish pranks of our young days. The

last time I met him was in Paris, about 1902, when I was there for a Recital which I gave at the Salle Erard.

WHEN I FIRST HEARD VIEUXTEMPS

The first time I heard Vieuxtemps, the great Belgian violinist, was in 1865, at a Concert in Liège, at the Theater Royal. The Concert was advertised by the manager Ullman, as the "Concert of the Ten Celebrities," and the artists were: Carlotta Patti, coloratura soprano (sister of Adelina Patti); Marie Cabel, soprano; Alboni, contralto; Evrardi, baritone; Jael, pianist; Vieuxtemps, violinist; Jacquart, 'cellist; Herman Leon, flutist; Bottesini, contra-bassist; Maton, accompanist. Ullman, the Manager, did everything on a big scale and managed the greatest artists, throughout Europe, for many years, also in the United States.

My father came expressly from Nandrin to Liège to take me and to hear this great concert himself. The Theater was packed, the prices for seats and boxes were tripled, and many people were turned away.

Although I was only eleven years old at the time, I remember distinctly two pieces of that program. One was the "Kreutzer Sonata," played by Jael and Vieuxtemps, and Vieuxtemps' "Ballade and Polonaise," played by the composer himself.

I also remember the furore created by Bottesini, with his playing of the double bass. That was the first time that a double bassist had ever appeared as a soloist at a concert in Liège.

The second time I heard Vieuxtemps was two years

later at one of the concerts of the Royal Conservatory, given at the Salle d'Emulation. I played second violin in the Orchestra.

Vieuxtemps played his Fourth Concerto, and his "Fantasie Appassionata." Shortly after this, Vieuxtemps became paralyzed in one arm and could no longer play, and several years later, when I went to Paris, I used to go to see him at his house in the Rue Blanche, situated in that quarter of Paris called Notre Dame de Lorette.

I used to play his compositions, for him to hear, and offer remarks; but he was unable to illustrate by playing, and Ysaye and other violinists younger than myself never heard Vieuxtemps play; he taught only by remarks.

CHAPTER V

MY ENTRANCE INTO PARIS

My dear mother had prepared a basket for me full of good things, enough for a long journey. This she gave me before I started. But, as the train for Paris left at 2 A. M. and arrived at 8 A. M., six hours, I did not open it. Still I clung to the basket, carrying it to my lodgings where, after several days, its existence was made manifest by the odor it exhaled.

On my journey I scarcely slept. I was too excited and full of joyful anticipation at the thought of going to Paris, the great metropolis and unique center of all that is artistic.

Leonard had left Liège a week before, and as soon as I had located my lodgings, I went, of course, to see him. He was then living in an apartment on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Chauchat, near the center of Paris and near the Rue Lafayette.

Leonard arranged to move into another apartment in the entresol, Rue Condorcet, where he had nice large rooms in which he entertained and had musical evenings every Saturday. There I was thrown with all the great artists, musicians, painters, sculptors, men of letters, etc.

Pauline Viardot-Garcia used to come there frequently. She was a cousin of Mrs. Leonard, whose maiden name was Antonia di Mendi. The latter was also a prima

donna who traveled for many years with her husband in his concert tours in Europe.

Saint-Saëns had just resigned as organist of the Madeleine and had been succeeded by Theodore Dubois. Cesar Franck was organist of St. Clotilde, Raoul Pugno of St. Eugene and Vidor of St. Sulpice. Halansier was director of the Grand Opera, Rue le Peletier, which was burnt in 1874, and Carvalho, director of the Opera Comique, burned in 1887.

An extraordinary coincidence was that Gabriel Faure, who succeeded Theodore Dubois as organist at the Madeleine, succeeded him also as director of the Conservatoire.

When I arrived in Paris, the Commune had just been beaten by the government under the Presidency of Thiers. In stature Thiers was a small man, but in intellect he was a giant. He wrote perhaps the most interesting history of France. Many signs of the destruction wrought by the Paris Commune were visible.

The palace of the Tuileries was in ruins, largely caused by fire which was fed by the firemen, who used petroleum in the fire extinguishers instead of water. In the upper part of Paris, called La Villette, just near the Gare du Nord, the houses were riddled with bullets, etc., although the great fighting took place between Paris and Versailles.

In Paris itself life was quite normal, the only perceptible difference being the tax on matches, of which we were given but *two* with which to light our candles to go to bed, and generally neither of them would strike. We soon learned to lay in a stock to assure a light with which to find our way to bed. The matches were so bad

we used to make bets, and the first one who would have a match which would strike would win the bet. Even up to 1908 the French people suffered from the restriction of matches. A few stray boxes overlooked by customs officials would find a welcome from visitors in France. Tobacco, of course, was also taxed. It was a government monopoly yielding a large revenue.

My first lodging in Paris was in the Rue Buffault. I had a pretty good room for fifty francs a month. The lessee of the house was a wine merchant who sold his wine in the store while he rented the rooms above. He used to pass most of his time at a café nearby playing cards and dominoes, and his daughter was left in charge of the business. I found her a very pretty and interesting young lady, and occasionally, while resting from my violin practice, I would go down for a few minutes' chat. The father thought it would be a good scheme to arrange a marriage between us, and one day he said to me:

"M. Musin, you are a musician. I myself have been a musician. I used to play the bassoon; but there is nothing in it. Now," he said, "I see that you are not indifferent to my daughter and she likes you. Why don't you marry her and we will be associated together in business?"

But as I was elsewhere engaged that week, I had to leave the house and was living in another quarter of Paris, so that promising romance did not materialize.

During the first weeks of my visit to Paris, from October to the middle of November, it rained every day. I had to cross the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre in going out of the Rue Buffault in order to go to the great

boulevards where, among the crowds of people, I was surprised to see so many Parisian ladies wearing white stockings. Rather long skirts were then in fashion, and to avoid the mud of the streets, they lifted them quite high; thus this extraordinary display of white hose. It was a decided contrast to the mode in Belgium. But here in New York, with the fashions of to-day, there would have been no need for lifting the skirts, for they are short enough to withstand any and all disagreeable effects of the elements, except, perhaps, the cold!

At that time I used to go, quite often, to a little restaurant on the Rue d'Aboukir and I was surprised to hear so many people talking German. They all claimed to be Alsatian or Swiss, but in reality they were genuine Germans. This was a recognized fact, for many of them were in Paris before the war of 1870. Then they went back to Germany to fight the French; and as soon as peace was proclaimed, they came back at once to resume their positions in German firms. But to the French people they declared themselves to be Alsatians, where the German language is used a great deal, and as before the war Alsace was French, they had the freedom of France. This subterfuge can never be employed again now that Alsace-Lorraine is once more French territory. It is a fact that, no matter how long a German is in France, he will always retain the German accent in his speech, so that any one with a little experience can detect the German. The same with the Englishman. It is only with the Russian and the Pole that one cannot readily distinguish the difference from a real Frenchman when they speak French.

The paramount importance of the violin and the lesser importance of the viola are demonstrated in the fact that during my time of study at the Conservatoire of Liège there was no professor of the viola in the institution, for those who took up that instrument were usually those violinists who had not the requisite aptitude for carrying violin playing to the highest plane and, therefore, in the class for the quartette at Liège, the viola part was sometimes played by the first violin and sometimes by the second. In fact, the quartette was played by three violinists and the 'cellist, the violinists taking turns playing the viola part; and this is how I happened to learn to play the viola. (Now every conservatory has a viola professor.)

I had been in Paris, in 1872, scarcely one week when I had my first engagement, not as a violinist but as a viola player. Leonard was asked to find a violist to play quartette with some amateurs out at Grenelle (just at the terminus of the omnibus line, Porte St. Martin Grenelle), and he advised me to go; but as I had no viola Leonard loaned me his, which by the way was a genuine Amati. I was to receive thirty francs (about six dollars) for every evening which was not at all bad in those days for a starter, or "pot boiler," as the painters say. The first violin, 'cellist and pianist were all amateurs and the piece chosen was the C minor quartette of Beethoven. There was first of all a heated discussion between the pianist and violinist as to which should give the signal to start, but in the end it was decided that the first violinist would count 1-2-3-4.

Everything went well so far as 3, but 4 was more the

shriek of a wild animal than anything else, owing to his excitement, I suppose. This was more than I could stand and I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. The quartette was so bad that I bit my lips trying to keep a sober face, and I made a very bad impression. Leonard told me afterwards that they said they would have to have some one else and so I lost my job. Leonard asked me what I did to them anyway and when I described the performance, he burst out laughing too and said it is a curious fact that while it is easy enough to play an instrument and sing at the same time, to play and talk at the same time is very difficult, as one loses control of the speaking voice; which accounts for the wild shriek of the man counting four.

When I arrived in Paris in 1872, the leading manager was Giacomelli, an Italian Jew. He had also been the manager for the series of Wagner operas at Brussels, many years before, an enterprise which was a financial failure and in which Franz Liszt, who was a great friend and admirer of Wagner, dropped a lot of money. Wagner at that epoch was not appreciated in Brussels any more than in Paris when Tannhäuser was given for the first time in 1861, nor in Germany either for that matter.

To come back to Giacomelli. He had the highest reputation as a manager for concerts in Paris and most of the leading societies in the Provinces wrote to him when in search of the best musical artists in Paris — even stars of the grand opera and opera comique. Giacomelli at that time engaged Leonard for a series of concerts in the West, to begin at Chartres, Angers, Nantes, etc. Before the beginning of the tour, Leonard was seized with an

attack of gout and could not walk. He told Giacomelli that a young Belgian violinist who was in Paris would be worth a hearing and the next day was fixed for hearing me play. I was informed by a note from Leonard that I should be at his studio with my violin at ten o'clock in the morning. I played the andante and finale of the Fourth Concerto of Leonard and the Hungarian airs by Ernst. After the audition, I was accepted.

In this concert tour, Leonard had not been billed as the only attraction, for Marie Marimon, the great cantatrice, and Jael, the celebrated pianist, and Maton, the king of accompanists, were members of the company. But the name of Leonard stayed on the bill, although an announcement was made on the night of the concert, telling of his illness and announcing his substitute. I felt by the cold reception that I was not wanted, but this did not affect my playing because my will prevailed over my nervousness and I did my utmost to play well. And, I must say, the public was very demonstrative after my pieces.

One year later, Henri Wieniawski, whom I have always considered to this day (1919) the great genius of the violin, was engaged by Giacomelli for a series of concerts in the North of France, to begin at Lille, then Dunkirk, Arras, etc. Wieniawski was suddenly taken ill at the Hôtel Vendôme and had to undergo an operation. At that time I had a small apartment, Rue Cadet, No. 20. The bell rang at six o'clock one morning and when I opened the door whom should I see but Giacomelli, who said :

“ You will play in Lille to-day at the Cercle du Nord,

and you'll take the seven-fifty train, Gare du Nord. I will help you pack your valise, for you'll take the place of Wieniawski who has been suddenly taken ill and cannot go. There is an orchestra. Accurci, conductor of the Opera Comique, conducts and there will be as singers Mme. Marie Sass of the Opera and Jacques Bouhy of the Opera Comique, and it is at the Cercle du Nord, the *leading* society in France."

As I was later often engaged by Giacomelli, I found that he used the same adjective "leading" no matter how small was the town. But this Cercle du Nord at Lille was really a fine organization, with its own orchestra, which Accurci came regularly from Paris to conduct.

Marie Sass, soprano dramatique, had created the rôle of Selika in Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Africaine*.

Here was another ordeal for me like that in which I had played in place of Leonard. Giacomelli helped me pack and I arrived at Lille just in time — one o'clock — for rehearsal. I had the same reception in the first concert that I had in Chartres, and I do not blame the public which, instead of hearing the great Wieniawski, saw a young fellow with black hair come out with his violin. But what helped was a little reception given me by the orchestra when I made my appearance. I remember that I played the Mendelssohn concerto and my first "caprice," both with orchestral accompaniment.

It was certainly a piece of luck for a young artist absolutely unknown to appear with such great artists, and I must say that my star was in the ascendant.

My third tour in France was the first in which I went with myself as a feature. Maurice Strakosch was the

manager and the star was Anna de Belloca, a Russian prima donna, exceedingly pretty and a high soprano. A big welcome was prepared for her, but her success was not great.

An incident happened during the second week of our tour. We had one night free and as we had to pass through the town of Angers, where I had some friends, I asked to leave the company at that town and join it the next day. I met my friends there and had a good time as they were all from Liége and members of the orchestra there. When I arrived at Nantes the next day — we were having a concert there that day — I was climbing the stairs of the Hôtel de France (there was no elevator in town) when I met Mdlle. de Belloca and complained of the cold weather. Most graciously she asked me to come into her sitting room where she ordered a glass of Madeira. At that moment in came Belloni, the secretary of Maurice Strakosch, who told me “my place was not in Madame’s parlor.” Miss Belloca, resenting the remark, told him that no one but herself had the right to give orders in her apartment and asked him to leave the room. He did so, but at the end of the third week I was dismissed. After that I returned to Paris, glad to get back, and being human, I was not sorry when I heard the company had disbanded on account of bad business.

In 1875, at the suggestion of Gustave Sandré, I organized a quartette called the “Quartette Moderne,” the idea being to play works by modern composers. Sandré was a pianist and a good composer. His quartette for

piano and strings is certainly remarkable. The séances were to be called "Quatuor de Musique Moderne."

I am proud to say that this organization was the first to play the ensemble music of Johannes Brahms before the public in Paris. We played his two sextettes for strings, his quintette C minor, quartette with the piano and three of his string quartettes. At that time, 1875, his sonata in G was not written.

These séances, given in the Hall Philippe Herz, were always crowded. It was not a large hall, seating about five hundred people, but ideal for chamber music. The first two rows were always reserved for the King of Hanover and his suite. After one of the séances, I was told by a friend that there was a man in the audience who would give one hundred thousand francs to see me, and he mentioned the King of Hanover. At first I was puzzled, but remembering that the King was blind, I did not find the price exorbitant. The king never missed a concert. The Brahms selections named above are considered the gems of that composer's compositions for chamber music.

Brahms in Vienna knew of these séances in Paris and when I came, in 1880, to play the Beethoven concerto at the Philharmonic, Hans Richter, conducting, we talked a great deal about the success of his music. At that time I also met in Vienna, Karl Goldmark, author of the opera "The Queen of Sheba," a most charming man and a great composer. His concerto in A minor for the violin was about being brought out by a great virtuoso. Miska Hauser was also a good friend. He was the violinist

composer who had a Stradivarius violin and who wrote of his concert tour in America.

These séances of "Musique Moderne" becoming popular, I naturally reaped the benefit of this popularity. Among the composers of classic music, even César Franck paid me a visit and asked me to play one trio that he had brought with him. We tried it and although I did my utmost to have it played, César Franck being a compatriot of mine, my associate found fault and it was not played. This trio, for the piano, violin and 'cello, was not for a moment to be compared with the genial works he composed later. César Franck, the great Belgian organist and composer, met the same fate in Paris as Curie, the inventor of serum. Both were killed in the streets by trucks, so absorbed were they in their ideals and day dreams. Thus, unfortunately, ended the career of two men of genius. Their death was an irreparable loss to music and science.

In my time, an artist began by making himself known among society people where he would be invited to dine and play afterwards. No one put any advertisements in the papers, as in the United States, but when an artist had established his reputation in society, he would be introduced to the manager of a concert hall, who is usually an employee of the firm of a piano house. No charge was made for the hall, but 10% of the receipts are taken for the Droits d'Auteurs and 10% for the Droits des Pauvres, but as most of the tickets are distributed by the artist among his friends and acquaintances, the number

of unsold tickets is unknown, and an agreement for a certain sum may be arranged by the giver of the concert, and in that way he is free from financial distractions during the performance.

Assisting artists contributed their services free of charge, and as may be imagined, there was little beside artistic gratification realized by any one concerned save the Droits d'Auteurs and the Droits des Pauvres. The artist may play at as many musical evenings as he pleases without making a sou, but the custom of giving a benefit concert once a year often realizes a highly gratifying sum from the financial point of view, the price of a ticket being ten francs.

I remember that Raoul Pugno and I had been engaged together to play a number of concerts outside of Paris by societies in the provincial cities and he proposed to me that we give a concert in Paris together. I accepted with pleasure, dividing the tickets between us, and each one disposing of his share of them. A few days before the date my side of the hall was sold out, but Pugno said to me: "What a pity! My tickets are selling very poorly." To which I replied: "It would be a pity for me to make money and you to make none." He said: "Don't we divide?" I said: "My tickets have been taken by my friends for whom I have been playing for nothing." The next day he took a cab and went about among his friends, with the result that the whole of the hall was sold out. This was at the Salle Pleyel, Rue Rochechouart.

The concert hall of the Conservatoire National de Musique was very small, but the acoustics were consid-

ered better than those of any concert hall in the world, and the seats are handed down from father to son. No stranger could obtain a seat at any price. The orchestra is composed of the professors of the Conservatoire and its pupils who are laureates. All the stringed instruments are of Italian make and any musician who does not possess an Italian instrument has to use one belonging to the Conservatoire, all of which are taken care of by one of the leading violin makers of Paris who has the title of "Luthier du Conservatoire National." A representative of the firm attends all concerts in his official capacity to replace broken strings, etc.

It was said by Hans von Bülow and Richard Wagner that to hear a symphony of Beethoven perfectly executed one must go to Paris and hear the orchestra of the Conservatoire. There are concerts of the Conservatoire every Sunday during the winter season and three rehearsals for each concert. The programs are composed of works for orchestra; very few soloists are engaged, but occasionally a work with chorus and soloists of international reputation is given. The artists of the grand opera and opéra comique are nearly always from the Conservatoire, where they have spent at least four years in the study of singing, declamation and comedy, and this explains why all the French artists are such excellent actors.

Gabriel Fauré, now director of the Conservatoire, and Andre Messager, who created a furore in America with the orchestra of the Conservatoire, and myself were intimate friends as far back as 1884 and remained so until I left for tours in foreign countries. Gabriel Fauré wrote a concerto for violin which I played with Colonne

and his orchestra,—a beautiful work. Among others of his works, such as his sonata for the piano and violin, which I played with him, quartettes, orchestral compositions, songs, choruses, etc., there was a Berceuse for the violin with piano accompaniment, but I played it with the orchestra. Faure brought this piece to me and I put the fingering and bowing in as it was published later on. This little gem made a furore in Paris and its effect on such great artists and musicians as Camille Saint-Saëns may be judged by the following translation of his letter written to me a few months ago:

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM CAMILLE SAINT-
SAËNS TO OVIDE MUSIN

Feb. 5th, 1919.

LELAMMAM, R'ITHRA,

DEPARTMENT D'ALGER, Feb. 5th, 1919.

MY DEAR MUSIN:—

Here is something which will surprise you. I dreamed of you last night, and how happy I was to see you again. I recalled you as you played the Berceuse of Faure at my house in the old days, with that tasteful simplicity, that inimitable naïveté, and that natural charm which no amount of work is able to give. May I often have dreams like this.

I am now eighty-three, and I do not believe I shall ever revisit America, and so I shall never see you again; and I shall never know Madame Musin whom I have never seen. I had, however, a great desire to go and present my respects to her; but you will remember the terrible heat during my sojourn in July, and my courage



Le dimanche R'ikra 5 Février 1919
 Département d'Alger

Mon cher Muriel

Mais qui va vous surprendre: j'ai été
 de vous la nuit dernière. Et ce que j'étais
 content de vous revoir! pour vous rappeler
 comme vous pourriez être si bien, mais la
Berence de France, avec cette simplicité
 savamment cette sagesse inimitable, ce
 charme naturel que nul travail ne saurait
 donner. Puisse-je faire souvent des vœux
 semblables!

J'ai 83 ans maintenant et je crois bien
 que peu reviens par l'Amérique. Alors je
 ne vous verrai plus! et je suis sûr de ne jamais
 Madame Muriel que je n'ai jamais vue! j'en ai
 pourtant la grande envie d'être le présenter
 mes hommages à mes deux enfants, mais, si
 vous vous en souvenez, j'étais en France, la
 chaleur était épouvantable et la course
 m'a manqué.

Je vous envoie mes respects et mes vœux
 vous embrasse comme autrefois

Saint-Saëns

FIRST LETTER AUTOGRAPHIC
 SAINT-SAËNS

à Paris: rue de Courcelles. 83 bis (17^{me})

was not equal to it. Present her my regrets and let me embrace you as in the old days.

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

At Paris,
Rue de Courcelles 83 bis (17ⁿ)

JEAN FAURE

In 1876, the great baritone of the Grand Opera in Paris made his first tour in the provinces; and having always sung in Paris at the Opera or in London at the Covent Garden Opera House, his reputation was great. The manager of that tour was Jarret, not the Jarret of Jarret and Palmer, American management, but the one of London who managed Christine Nilsson and Zélia Trebelli. Jarrett engaged Faure and the whole company and the assistant manager was Potier, who after this tour became Director of the opera in Bordeaux. Potier recommended me to Jarrett and then began the best engagements,—best from the financial point of view,—which I had had so far. The contract was for three months, three or four concerts a week, for France and Switzerland. The company was composed of Faure, baritone; Levy, tenor; Bronden, basso; the Badia sisters, soprano and contralto; Henry Ketten, pianist; Musin, violinist, and Adolph Libotton, 'cellist. I remember that concert tour as one of the pleasantest I ever had. On the train we used to play "Ecarté." No betting was allowed and the limit was five francs a game, which is a short one as only two could play and for only five points, so the loser would pass the game to another player and, in this way, the time passed rapidly. We had a special car so

that we were always together. The ladies were in another compartment; the sisters with their mother and Mrs. Levy.

In Bordeaux there are peddlers who sell oysters in the streets and very good ones, called Maraines. We used to go into the street and eat a dozen or more each, freshly opened up by the peddlers; and then go back to the hotel for dinner, where we ate "Cepes of Bordeaux." This is a dish which is famous in the southern part of France. It consists of large mushrooms cooked in oil with garlic, and the southerners do not mind the flavor which it leaves on the breath for the benefit of any one near them.

In the leading hotels of France they used to give us two bougies (candles) in our bedrooms and charged two francs for them (forty cents), when they were really not worth eight cents, so we all took the ends away with us for a reception later on. After a few weeks each of us had a little store of candles. When we had been out about six weeks, the sixth week of the tour and were in Bordeaux at the Hôtel du Palais, Ketten gave a reception. He had taken all the candles out of his trunk, placed them all about his room and lighted them, and then came to tell us that the illumination was ready. Unfortunately, one of them had been placed too near a curtain which took fire. There was great excitement, but luckily we were many and with buckets of water we put out the fire. But Ketten had to pay for the curtains next day.

In 1876, Henry Ketten was one of the greatest pianists. He made a fortune in Australia in four months and was compared by the London press with the great Rubin-

stein. He began his career when he was a child, so gifted was he. But his nerves, having been overtaxed when he was so young, were left in a shaky condition, called in French *Danse de St. Guy*. I often heard him say that all the fathers of youthful prodigies ought to be hanged, his own to begin with. His "tic" nearly got us into trouble in Nimes; and here is the funny experience.

The concert began with the first two parts of a trio by Sterndale Bennett, an English composer, and closed with the finale of the same trio. The number before the last on the program was "*Les Rameaux*" (*The Palms*) sung by the composer, Jean Faure. This was encored several times and the public wanted the aria of Hamlet (*Ambroise Thomas*); and from every part of that packed theater came cries of "*Ham-me-lett, Ham-me-lett.*" Amid the mingled applause and hisses, we came on the stage to play the last part of the trio. But we could not hear ourselves, so we left the stage; and the *Regisseur* of the theater came on to announce that Mr. Faure was tired and had left the theater. We came out again to play and when Ketten sat down at the piano, his head was jerking; and a voice from the audience called out loudly: "*Est-ce que vous vous fichez de nous?*" (Are you mocking us?) and the pianist with his "tic" looked up at the audience and the movement of his face seemed to say "Yes." The result was that we were greeted with such a violent uproar that I left and ran to the artists' room, quickly put my violin in its case and took the first carriage I could get to take me back to the hotel. All the others did the same and we were all gathered in Faure's parlor talking it over when we heard a tremen-

dous noise of breaking windows. Every pane in that part of the hotel was smashed and the crowd in the streets and in the square kept crying "Ham-me-lett, Ham-me-lett," etc., until they had fully expressed their desire, and the bill for broken windows was paid by Faure. The people of Nimes are a hot-headed lot, and want to have their own way and their money's worth, too, but our great surprise came the next day, when Libotton, who had worn a beautiful full beard, appeared completely shaved clean like an American. The idea was that he would thus be disguised in case the crowd should be waiting for us at the station to make us go back and finish that Trio which they had missed the night before, a similar affair having occurred more than once in Nimes. Nimes is a beautiful city inland and is celebrated for its ancient Roman arena where the bull fights once took place. Our experience there with the demonstration on account of Faure was related and exaggerated in all the Paris papers the next day. I received several letters from friends asking about the trouble. Faure received a telegram from his wife, who was in Paris. She feared he had been hurt. Others also received letters asking about their safety. So the episode attracted attention elsewhere than in Nimes.

During the tour, Faure told us what happened to him with Boldini and Manet, two celebrated painters. But first I must say that Faure was a good business man and as he made a lot of money by singing, he bought a number of villas in Etretat, a summer resort between Dieppe and Havre, which he furnished and rented for the summer seasons. I was told that he made a lot of money

from his villas and also buying and selling paintings. He would make contracts with painters of reputation to furnish him with so many pictures every year. Two of them were Boldini and Manet of Paris. The latter's "Bon Bock," representing a man holding a foaming glass of beer, was celebrated. He was considered an innovator in painting. Boldini's line was for portraits and salons with parquets, mirrors, curtains and figures. His works already brought good prices in 1875. Boldini, learning that Faure also had a contract with Manet, told Faure that he had made a bad bargain as Manet was overrated. One day Faure repeated to Manet what Boldini had said and Manet answered: "What you say of Boldini's opinion of my work does not surprise me one bit, for he also says that he can sing better than you do."

Speaking of painters reminds me of a story concerning a young man who had more money than brains and a painter who had as much perspicacity as talent. Here is the dialogue which took place between them:

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PAINTER AND YOUNG MAN.

The Painter: What gives me the honor of your visit, sir?

The Young Man: I came to ask if you could make the portrait life size of my father.

The Painter: Well, sir, send me your father.

The Young Man: But he is dead!

The Painter: Have you a good photograph of him?

The Young Man: If I had his photograph I would not need his portrait.

The Painter: How can I make his portrait without the original or his picture?

The Young Man: I thought that if I could give you an exact description of him, you could make a good likeness. My father was sixty-five years old, five feet, seven inches tall, weighed a hundred and sixty-five pounds; had short gray hair, also a gray moustache; rather thin, a Bourbon nose. He was a distinguished man. He always wore a Prince Albert coat. I am sure you could make such a portrait.

The Painter: I can make a portrait with your description, but it will cost you five thousand francs, three thousand paid in advance.

The Young Man: Certainly, sir, here are three thousand francs. When shall I come for it? My father died two weeks ago and I long to see him.

The Painter: Come in one week and it will be finished.

One week later the young man came to get the portrait of his father.

The Young Man: Is the portrait finished, sir?

The Painter: Yes, sir. It is behind the curtain. May I hope you will be strong?

The Young Man: Yes, sir, I am a strong man. I can stand anything.

The Painter: (Draws the curtain with a theatrical gesture and, in a melodramatic voice): Sir, there is your father!

The Young Man: Oh! oh! How he has changed in three weeks!

The young man paid the balance,—two thousand

francs,— with tears in his eyes, and the perspicacious painter pocketed it with a restrained smile.

Se non e verdi, e ben Trovatore!

CHAPTER VI

ENGAGEMENT WITH COLONEL MAPLESON

A FEW weeks after the Jean Faure tour I had an agreeable surprise. Jarrett and Col. Mapleson, Sr., were great friends, and through Jarrett's complimentary mention of me to the Colonel, I received a letter from him asking me to come and see him at the Hôtel Vendôme in Paris. This was the same hotel at which the Prince of Wales, later on King of England, had stayed. In less than half an hour I had a contract for a tour in England, Scotland and Ireland, with Her Majesty's Opera Concert Company. Theresa Titiens was the big card, and there was besides a quartette of men; tenor, baritone, basso and buffo, and a quartette of ladies; high soprano, soprano, mezzo soprano and contralto, one pianist, and solo violinist. Ten artists in all. Mapleson had every year a concert tour of ten weeks, and then continued with Opera in every big city in Great Britain. This contract was to begin in October, and after I had signed with Mapleson about the end of May, I received a long telegram from Potier, Director of the Grand Theater at Bordeaux, asking me to form a quartette for the King, Guillaume of Holland, who was at that time at Bagnieres de Luchon, in the French Pyrenees; and on the 1st of June, 1877, I presented my respects and my associates to King Guillaume. My associates were Catermole, 2nd violin; Chausson, viola; and Mariotti, cellist. We played

quartette for the King three times a week — strictly private concerts — and the engagement lasted for two months. On two occasions we were invited by the King to dine with him at the villa where he was staying and where we gave the concerts, and after dinner we played quartette, although I very often played solos also. Bagnieres de Luchon is a very exclusive summer resort frequented by French Noblesse and Spanish Grandees, also gamblers. Hotels and gambling houses line both sides of the long street or sort of allée shut in between very high mountains. At first I liked this place; but after a time I felt like a prisoner at large and longed to see a plain once more for a change. This feeling was so strong in me that after the engagement I could not have stayed there any longer even for double the money, although the King was most charming and gave me the "Order of Merit" of Holland. While there I was invited to become an honorary member of "The Alpine Club," but in order to do so I had to make an ascension. I started therefore to climb a mountain, and when I arrived at the top of that one there was another still higher; and when I had scaled that one I found the job of going higher was too much for me; so I gave it up and took to horseback riding. We would ride frequently over into Spain, as Bagnieres was only about an hour and a half by horseback from the boundary line. I remember the pleasure I had on leaving Bagnieres to go back to Paris, where on the way I saw open country. I felt free once more and I could breathe. My associates in the quartette left me at Toulouse and from Bordeaux to Paris I made the journey with Talasac, the celebrated tenor

of the Opéra Comique, and we had a jolly time and a really pleasant journey.

LEONARD AT LIÉGE, 1870. SOME PUPILS

As I have already stated, Henry Leonard was at the head of the department for violin at the Royal Conservatoire of Liége, and there were several good violinists who came from other countries and cities to study with him. Among them was Monasterio, the Spaniard, Consolo, from Constantinople and Stopplear from Ghent, Belgium. Stopplear was the best of all. One day he came to Leonard and said he would like to go to Berlin to take lessons from Joachim and asked Leonard to give him a letter of introduction.

Leonard and Joachim were friends; and Leonard was a large-hearted artist, large in his ideas, realizing that experience is a great teacher. He therefore gave Stopplear the letter to Joachim "with much pleasure," as he said.

About three years after, I received a note from Leonard inviting me to breakfast at 9 A. M., and saying that Stopplear was back from Berlin and was coming to play for him. The breakfast was the regular Belgian breakfast of coffee, bread and butter and sirop. Sirop is a sort of jam or jelly which is spread on the bread and butter. Belgians are very fond of it.

I found the invitation very agreeable, not so much on account of the sirop, or the fact that I was honored with an invitation from the great Leonard,—which was a frequent occurrence,—but because we expected some-

thing tremendous from Stopplear; and I accepted with alacrity.

Stopplear played the Concerto of Beethoven and the Chaconne of Bach, and when he left Leonard I went with him as far as Boulevard du Clichy, and there we separated. I went back to Leonard and, not able to restrain my astonishment, I exclaimed: "Maitre, when Stopplear was in Liège he played better than any of us, but *now I play better than he does.*"

Leonard laid aside his pipe a moment and replied: "It is extraordinary how his playing has changed. All his feeling and enthusiasm are gone and he plays like a piece of wood."

Joachim as a teacher for soloists has been a failure. He has made a lot of concert-masters, but few virtuosos; and when one considered that he had nearly all of the greatest natures from every country (every boy or girl of talent who had financial backing went to Joachim) you can realize that one can be a great player but a bad teacher. The test of good teaching is to make a pupil learn his own innate but uncomprehended qualities and develop the latent artistic personality of each and every pupil, and not try to make them imitate you in everything. This is where Joachim failed, as he wanted his pupils to copy him.

One of the last pupils of Leonard was Bernard Sinzheimer, now in New York at the head of a quartette and a violin school.

HOUSE WARMING IN RUE JACOB, NO. 28, PARIS

Camille Depret, intimate friend of Gambetta, and immensely rich, was a true dilettante for music and very often gave musicales at his palatial home at 26 rue Jacob in Paris, during the winter; and in the summer he would go with his large family of eight children to his château at Fontainebleau, where I was his guest for a month every year.

From rue Cadet where I was living it was quite a distance to Depret's mansion in rue Jacob where I went very often, and he suggested that I should rent an apartment just next door at No. 28. It happened that there was a beautiful apartment vacant at the moment on the second floor. As this house No. 28 was also owned by Depret, I was able to rent the apartment very cheap at 1500 francs or about three hundred dollars per year. There was a big salon, bedroom, kitchen, office, etc., and all the doors were mirrors from top to bottom; the furnishings were rich and it was really, as Americans says, "swell." When I moved into it I did not move again until I gave up the apartment on coming to America in 1884.

At Camille Depret's I met many artists and poets and novelists. Among them was Jules Verne, and the Hetsels, father and son,—his publishers; Gabriel Faure, Leonard, Messenger, Mariotti the 'cellist, Bourguignon, proprietor of a Paris journal, and many other celebrities, who came to the Musicals; but at his grand receptions all the Ministers of State were present.

One evening at Depret's house he advised me to give

a Stag Party as a house warming. Jules Verne and the Hetsels were present, and I invited them, and Depret said he would come also; and on the strength of this I invited Leonard, Faure, Sandre, Beauvais de Vaux (a celebrated lawyer), and Bourguignon, and all accepted.

Just opposite No. 26, was a Brasserie Strasbourgeoise, which gave excellent meals with beer, for four francs a plate. I ordered a nice déjeuner for our party of ten, to be served at 2 P. M., and Depret loaned me three of his servants for the occasion. There was a menu, and I have often regretted that I did not ask my guests to sign their names; for at twenty-four years of age I entertained at my table some men whose names are immortal, real "Immortels."

Lambert Massart, born in Liège, was one of the great teachers in Paris and successor at the Conservatoire of some of the great lights in the violin world — Gavinies, Viotti, Rode, Baillot and Kreutzer. Rudolph Kreutzer, although of Austrian parentage, was born at Versailles and lived in Paris all his life. Kreutzer's esteem and affection for his pupil is shown in his act of making Massart heir of all his wonderful instruments, bows, etc. Some of those were inherited by his nephew Leon Massart, the 'cellist, for many years professor at the Liège Conservatoire — from whom I obtained several valuable violins, and six Francois Tourte bows; also an Italian violin, the back of which is wormeaten. I have reason to believe that this old Cremona was the concert violin used by Kreutzer before he played his Stradivarius. He had evidently put this instrument away in the garret and neglected it. I keep this violin as a sacred relic. There

is enough Italian varnish on it to guarantee its authenticity.

The most celebrated pupils of Massart were Henri Wieniawski, Sauret, Camilla Urso, Fournier and Kreisler. While walking in the street with his friends, Massart had the habit of stopping at intervals, while talking. He would take a few steps, stand and talk, then a step or two more and so on. One day I met him on the Rue du Faubourg Poissoniere when he was just coming out of the Conservatoire. This was about 1876. It took us about a half hour to cover two blocks. Among other things he related to me personal occurrences in New York. One of his pupils had to play in an important concert, but was prevented by an accident. But staying in the same hotel was another pupil of his who took the place of the first mentioned; this was no other than Camilla Urso, whose acquaintance I made years later in New York and to whom I related the incident, and she said it was true.

One of the most artistic families in Belgium is the family of Massart; and among their peculiarities is that they become baldheaded very young. This reminds me of a joke which was played on a cousin of Lambert, the top of whose head was as bald as a billiard ball. Lambert, Massart's cousin, was a viola player, and one night in passing between the stands to take his place in the orchestra, one of the musicians blew on his bald pate and Massart, highly indignant, turned about and demanded:

"What's the matter? Why did you do that?"

The musician said: "I beg your pardon; excuse me, sir, but I thought I saw one hair!"

BRINDIS DE SALAS

Among Leonard's pupils in Paris was one "type," as we say in French, most extraordinary, called Brindis de Salas, who afterwards made his career in Europe as a violinist. He was as black as the ace of spades, and when we were on the streets of Paris together, every one would turn around and stare after him. He used to play with a very eccentric style of bowing, many flourishes, etc. When I asked Leonard: "Why do you let him play like that?" Leonard said: "He plays like a negro — the difference in nature; if he were to play as you do, it would not make any impression."

He had a good technique but his style was too exaggerated. He was covered with orders; and when the old Emperor William of Germany gave a dinner at the palace, to which de Salas was invited, and on his being presented to the Emperor, the latter exclaimed: "He is more decorated than I am." It was incomprehensible how he could have been invited by the Emperor and surprising how he came to have so many orders.

The day after the papers in Berlin reported the Emperor's dinner as given to de Salas, the Cuban violinist. Meeting a friend in the street, who congratulated him on the great honor he had received, de Salas replied: "I am not at all satisfied; he made me dine with the servants." The "servants" by the way were the Count von Munter, German Ambassador to England, the Chamberlain of the Emperor, and other high officials. This caused a great deal of comment in court circles throughout Germany.

De Salas was engaged as soloist at three of the Tivoli concerts at Copenhagen. It was customary for the society to send a carriage for the artist to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is in the big square. Unfortunately, there were two white horses attached to the carriage. When de Salas came out of the hotel, seeing the white horses, he said: "Is that an insinuation because I am black?" He refused to enter the carriage until the white horses had been exchanged for black ones!

It has always been a puzzle to us that a negro could have received so many orders from Kings. But an incident that happened in that same hotel in Copenhagen made me believe that he was a scion of a high family in Cuba. I heard that Bagnoli, also a pupil of Leonard, met de Salas there and during a conversation said to him: "Your hands are black; don't you think that if you were to scrape them with a knife, they would become white?"

"What do you mean?" said de Salas. "Do you mean to insult me? I am a Chevalier (knight), not a knight like one who carries a button on his coat. I am a born knight!" And de Salas became so aggressive that Bagnoli excused himself, ran to his room and shut himself in. He was afraid of the negro.

EXPERIENCE IN A BALLOON

I was about 19 years of age when I was engaged to play at a concert at Château-Thierry on a Saturday evening. The next day, Sunday, at the table d'hôte, I met Godard, the celebrated aéronaut, seated near me, and having no one to go with him on his exhibition flight for

which he was engaged in that town, and as he knew me, he invited me to accompany him in his flight.

I was interested and accepted at once. Changing my high hat for a casquette or cap, I went to the rendezvous at 3 P. M. The whole town was there as I stepped into the basket with him. This was the 500th ascension which he had made with his balloon, and I was not at all nervous at first at going up with such an expert. As we left the earth amidst the applause of the crowd, and as things began to grow smaller and smaller as we ascended, I felt very comfortable and was enjoying the experience until Godard said: "Excuse me for a few moments as I have to make some performances on the trapeze." As he disappeared over the side of the basket, there was a violent jerk which rather upset my nerves, for in case of a misstep on his part, it would be sure death for him; and I being left alone with the balloon, what would become of me? But after much jerking and swaying of the balloon and basket, to my relief Godard appeared again, safe and sound, over the edge of the basket and lightly stepped to safety.

Before starting, he had asked me as a favor not to smoke for fear that a spark might send us as well as the balloon up into smoke. We had been up about two hours, sailing along towards Soissons, when we began to descend slowly in the neighborhood of a forest, and Godard let drop some bags of sand. But this did not enable us to escape the highest of the trees, and as we came to an open space between a mass of trees, he let fall the anchor. But, instead of striking the ground, it lodged in a high tree, where we swayed about violently

for a time; but luckily two men who were passing along came to our assistance and, being able with an effort to get hold of the rope, they pulled us down to terra firma; and Godard said: "Now, Musin, you can climb out," which I did with alacrity, and after a walk of half a mile or so I came to the town of Soissons, Godard remaining with his balloon.

After thanking Godard for the unique experience, I took the train at Soissons for Château-Thierry, where I got my baggage, and at 9:50 P. M. I took the train for Paris and got there about midnight; but there was no sleep for me, as I was so stirred up by the extraordinary experience, which I would not sell for five hundred dollars; but not even five thousand would tempt me to do it again. I told Godard that the next time he happened to be in Paris we must dine together, and the same winter it happened that we were able to keep the rendezvous, where I told him my emotions experienced from my first trip. He seemed to take the matter very lightly, however, and although it was a mystery to me how a man could choose a career of such hair-raising possibilities, still, after many harrowing escapes, Godard died safely and quietly in his bed, at a good old age.

TWO DISAGREEABLE EXPERIENCES OF MY EARLY LIFE IN PARIS

Lopez, a Spanish violinist and a pupil of Leonard, two friends of his, and Gonzales, an extraordinary cartoonist, invited me to dinner and afterwards to make a tour of the boulevards. We dined, and when the cafés began to close up, we walked about until we found a place

which was still open, but at that late hour it was only in and about the halles that we could expect to get some claret after two o'clock in the morning. To get into this café we had to go down a flight of steps from the street, and in order to understand the character of the place and neighborhood, I must tell you that the glasses were attached to the tables by chains. Towards the rear of the room there were seated four fellows who made a very unfavorable impression on us, as being of the Apaches, the worst class in Paris. We ordered our wine, but in a few minutes these fellows got up and came towards us as though to hold us up and rob us. Gonzales was an expert in manipulating his poignard in the Spanish way. The poignard is attached to a cord and when thrown in the distance it can be pulled back again. So, when those fellows made for us, in less than a minute Lopez had two of them down wallowing in their own blood. The other Apaches grabbed chairs, trying to brain us, but we five retaliated, and seeing that their own companions were done for, they fell on their knees begging for mercy. When the air cleared a little, Lopez's friend was found to be badly wounded. I omitted to say that when we found out the kind of a place we had gotten into and tried to get out, we found the door had been locked and that there was nothing to do but make a fight for our lives. When we lifted our unconscious friend, who was covered with blood, to carry him up to the street, the door was still locked but a woman ran up and unlocked it and, going up, we carried him along until we came to Place St. Eustache, where we were accosted by an agent of the police. He could see who we were and

said: "Why do you go to such places?" We related how it had happened, and calling a cab we finally succeeded in getting our comrade to his lodging and procured a surgeon to attend to his wounds. This was a lesson in venturing too hardily about parts of Paris, and an experience I have never forgotten.

EARLY INCIDENT IN PARIS LIFE

In November of the third year in Paris, I had a very disagreeable experience. One night about two o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by the police rapping on my door, saying: "Au nom de la loi ouvrez." (In the name of the law, open).

I opened and two agents de police (two policemen) came in and asked me a thousand questions, went through all my clothes, my linen, my letters, asked my name, if I was a Belgian, when I came to Paris, if I had had a fight with a man at the Brasserie Fontaine, Rue Fontaine. I told them that I knew nothing about it, that I had retired at 11 o'clock. The whole search took them about two hours.

A man had been stabbed at the Brasserie by a young Belgian and his description, it seems, resembled me somewhat. At any rate, I was for two days under the police guard until they found the guilty one, who was not a Belgian but a *German* who was registered as an Alsatian and who was really a German from Hanover. I learned this from my concierge (janitor) of Rue Cadet No. 20.

CHAPTER VII

“ CARMEN ”

I HAVE read many criticisms and comments on the failure and success of the opera “Carmen,” of Bizet, but not one of them has given a satisfactory reason for its failure and success because some important details have always been missing.

I have been in a position by my relation, to know the inside cause of this failure which caused the premature death of that genial composer, Bizet.

I used to go to the last rehearsals with Bizet, who made his observations from one corner of the balcony.

“Carmen” was produced in Paris in 1875, at the Opera Comique, and the cast of principals was:

Carmen, Galli-Marié; Micaela, Mlle. Chapuy; Don Jose, Lherie; Toreador, Jacques Bouhy.

I have forgotten the first name of Mlle. Chapuy, Lherie and also the names of the two sopranos who had the rôles of Frasquita and Mercedes, the two gypsies, but I remember the conductor of the orchestra, Jules Danbé, and the director of the Opera Comique, Carvalho. The four principals were as good as actors as they were singers, and could have made a career as actors or actresses alone.

The orchestra was perfect, the chorus well trained, and nothing had been neglected to make that opera one of the greatest successes of the Opera Comique, with the

probability of at least one hundred performances, and yet with all that the opera "Carmen" in 1875 was a failure. Why? The patrons of the Opera Comique were of the bourgeois class and a certain portion of the second act did not altogether please them, and it was circulated about like wildfire that the opera was indecent, and that the second act took place in a disreputable quarter of the city. This was enough to keep whole families away, and at the fifth performance the box office receipts were so poor and the failure of his opera so pronounced that Bizet succumbed to the crushing disappointment a few months later. The opera-going public of Paris was not so scrupulous when they went to hear Gounod's Faust, and Nero by Rubinstein, or Herodiade, by Massenet, and many others.

Among the auditors of the first production of *Carmen* was Minnie Hauck, who saw at once a great rôle for herself; and as she was negotiating for a season's engagement in Brussels with Calabresi, director of the theatre La Monnaie, she made a condition that "*Carmen*" be produced with her as Carmen. This did not please Calabresi, as he knew that the opera, although an artistic success, was a failure financially; but Minnie Hauck insisted so that Calabresi gave in. I know this inside news from Lapissida, the stage manager at the opera at Brussels, whom I met in London two years later in 1878, for he had been engaged by Mapleson to produce "*Carmen*" for Minnie Hauck at Her Majesty's Opera.

The opera "*Carmen*" which was considered a failure in Paris was a tremendous success in Brussels. All Bel-

gium saw it, even special trains were run to bring people in from around Brussels. It was from that success in Brussels that the opera was translated at once in Italian and sung in Italian at Her Majesty's Opera, in 1878 and where Minnie Hauck also made her mark in the rôle of Carmen in Italian. I think that the great popularity of that opera was due, very largely, to Minnie Hauck, and it is a pity that Bizet did not live long enough to witness the triumph of his work.

Galli-Marié after so many triumphs as Mignon and other characters retired from the stage. Mlle. Chapuy came to London and created such a furore at Her Majesty's Opera that she was compared to Adelina Patti, who was singing at that time at Covent Garden in London. A second cousin of Mlle. Chapuy, an officer of the French army, married her and she retired from the stage. I met them in Angoulême, where she sang only for charity; but her singing in Paris and London is not forgotten by those who heard her; this was in 1877.

Lherie, after leaving the Opera Comique, became a professor of singing at the National Conservatoire in Paris.

Jacques Bouhy, a compatriot of mine from Verviers (half an hour from Liége), who created the rôle of the Toreador, has since been director of a conservatory in New York, and is now one of the best singing teachers in Paris.

It is not generally known that the popular Habanera in the opera of “Carmen” was by Yradier, a Spanish composer who dedicated it to Zelia Trebelli. Bizet said

that he could not find a song so well adapted as that, for his opera.

Ambroise Thomas also took a well-known Swedish folk song for the Aria Mad Scene of Ophelia in his opera "Hamlet," called "On a Crystal Throne." (Necken's Polska).

FRANCE, 1878

We say in France: "Un bien fait n'est jamais perdu" — a good deed is never lost (wasted). This reminds me of an incident which occurred on a tour of the French provinces, Normandy and Brittany, in the spring of 1878, which was organized by some artists of the Paris Grand Opera and the Opera Comique and myself. We intended to spend six weeks on the tour, but it was cut short two weeks by the following incident.

Our undertaking was advertised as the Operatic Concert Company, which consisted of: Miss Lavielle of the Opera Comique; Miss Sablayroles, soprano; Miss Huet, mezzo soprano, first prize of the Conservatoire; Stephane, tenor of the Opera Comique; Brandon, baritone; Gresse, basso of the Grand Opera; Caisso, of the Opera Comique; Carre, accompanist of the Opera Comique; Ovide Musin, violinist.

We had booked all the most interesting cities such as Rouen, Havre, Cherbourg, Rennes, St. Brieux, L'Orient, Brest and so on. Our program consisted of three parts, the first being one act from "Le Maître de Chapelle," by Paër, the second, miscellaneous numbers by the different soloists and the third, one act from "Paul and Virginie," by Massé.

Caisso and I acted as secretaries and attended to the business, and a part of the time I had three rôles to fill: First, at the box office, then as soloist, and finally as prompter in the act from “Paul and Virginie” at the end of the program. After the first number, Caisso took my place in the box office. This was rather hard work, but we enjoyed it all very much.

We left St. Brioux to go to Rennes by a roundabout way, in order to see the magnificent scenery on the River La Rance, which is justly celebrated; and we reached St. Malo, where the river empties into the sea, at about noon. Without waiting to have luncheon, we went to the rock where Chateaubriand is buried. We had dinner afterwards and although we had to catch the 3 P. M. train for Rennes, where we were to appear that same evening, the time slipped by and when we got to the station our train was moving out and had gone some distance when Stephane rushed up to the station master and said:

“I beg of you to stop that train. We are to appear in Rennes this evening and no other train will get us there in time.”

The station master raised his flag and very luckily the engineer happened to turn his head and saw the signal. He stopped the train and came back so that we could board it. Before doing so, Stephane took out his card and handed it to the station master, saying:

“We are infinitely obliged to you, and here is my card. I am Stephane of the Opera Comique in Paris, and any time you are in the city I hope you will give me an opportunity to return the service you have done us.”

That same year the big Exposition was to take place in Paris, and for the season of opera, Carvalho, the director had chosen "L'Eclair" by Halevy. He telegraphed Stephane that he had been chosen for the tenor rôle, and this cut our tour short two weeks. This opera was the principal work given and all during the Exposition they played to packed houses, every seat and box being engaged weeks beforehand. So when one day Stephane received a note from the station master of St. Malo, saying that he had come to Paris with his family and would like to hear him but that he had tried to buy tickets and not one was to be had, Stephane, a big-hearted fellow, hurried to Carvalho and urgently asked for a box. But no box or seats were to be had. After thinking an instant, Carvalho said:

"I shall not use my own box to-morrow night and you may have that."

Stephane sent the tickets to the station master with his compliments and the next night he and his family heard "L'Eclair" from the private box of the director of the Opera Comique, free of cost, and his kind action in stopping the train found its reward. On the other hand, however, it is certain that artists receive more consideration in France and Belgium than in any other country, due, no doubt, to the protection accorded them by the Government, which entitles them to respect in more ways than one.

Recalling this incident in connection with the opera "L'Eclair," reminds me of the circumstances which prompted Halevy to write it. His opera "La Juive" in five acts had been presented at the Grand Opera in Paris

in 1835 in February, with immense success, but the critics attributed this to the magnificence of the “mise en scene,” gorgeous procession, etc., rather than to the music. Halevy felt this very keenly and to show that they were in the wrong, he wrote “L'Eclair,” which had no chorus whatever, and calls for but four artists, soprano, mezzo soprano, tenor and baritone, and the orchestra. This new sort of opera also created a great sensation when it was produced, in 1835, in November; and at the Exposition of 1878 the public never tired of hearing it although it was given all during the Exposition. It may not be amiss to mention the difference between opera comique and comic opera in the United States. Comic opera here is more like opera bouffe. In Paris, at the Opera Comique, only high-class works are produced, such as “Carmen,” “Louise,” etc., and the only difference between the grand opera and the opera comique, from the artistic point of view, is that at the latter dialogue is permitted, while at the Grand Opera everything is sung and no dialogue is permitted.

FRENCH AUTHORS

The Club of the “Pas Lu” (Unread)

Just after the war of 1870, the locale of this club of authors, who styled themselves the “Club of the Unread,” was in the Rue de Bac near the Pont de Saint Peres (Bridge of Sainted Fathers).

Although these writers were pleased to consider themselves as obscure, there were among them men of immense talent who set the world agog in a rush to read them. The first great author-member to appear was

Emile Zola and then de Maupassant, with his short stories, and so on.

Tourgenieff, the Russian, spoke French perfectly and one evening, at Madame Viardot-Garcia's house, I heard him tell the following story: One evening in Heaven, God gave a party to which he invited all the Virtues. During the evening, all the greater Virtues were much more amicable and friendly one with the other than were some of the lesser Virtues. When midnight came and the guests were taking their departure, God observed one of the Virtues meet and pass by another without salutation.

"This is strange," said God, and calling the two before him, he asked one of them: "Who are you?" He replied, "I am Benevolence."

"And who are you?" asked God of the other Virtue. "I am Gratitude," was the reply. And the extraordinary thing was that they had never met before!

A NEAR FIANCÉ

An incident of my youth comes back to me which might have changed my whole life and career.

When I was eighteen years old, I went to Nandrin, my birthplace, to visit my parents; and at an evening party I met a charming young lady of seventeen, whose father owned a brick factory about two miles from Nandrin; and we became very fond of each other. But when the subject of marriage was broached, the important factor of the conscription for military service had to be taken into account.

This was decided one way or another by drawing lots.

In our village, the young fellows who were lucky enough to draw a number above 18 would not have to serve; those drawing numbers below 18 would have to enter the military service. Unfortunately, I drew No. 5, which put an engagement of marriage out of the question. But I have often thought that had my luck been different, I might have become vice-president of a brick yard company, and instead of experiencing the compliment to an artist of having bouquets thrown to me, I might have reversed the procedure and thrown bricks—at the heads of the tax commissioners, for instance!

The young lady was not inconsolable, however, and two years later married very happily, and became in time the mother of a large family.

CHAPTER VIII

ENGLAND

My contract with Col. Mapleson was for five years, for ten weeks each year at the beginning of the season. The first concert was to take place in Dublin, Ireland.

I could not speak a word of English, and I had to go alone from Paris to Dublin and find my way as best I might. I had my fiddle box, my bag, and my trunk and all necessary information as follows, but would I ever get there alive? Here are the directions. "You go from Paris to Calais, where you take the boat to Dover. There you take the train to London, the one either to Charing Cross station or to Victoria, whichever you please; but that to Charing Cross is the best and the shortest. Then you cross London in a 'four-wheeler,' as you have a trunk, and go to the Midland Station, where you take a train for Holyhead. At Holyhead you take a boat to Kingston, and from there you take a train to Dublin." Goodness! — This was enough to make me fill my pockets with money so as to be sure to get home again, in case I should get lost somewhere.

On the boat, in crossing from Calais to Dover, I fortunately met people who could speak French, and one of them helped me by giving instructions to the driver of the four-wheeler in London, and when I boarded the boat at Holyhead, I asked a gentleman who did not look like an Englishman "Parlez vous Francais?" and when

he replied "Oui," I felt that my life was saved. This gentleman was Del Puente, the baritone of the company, and he knew how to reach Dublin. We became very good friends later on.

My first appearance in Dublin will never be forgotten if I were to live a thousand years. For my first number I played the "Souvenir de Haydn"—Leonard, (my version of it, approved by Leonard). The whistling, with the applause which followed the piece was simply terrific, deafening! That whistling which fairly broke my heart, and made me weep, decided me to quit the company the next day; but Mapleson came and asked me to go out quick and bow to the audience. "They want you again," he said.

I obeyed orders but felt very shy, and I played an encore, but as they whistled again I was absolutely convinced that I was a failure. It was only when Fred H. Cowen, the accompanist, told me that whistling in Ireland was a sign of great success that I felt comforted to a certain extent.

After several concerts in Ireland I began to realize that it was a mark of appreciation, and even in England, in Leeds, Bristol and other provincial towns where there are many Irish, the whistling in the galleries is indicative of the warmest appreciation. We played all the big cities of England, Scotland and Ireland, and gave sixty concerts in ten weeks, every day except Sunday.

Our company was composed of the leading singers of Her Majesty's Opera, the pianist accompanist and myself as violinist; ten in all, a quartette of prima donnas, and a quartette of operatic singers. After the concert tour

Mapleson would give performances of opera all over Great Britain. This was the first tour of Therese Titiens after her season in America; and as she was in my opinion the most celebrated singer in England, we played to standing room only, every night.

The last concert of the tour took place in Edinburgh, and all the operatic singers remained for the Opera; but I made the journey from Edinburgh to Paris all alone. It seemed rather like an Irish bull to find that my contract made in English, with an Englishman, should begin in Dublin and end in Edinburgh (called the modern Athens). How glad I was to see Paris again, my little apartment and my friends, and to be able to speak my mother tongue once more!

As already stated, my five years' contract called for ten weeks at the beginning of the winter season; and when this was completed I would return to fill my concert engagements in Paris and on the Continent, and give my series of Chamber Concerts with my Quartette until the month of May. I would then return to London for the season, which began in April and lasted until July.

Many concerts were given by the Orchestral Societies, — the Old Philharmonic — Cusins, conductor, and the New Philharmonic, with Dr. White and W. Ganz, conductors; and there were also many recitals by distinguished artists.

The leading halls at that time were St. James' Hall, which seated 2000 people, and the Royal Albert Hall, which I believe is the largest concert hall in the world, the gallery alone seating about five thousand people. The acoustics of this hall are marvelous. I used to play

several pieces which require the mute, and one could distinctly hear the softest notes in every part of the hall. Queens Hall is the leading hall to-day; but in my time all the orchestral concerts were given in St. James's, where I played many times with both the old and the new Philharmonic societies.

At one of those given by the New Philharmonic, I was engaged to play the solo in the "Deluge" by Saint-Saëns, the composer conducting. At the rehearsal in the morning Saint-Saëns conducted; but at the concert he failed to appear, and Ganz took the baton. As soon as I could get away after the matinée, I hurried over to Saint-Saëns's hotel to see what had happened. I found him in bed. He had fallen and hurt his leg so badly that he could not walk. He was confined to his apartment for a week, and during that time something occurred which I imagine is quite in the life of a composer.

One day as Saint-Saëns's Paris publisher — Durand — and I were sitting beside him, Durand said, "My dear Saint-Saëns, you ought to write a concerto for Musin." Saint-Saëns seemed taken with the idea, and sending for materials he set to work at once, his injured leg propped up in a chair. Under these trying conditions Saint-Saëns composed and scored his "Concertstück," in less than a week.

The work is noble and full of inspiration, and very brilliant. Durand published it and Saint-Saëns dedicated it to me. I have never heard it played by another violinist, but it should be in the concert repertory of every violinist.

In 1878 I organized five Saint-Saëns Concerts at

Steinway Hall, London,— Lower Seymour St.— where beside the great piano virtuoso himself, appeared Annette Essipoff, Montigny Remaury, Sarasate, Stenbruggen (the great horn soloist of the opera at Covent Garden) and a quartette which I had organized in London with leading musicians.

My Quartette appeared at each concert, and as may be imagined these concerts were very attractive and we had a large attendance. Pablo de Sarasate, a good friend of mine, played the Kreutzer Sonata with Mme. Essipoff, and my quartette played with Saint-Saëns his Quintette for Piano and stringed instruments. At that séance we had to turn people away. At another of these concerts Saint-Saëns played with Mme. Montigny Remaury, his celebrated Variations on a theme of Beethoven arranged for two pianos, and also his quartette with piano.

During a London Season there are also a great many private concerts and garden parties, given by the aristocracy, which are a great resource for a popular artist. Sir Julius Benedict, who had the management of many of these garden parties, took me into his affection and through him I had a lot of such engagements.

Sir Julius Benedict had a wonderful career in Vienna, Paris, Naples, and London, where he was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1871. He was the pianist with Jenny Lind when she toured in America in 1850, under the management of P. T. Barnum.

I played several times at his house, where all the London artists would meet and be proud to sing or play for him. When I first met Sir Julius Benedict in London in

1878, he was over 70 years old, and he had just married a young lady pupil of his who was only twenty. As I was very frequently at his house I could see what veneration and admiration Lady Benedict had for her distinguished husband.

Lady Londesborough of Berkeley Square asked me to give a *matinée* at her private mansion, the salons of which she filled with her friends of the aristocracy. After the music, and when we had all been served with tea and cakes, she sent me by her groom with powdered hair a check for fifty guineas. This was not a large sum as things are done to-day; but at that time fifty guineas was considered a nice little purse.

I remember we had the same agreeable experience at Sir Ruben Sassoon's (one of the richest men in London), when Saint-Saëns, Libotton — Belgian 'cellist — and I played at his mansion in Grosvenor Square. I met Sir Ruben Sassoon not only in London, but also in Brighton where he had a magnificent marine villa. He invited me to dinner, and there I met Mrs. Lily Langtry. He told me that she was considered the prettiest woman in England, and that she was a great friend of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. In London Sir Ruben Sassoon showed me his stables. His beautiful horses did not live on the ground floor, if you please, but on the first floor, and I saw eleven of them go up by elevator to their stalls. This was quite new to me.

In 1882, the Männerchor of Cologne, Germany, composed of about eighty members, came to London and gave four concerts in St. James's Hall. I was the only

soloist outside of the chorus. The hall was crowded at every concert with German people who could understand every word that was sung.

This male chorus, which sings a capella, is considered one of the best in Germany. Although there are no professional singers among them, all being amateurs and members of every profession, lawyers, physicians, merchants, they all have good voices and gave great satisfaction to the big audiences.

Samuel de Lange, a Dutch pianist and composer, whom I knew in Paris before he settled in Cologne, was the conductor; and the singing of the chorus as set on the program, showed artistic feeling and great power.

In Europe there are often international contests between these choruses, between Belgium, Holland and Germany, and the interest taken by the different societies in the various countries is very great and these concerts are most interesting. The jury is composed of at least twelve persons, all celebrated artists, and the president; the latter being the best musician in the country where the contest takes place.

ARRIGO BOITO

"Mefistofele," grand opera by Arrigo Boito, was given in London for the first time at Her Majesty's Opera in 1880. Col. Mapleson was the director of the opera, and he had Arrigo Boito come from Italy to supervise the rehearsals. Christine Nilsson was the Marguerite and the rôle of Mephistopheles was played by the basso who created the rôle in 1868, whose name I have forgotten; but he was not only a good singer but also a good actor.

Mme. Zelia Trebelli, the celebrated contralto, gave a dinner to Boito, to which I was invited, and among the guests were Joseph Barnby, composer-organist, conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society,—H. Leslie, also a celebrated composer and conductor of Choral Societies in England, F. H. Cowen (now Sir) and other ladies and gentlemen.

There was quite a reception given to the Italian Wagner as he was called; because like Wagner, Boito wrote not only the music but the text to his work. This dinner took place just the day of the first performance of “*Me-fistofele*” in London.

Everybody was seated at six o'clock. Arrigo Boito was charming and handsome as an Adonis. Mme. Trebelli took Boito and a couple of her friends in her carriage, and the rest of us followed in cabs. I had the honor of being in the same box with the celebrated composer, and I enjoyed the performance immensely, although it lasted until after one o'clock in the morning. Many people left before the Epilogue. Good people wanted to be home earlier. The opera is composed of a Prologue, four acts, and the Epilogue, and is too long for the British and American public. It was an immense success though, and Boito, who had received an ovation from the public, was obliged to bow from the box many times.

I found Christine Nilsson better in that opera as Marguerite, than in that of Gounod's “*Faust*”; the latter, by the way, being her first rôle here in the Metropolitan Opera House in the season of 1884. At the time of his triumph in London, Boito was quite a young man, scarcely

forty; "Mefistofele" having been given in Italy when he was only twenty-six years old.

Boito was as much a poet as a musician and his work in both lines has been admired by the whole world. The only drawback to the success of his work is that it is too long.

This opera of Boito's should have commenced at 5:30 p. m., as we do the thing in Belgium. There we generally give two operas in one evening; for the people want their money's worth; but by beginning at an early hour they would still be at home at a seasonable hour although two operas might be given.

I remember at Verviers on a Sunday there would be given the "Trovatore" of Verdi, and the "Huguenots" of Meyerbeer, nine acts. At Liège, I recall having heard "Mignon," of Ambroise Thomas, and a Drama in four acts, all the same evening. I recall that at Liège (when I was a little boy playing second violin in the orchestra), the program was "William Tell," Rossini, and "La Favorita," by Donizetti. The spectacle lasted from 5:30 p. m. until one the next morning. In provincial cities and towns of Belgium, if the Director of the Opera does not give a long program, the public will not turn out at all.

One of the greatest sights which I saw in London was at a concert at the Albert Hall, organized by W. Kuhe of Brighton. Kuhe was a manager who did things on a big scale. For this concert he had engaged Adelina Patti, Lasalle, Mierzinsky, Saint-Saëns as organist, the whole orchestra of Covent Garden, and myself. I remember that I played the Rondo Capriccioso, with Saint-

Saëns conducting the orchestra. When you recall that the gallery alone seated five thousand people, and that this immense Royal Albert Hall was packed from pit to dome, thousands being turned away,—you can imagine the sight, and how electrifying the applause of such an audience would be to the artists. One number, the *Ave Maria* of Gounod, was sung by Mme. Patti; Gounod at the piano, Saint-Saëns at the organ and the violin obligato played by myself.

There is one characteristic of the British people in particular which has always excited my admiration. They not only understand and appreciate the best music (the classical concerts always drawing crowds who stand sometimes for hours before the doors of the hall in order to get seats), but they never forget the old artists. An artist once established as a favorite, he or she will remain a drawing card as long as they are able to hobble or wobble onto the stage. Although their hair may be silvered by time; their joints stiffened by age and cracked be the bell of a once glorious voice, the British public is faithful to the ideal once formed in its mind by the artist. To illustrate — A lady on listening to Mme. Grisi, then *passée*, exclaimed, “Poor Grisi! she can’t sing any more! Bravo! Bravo! encore! encore!”—applauding vociferously. It will be easily understood from this that the annual benefit concert given for the support of the Home for Old Artists is always a great success. The affair starts off at two in the afternoon and goes on until six like a continuous performance, although no artist appears more than once. The services of the great artists who happen to be in London are given gratuitously, of

course, and during the afternoon many celebrities may be heard; and it also provides an opportunity for others desirous of making a reputation to obtain a hearing. The program although immensely long was worked out with the precision of a clock, each artist appearing and disappearing with promptness and despatch.

Every seat, no matter where located, was the one price of a guinea each, and big returns were realized for the aged artists. Three violinists appeared at one of these concerts, I remember, and three pianists. Then there were Santley, Lloyd, Foli, Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, Coquelin the elder, and many others whose names I do not recall.

In Ryder Street, Pall Mall, there was a small hotel kept by a Frenchman, Mr. Dieudonne. Here many of the Covent Garden artists, Anton Rubinstein, Sarasate and I used to put up when in London, and I assure you there was some noises during dinner with every one talking at once and from table to table. The cuisine was excellent excepting for the coffee, and I happened to remark that the tea in England was good but not the coffee; and Dieudonne never lost an occasion after that to assert that his coffee was better than in Paris.

There are four things which I have found better in England than anywhere else, i. e., fried sole, mutton chops, eggs and bacon, and brandy-and-soda. Even the short distance across the Channel seems to change the taste, and many travelers agree with me.

During the season in London, as one of Mapleson's artists I could go to every performance at Her Majesty's

Opera in Haymarket; not only in the theater but on the stage, where I could meet all the singers and listen to the opera from behind the scenes.

At that time Michael Costa and Licalsi were the conductors, and Costa was also the conductor of the Handel Festival, which took place every four years with four thousand performers, in the Crystal Palace, out at Sydenham.

HARRISON & HARRISON CONCERTS. PATTI INCIDENT

In 1881 I was engaged by Harrison & Harrison of Birmingham, England, for one of their winter concerts. Henry Ketten the pianist was also engaged and we made the trip from Paris together.

But the great star of that concert was Adelina Patti. Other singers were Antoinette Sterling, contralto; Charles Santley, baritone; Edward Lloyd, tenor, and Jack Foli, the basso, all of whom were great favorites in England.

In the second part of the program I played the Air and Variations from "Moses in Egypt," arranged by Paganini for the G string alone. After an encore I went down stairs to the artists' room where I found Foli, with his overcoat on, who said, "I am thirsty. I must have a glass of beer at once." I said, "I am going with you." We went to a place at the corner and had a glass of stout, and when we got back Harrison was in the artists' room asking for me. "Where were you?" he asked. "Mme. Patti has been obliged to wait a long time" (Patti had to appear in the next number) "as the public wanted to hear you again and kept applauding;

but you were not to be found." I told him that after my encore I did not hear any more applause and went out for a moment with Foli; but it seemed that Mme. Patti was much put out at having to wait on my account. Some time afterward when Marcus Meyer, Patti's manager, offered me a contract for six weeks with the Diva, for a tour in England, Ireland and Scotland, and I had accepted, I was very much disappointed at receiving a letter from him informing me that the tour would not take place.

In 1885 I met Marcus Meyer here in New York, and he asked me what the trouble was between Mme. Patti and myself. He said that when he told her that he had engaged me for that tour Patti had said she would not have me, and told him to engage some one else. I told him of the incident in Birmingham as the only thing I could think of, and he said at once, "That was the reason." I had not known until then that the tour had taken place.

LONDON ABOUT 1880

Among the Clubs in London was one called the Regency Club. The Club House was situated at the corner of Bond and Albermarle Streets. I became a member about 1880 as I recall. Its members were men distinguished in the field of literature, music and drama. Like the Lambs Club of New York, no ladies were admitted.

The President was Chappell, the music publisher; and Henry Irving was the Vice President. During the "Season" in May and June, the Club gave social and musical

evenings. Maybrick, who wrote the famous ballad "Nancy Lee," was often the Master of Ceremonies, and a clever one too; and many celebrated artists would be heard in the same evening, such as Lloyd and Maas, the great tenor singers; Chas. Santley and Foli, the bassos; Sir Henry Irving, in recitations; and many other members in special selections from their repertoires. I often had the pleasure of contributing some selections for the violin.

Some one remarked on one occasion that if every artist taking part in the entertainment were paid his price, St. James's Hall filled to the top would be too small to pay the expenses; but here in this relatively small Club, the atmosphere was felt to be the most highly appreciative to be found anywhere, and every one gave his services with the greatest pleasure. Unlike the custom of the Lambs Club, which is to have a large number of the artist members appear together in one or two numbers of the program, the Regency's method was to have every one appear alone. The Master of Ceremonies arranging an impromptu program according to whatever artists might be present, and every one following orders with gusto. Here in New York the Lambs have five or six Gambols during each winter, and the Collie, who is usually one of the professional lights of Broadway with many admirers and friends, arranges the Gambols and with the play writers and actor members prepares an attractive and refined program. Every play must be new-given for the first time. Artists who are not members, are often invited to contribute specialties between the acts, as guests. Every member of the Lambs has his seat free of cost; but any one inviting guests must pay ten dollars

for each, which covers the cost of the performance and the banquet which follows.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

It is an undeniable fact that the success of an artist in London is reverberated to the four corners of the Globe. While every artist who meets with approbation in Paris is proud of it, still a Parisian success is not noised abroad to any such extent as one obtained in the Capital of England.

This is no doubt due to the almost universal use of the English language and the fact that the circulation of the London press extends even to the countries in the most distant parts of the world. In my two tours which encircled the Globe, and other routes along the other points of the compass, I found that my name was known, not from my career in France, but from my appearances in London and the British provinces. Out in the Colonies they receive the programs of important concerts in London; and they keep them, and when an artist is announced to arrive in their country, they get out their programs to see if his or her name is on any of them. If you have the cachet of London, your reception will be a cordial one; but they know little or nothing of what is going on in the musical field in France, or even in the States; but they know the name of every artist who appears in London, even the vaudeville stars, actors and actresses.

I met many people out in Australia, New Zealand, India, China and Japan and other places, who told me the date of such and such concerts where I appeared in Lon-

don and even what I played. It is really marvelous to find that only one language, the English, is spoken, no matter how far afield one may travel. I do not believe that I found more than three occasions in two years, where I could speak French, and from constantly speaking and thinking in English for so many months, I actually spoke French with hesitation; but the mother tongue was quickly restored. The English language is the one to cultivate for your travels, or you will be apt to get veal, when you order mutton, and so on.

CHAPTER IX

INCIDENT IN COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

DURING the summer of 1879 some artists of Her Majesty's Opera in London were engaged for a concert tour in Scandinavia, I being engaged as violinist of the company.

The first place visited was Copenhagen, Denmark. The Tivoli in Copenhagen is unique as a place of amusement. It covers many acres of ground where every kind of amusement can be had. To get into the Tivoli gardens cost ten ore (about thirteen cents) and many of the attractions inside were free; but entrance to some others, resembling Coney Island in the United States, cost something extra. Another place where there was an extra charge was the hall where were given classical concerts by grand orchestra, the conductor of which, in my time, was Baldwin Dahl. At one time came von Möltke, the great strategist of the war of 1870, and in his honor Dahl had the unhappy idea of having the orchestra play "Die Wacht am Rhein."

The audience remained coldly silent during von Möltke's presence and during the playing of the German national air, but the moment he left the hall (and he left at once) the people, remembering Schleswig-Holstein, burst into such a violent demonstration of hate, with hooting and hisses, that Dahl had to save himself.

He never conducted again and died a few months afterwards.

My second visit was in the following year, 1880, with Zelia Trebelli, the celebrated contralto; Conrad Behrens, who was later basso at the Metropolitan Opera in New York for some years; and Bisaccia, the pianist.

A good story about Behrens, which I heard in Stockholm, was that at one time he had kept a shop, specializing in cheese, but he failed. In Court, when the Judge asked him "What became of the cheese?" he replied with his big voice: "The rats ate them!"

This caused a roar, but Behrens was already known and popular for his beautiful voice when singing "O Vermeland du Skona, du Herrlige Land," the most popular air in Sweden, and everybody was glad when he went free.

Another time it was agreed with Behrens, when we were in Hamburg, that we would go to Hammerfest on a pleasure trip. No sooner arrived then Behrens backed out and went back, but I was invited by Captain Phillips, who was there with his yacht, to go to his fishing place with him. His fishing place was up among the Laplanders and was formerly the fishing place of Lord Dudley. He paid three hundred guineas to the Norwegian Government for the privilege of about three miles of fjords where salmon is plentiful. He had cached a lot of provisions the year before.

The shore of the fjords was very rocky and we had a hard time to reach the place. Two of his sailors carried what we needed and I expected a great time.

We caught plenty of salmon with the black-fly and

had excellent sport, but the conserves of all kinds which had been cached were gone — stolen and eaten by the Lapps. So, after eating salmon in every imaginable way for a week, we gave it up and went back to Hammerfest. Since then salmon is poison to me.

The third trip in Scandinavia was in 1882. The company was composed of Zelia Trebelli, Wetsberg, tenor, Licalsi (conductor of Her Majesty's, London), pianist and accompanist, and myself.

Miss Antoinette Trebelli accompanied her mother, as we were going to make a tour of ten weeks in Denmark, Sweden and Norway at the best time of the year, July, August and September.

Madame Trebelli had a great reputation in Scandinavia. She was a friend of the King and Queen of Denmark and also of the King of Sweden. The tour began as usual by concerts with orchestra at the Tivoli in Copenhagen.

The King of Denmark had a castle at Clempemborg, a suburb of Copenhagen, and our company was summoned to appear at a state concert at the castle. The audience was composed of King Christian, the Queen, the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII) and the Princess; the Czarevitch of Russia,—afterwards the Czar,—and his wife; the Crown Prince of Denmark (George, who later became the King of Greece and was killed after his ascension to the throne of that country), Princess Thyra and Prince Waldemar; also a few high officials of the Government of Denmark.

King Christian was called the “father-in-law” of the crowned heads of Europe. His castle at Clempemborg



Standing, left to right, Miss Trebelli,
Licalsi, Conductor of Her Majesty's Opera
Wetzberg, Tenor. Sitting, Mme. Trebelli.
Ovide Musin.

GROUP OF FIVE

was small and when his sons-in-law came for a visit they used to live on their yachts.

It was reported that the daughters of King Christian were required to make their own beds and put their bedrooms in order before appearing in the morning.

Prince Waldemar, the youngest of the family, was a great lover of music and at concerts in Copenhagen I frequently met him in conversation behind the scenes.

Four of the leading musicians of the world, all Scandinavians, were, in my time, scattered throughout their country: I met Niels Gade in Copenhagen, Denmark; Grieg in Bergen, Norway (the home of Ole Bull); and Svendsen in Christiania, Norway. Norman, a great Swedish musician, who became the husband of Neruda, the violinist, I met in Stockholm.

Later, Johann Svendsen settled in Copenhagen, where at one of the Tivoli concerts I played his Romance in G with orchestra, Svendsen conducting.

TOURING IN RUSSIA

I went to Russia in 1882, under the management of Max Kugel from Vienna. As we had finished a tour of Sweden, we went to Abo, in Finland, and also gave several concerts in Helsingfors. The company was composed of Zelia Trebelli, the great contralto; Bisaccia, Neapolitan pianist, and myself. Our first concert was to be in Reval, across the gulf from Helsingfors. As the boat was to leave the next morning, we went aboard at night, and when we awoke we thought we had arrived at Reval. Instead we were surprised to find ourselves still in the dock at Helsingfors. The boat had not been

able to leave on account of a terrific storm; and we finally had to go by rail, first to Petersburg and then to Reval. It was cold there, and we were all in furs from head to foot. But the Russians did not seem to mind the cold, for on the lower deck of the boat we took to get from Reval to Dorpat on Lake Pipus — on our way to Riga, we saw them with their coats open and their throats bare. They were drinking vodka — a very strong Russian liquor. Riga was the biggest town of that part of German Russia. This was about 1881. It was a town about the size of Milwaukee. All the signs were in German, and that language was spoken almost entirely. Two other German towns in Russia were Mitau and Libau, which were in our itinerary. Another was Vilna, where a boy who has since made a great name for himself in the world was presented to me by his father. This was Godowski, the pianist. Later on he came to America, and the first tour he made in the United States was in my own concert company, and my first tour with my own company on the road.

But to retrace our steps a little. We were so well known in Finland that our passports were not signed, and we made all that tour of Finland and German Russia without difficulty. But the passports were so covered with stamps that it was impossible to see any writing. And when we wanted to leave Russia to go on to Jassy in Rumania, we were stopped at the frontier — and as my name was Ovide, they took me for a Jew. Besides, our entrance had not been stipulated beforehand, and at that time the telephone and telegraph did not exist as to-day. I had to go back to Odessa, a journey of five hours by

rail, to have my passport signed, and to be identified by the Governor of Odessa, with whom we had dined a few nights before. He felt very sorry for our plight, but said it was very difficult to get into Russia, and very difficult to get out again. We had an easy time going in on account of being so well known in Sweden and Finland, but the trouble began when we left Odessa on the way to Jassy in Rumania. When I finally got back to the frontier, and the passport affair straightend out, and I was found not to be a Jew, we were allowed to proceed to Bucharest, the capital of Rumania. From there we came to Vienna again, where the Company disbanded, for that tour.

My recollection as to the people who attended the concerts in all those countries was that although the nationalities and the languages were different, still music was music to them all. In my long experience I have found that there is but one single public, no matter what the language or nationality. If you play well they will applaud you. If you do not play well, they will treat you coldly. Music and its effects are psychological. As Schopenhauer said, "Music is the psychological essence of the universe, the universal language which speaks to the heart and soul of every human being who has an ear to hear."

In giving my experience with the Master Wieniawski, I was carried along by sequence of thought to this tour through Russia. I had already been for some time before the public, and had made other tours with celebrated artists, to which I will refer later. But I must not conclude my account of the Russian tour without

mentioning an experience we had in getting rooms at hotels — which were not in those days what hotels are to-day in all parts of the world. It was winter time, as I have said, and all windows were double, and no fresh air could enter a room except through a small round slide. In entering from the fresh air, the atmosphere of the rooms was heavy and malodorous, and a doctor advised me to burn a little tobacco on a plate, in the middle of the room, to kill the “miasmus,” and it occurs to me *en passant* that it would be a good thing to permit the use of tobacco everywhere in time of epidemics — in the theaters, the subway, etc., etc., to kill the germs of disease. As the accommodations were very limited at all those hotels, it was necessary to telegraph a day ahead, to be sure to find rooms. At Orel we telegraphed to Kursk to have four rooms awaiting our arrival, but to our astonishment our party of four was conducted to *one* room, *number four*. Mme. Trebelli was obliged to share her room with her maid; and Bisaccia and I managed to find another room, which we shared. As to the food, aside from caviar, smoked fish, and the like, articles on the menu, of which I tired, after some weeks — was a black bird. These were served about five or six times a week. There were no big, roasted joints, such as are served in England. Outside of the big cities, French cuisine was unknown. In Moscow, the restaurant Octave and others were as good as any in France. In fact, the hotels in all the large European cities had French cooks,— even in Constantinople.

CONCERTS IN GERMANY

Among many concerts in Germany in 1882, two are worth mentioning, the first in Wurzburg, Bavaria, at the theater with orchestra. Hans von Bülow, who was there for his health, consented to conduct the concert, as he was a good friend of Mme. Trebelli and of Behrens, the basso. Among other pieces, I played the Romance in F of Beethoven, in which von Bülow advised me to make a cut, which certainly improved the piece; and as he had the reputation of being the best representative of Beethoven, I have always played the Romance in that way since.

In Wurzburg I met Ritter, the inventor of the large viola. This instrument is much larger than the regular viola and Bilse adopted it in his orchestra in Berlin. I have never seen one in America.

Another great event was a state concert given at Homburg by Wilhelm I (grandfather of the Kaiser). The Emperor was on his way to Wiesbaden to lay the foundation of a new monument.

Among the great notabilities present were the King of Italy, the King of Baden, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, and many princes and princesses, all of royal blood. The hall was arranged with small tables and small groups and the tall Emperor would go from one table to another, chatting a little with one and a little with another, taking his seat only during the pieces.

This concert was a private one and I am sorry that I did not write down all the royalties who were there at

the time, but the old Emperor was certainly the "boss of the show."

The concert was composed of the orchestra, Madame Trebelli and myself. We appeared only once and the orchestra twice.

This reminds me of what happened a few days afterwards in Cologne at the Hôtel du Nord (the best hotel at that time) which was just near the long bridge. The company was having breakfast in the garden which surrounds the hotel when we saw a commotion among the people at the tables, gentlemen and ladies leaving their breakfasts and running towards the passage which led to the street. We, like the others, wanted to know what was the matter and we learned that the Prince of Wales was leaving the hotel. A moment after, I saw Kelly (I forgot his first name), the private secretary of the Prince, whom I knew very well as a member of the Regency Club of London. Then the Prince and his suite came out and, seeing us, came to Madame Trebelli and shook hands with her and with me and said in perfect French: "Mes compliments pour l'autre soir" (My compliments for the other evening).

Everybody in the hotel must have taken us for royalties as we were the center of curiosity, not only to the people there but also to the waiters, who bowed down very low when we finished our breakfast.

CHAPTER X

HOW I CAME TO AMERICA

THIS concert tour in Germany and Austria took place in 1883, as stated, under the Austrian manager, Max Kugel, and as it was satisfactory for every one, we signed another contract for 1884, to make a second tour to Sweden, Finland and Russia which was to last the whole winter. The company was about the same: Zelia Trebelli, cantatrice; Bisaccia, pianist, and myself.

I went home for my summer vacation when I received a letter from Jarrett, the manager of Christine Nilsson, that arrangements had been made with him as agent for Henry Abbey, American manager, for the appearance of Madame Trebelli at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, that all had been fixed with Max Kugel and that an allowance would be given to me by Mr. Abbey and that a manager would be provided for my appearances in the United States.

The proposition was so alluring that I accepted at once. Louis Ruben, a Scandinavian, was to act as my agent and I must say that never have I met a more charming man in business transactions than Louis Ruben.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

NEW YORK

When I first came to America and landed in New York, in 1884, I was thirty years old. The strenuous

work I did as a boy in preparation for my career — such as practicing the whole of the six sonatas of Bach for the violin alone, every day for a time as one item of the work — and the trials every young artist must be subjected to — the nervous strain of countless public appearances everywhere in Europe for fifteen years, more or less, had left no marks or mars on my physique. My hair was thick and black (one lock insisted upon hanging over my forehead!) and I, therefore, took the advice of a Parisian barber and plastered it where it insisted upon poising itself,— my eyebrows, beard and moustache were likewise flourishing, my complexion ruddy, my body strong and muscular, showing that I enjoyed the best of health, and consequently felt in the best of spirits. Accustomed as I had been to the large European cities and the high life of society and the clubs, I was nevertheless impressed with New York as a city, with its celebrated Fifth Avenue and chic society, with the conveniences of the practical side of life in the hotels, the big Sunday editions of the papers, the freedom and energy of the people, in fact, the cosmopolitan life. I am afraid my friends thought me very lazy, for in Europe people rarely breakfasted before noon, and in Paris one becomes habituated to very late hours. Callers at my hotel were astonished to find me still in bed at eight or nine in the morning, whereas they, very possibly, had been “on the jump”—to use an Americanism—since seven A. M. Very energetic people these Americans, but all depends upon the vocation. An artist is obliged to be up very late at night and, in order to get enough sleep, it has to be sliced off in the day time; furthermore, supposing I

were to get up at American business hours, I would be worn out by the time I had to appear in public. I don't believe that to this day my American manager ever comprehended why I slept so late mornings; but, on the other hand, while traveling on tours, I was always the first one down-stairs, no matter how early the train. European managers were very strict with all their companies and it did not require much schooling to acquire the habit of being punctual. In all my career, I never missed but one concert — that was out in Iowa, when our train was stalled in a snowdrift and finally smashed up by an engine and snow-plow which ran into us with a momentum of sixty miles an hour. Fortunately, none of us were killed but we were all nearly scared to death, which was nearly as bad, and the effect of which, together with some cuts and bruises, was to lay us up for a week. The people of Des Moines, where we were to have played, had waited until ten o'clock for us to appear, and I was not blamed for missing that concert! They were reasonable people and neither was I to blame for the heavy snowdrifts and the stupidity on the part of some one who sent that engine and snow-plow along at sixty miles an hour to shovel our train off the track instead of the snow. Well, I have found that Americans are as quick as they have the reputation of being, but the lightning speed with which the adjuster for that railroad company got from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Des Moines, Iowa, to settle up with banknotes in bundles before we were out of bed the next day, fairly took my breath away!

This story is a digression from the subject of the present chapter, but I recall one other occasion which I may

mention, as it was an important affair. Captain Hodges of St. Louis, an uncle of my wife, had arranged to have us give a private concert at Mr. Kearns' mansion to entertain about a hundred distinguished officers of the Army and Navy, all members of the Loyal Legion. Captain Hodges, as a young man of eighteen, had formed his own company and enlisted with them in the War of the Secession and had been in General Sherman's command in the March to the Sea. All of the officers to be entertained by us were, of course, either old comrades in the war or very dear friends and he was particularly anxious to have everything go off all right. We had a long jump to make to keep the engagement, but all would have been well but for delays on the road. Night came and we were still far from St. Louis. The hours crawled along and it was midnight before the city was reached; but there was the Captain at the station, waiting for us and, without changing our traveling clothes, we were hustled into carriages and towards Mr. Kearns' house. As the doors of the mansion flew open, what should greet our ears but stentorian tones from a hundred throats singing old war songs. The officers had been giving themselves the concert in our place. We applauded vigorously and begged for more. After apologies and explanations, we proceeded to make up for lost time. With stories and more music, together with welcome refreshments, it was nearly daylight before we parted from this jolly crowd and sought our hotel. This was a memorable event and one of the most enjoyable affairs I ever attended — the best part of it was to see the calm good nature with which the officers met the aggravating delay on our part and the

philosophical way in which they started amusing themselves.

And now as to my first impressions of New York — Italian opera was in all its glory and about to receive a knockout from the Germans. German musicians predominated in the orchestras and as conductors of societies, and there would soon be the German opera and the Metropolitan Opera House. Dr. Leopold Damrosch and Theodore Thomas were leading the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic Society orchestra concerts. I made my first bow to America with the Symphony, playing the Mendelssohn concerto and the *Folia* by Corelli. New Yorkers had known the playing of Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Ole Bull, Sivori and Sarasate and were decidedly connoisseurs. I had no complaint to make of the public, whose appreciation was everything that an artist could desire, but the critics! While certain of them were flattering enough, there was great diversity of opinion. They seemed bound to differ with one another and as most of them, in those days, were neither violinists nor musicians, I soon learned to estimate what they had to say at its true value. I made a second appearance with the Symphony Society and played but one number, Dr. Damrosch's *Concertstück* in four parts. The Doctor had been one of the violinists of the town of Brunswick, Germany, and, at one time, director of the opera. I had to get this work up in about three weeks' notice for the occasion. It is an excellent work, lasting about twenty-five minutes, and is quite difficult, effective and should be played oftener. I also played it at the Metropolitan Opera House at a symphony con-

cert, with the Doctor's son, Walter, then beginning his career as a conductor. When I returned to London for the season, I put it on my program and as Walter was traveling in Scotland with Mr. Carnegie, I invited him to come to London to conduct his father's work. Theodore Thomas was an excellent musician and a great disciplinarian, but very arrogant. At a convivial board of the German society, he would wax warm at his success and demand:

"Who are the three greatest conductors of the world?"

Then with a pause between each, he would say:

"Hans Richter! — von Bülow! — and the third? — who is it? — I, THEODORE THOMAS!!"

But certain among his musicians bore him a grudge for his dictatorial manner in differing with their interpretation of solo passages. As an instance, I recall that one fiery little man at a rehearsal jumped from his chair and shaking his instrument in Thomas' face, cried:

"You dare to criticize my way of playing? I will tell you before the whole orchestra that you are *far* from being a Hans Richter!!" and, trembling with rage, he left the rehearsal.

I had an experience with Thomas at the Liederkrantz Society concert. In Europe, the Godard concerto had been given at the best concert and I had played it with Sir Frederick Cowen conducting in London. I put it on the Liederkrantz program for one of my numbers, as an interesting novelty, but as anything French was an abomination in Thomas's eye, his mannerisms while conducting this work were mockingly disdainful, flippant and insulting to the composer and the soloist. His buffoonery

caused him a big fall in my estimation, and my dislike for the man was probably reciprocated, for I have reason to believe this was the starting point of an idea among the Germans in the United States that I was not a classical player, merely a showy performance of pieces of virtuosity.

The following correspondence gives merely one instance where this idea was used to lower me in the estimation of a pupil of mine, but there are others which I could state.

LETTER FROM OVIDE MUSIN TO EUGENE REDEWILL

NEW YORK, September 10, 1918.

EUGENE REDEWILL,

MANAGING EDITOR, THE VIOLINIST,

431 South Wabash Avenue,

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR MR. REDEWILL:

In the very interesting August number of "The Violinist" you say "large symphony organizations" with the exception of Chicago, have been "cleaning shop" — and the trouble with Chicago is that the leading "pro" of her organization is elusive, cunning, beneath the surface and hard to get at. The enclosed letter (copy) shows Mr. Stock up in his true light as a German belittler of American musicians. You will notice this happened only last May, according to Wallace Grieves, who was much too modest in seeking only a position in the orchestra, for when he left my hands he could have appeared with success as a soloist with the orchestra. He took the prize at the Chicago contest, as you may recall.

People in this country have been too long fed up on the German idea of everything German über Alles. I am only a Belgian, but if I were an American, I would make such a surge that every one of the crew would be swept out to sea, never to come back. I have traveled and lived in every civilized country on the globe and have always considered Germany as the most inartistic country in the world. There could have been no professional jealousy between Mr. Stock and myself, for I have never heard of him as a violinist and never met him to my knowledge, and I was never connected with the Bush Temple Conservatory, although Mr. Bradley had a contract which he wanted me to sign, but which I did not sign. I was in Chicago at that time for only a short time, as I remember, and returned to Belgium after signing for a concert tour with Slayton. Grieves's letter may be useful. Many thanks for your interest. Am sending you my fundamental laws of bowing, as I teach them.

Very truly yours,

OVIDE MUSIN,

COPY OF LETTER FROM WALLACE GRIEVES TO OVIDE
MUSIN

About August, 1918.

MR. OVIDE MUSIN,
51 West 76th Street,
New York City, New York.

DEAR MR. MUSIN:

Being that you have heard nothing from me for some time, you perhaps think I have gone into the army. Up

to about six weeks ago, I was in limited service Class I. A call came from a contingent from Springfield to serve as fire guards at points of embarkation and I was notified accordingly. After making preliminary preparations prior to my leaving, I received a re-classification and I am now in Class V. A heart condition which I have is the only thing which prevents me from going into strenuous service. However, I am trying to do something in an educational way here in Springfield by establishing a good school, and we think education in war times is not entirely unessential. I hope that a place will be found for me where I can do some active part more essentially connected with the war program.

An instance came up last spring which I have often wanted to tell you about, but for a certain policy have hesitated. I am a loyal pupil of yours and a friend — and at this time I'm going to state the true facts to you:

Last May I played for Frederick Stock of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. My hearing was arranged by the manager of the orchestra with a view of securing a position with the orchestra at a later date. There was no piano in Mr. Stock's office and, therefore, I had to play excerpts of Bach, Beethoven Romance, Mendelssohn concerto unaccompanied, and, of course, to somewhat of a disadvantage. Well, as soon as Mr. S. found out I had studied with you, he proceeded to belittle my playing — criticized my bowing unmercifully (and I know I did not play so "rotten" on that occasion) and say other things uncomplimentary about your teaching. Since many members of the orchestra have been called before the Federal authorities recently for explanations of alleged

disloyal remarks and Mr. Stock's loyalty itself questioned, I do not hesitate to continue. He kindly told me that my three years with you had been wasted (I know differently) and that your teaching in Chicago at the Bush Conservatory had been anything but creditable. These were not his exact words, but it is the substance of his conversation. He asked me why I have not studied with certain German teachers of Chicago. It does not seem right, at this time, that German musicians should have such an important place in musical affairs — conductor of one of the best orchestras in the country! He said he taught at the Bush Conservatory when you were there and right away I thought he must have some jealous grievances against you. I told Leon Sametini about it. He thought it very small in Mr. S. and said, "I know what you can do." Mr. Sametini was a judge in the Chicago contest, and I consider him a good friend of mine. Maurice Goldblatt, of Chicago, has also spoken in glowing terms of you. My fingers have burned since then to write you, but fearing it was not the right thing to do, I have refrained from doing so. I know you can teach other things besides tricky little vaudeville pieces, as Mr. Stock said you did. I remember the time you would have me spend with Bach and Beethoven and I profited immensely.

I think I have told you everything I have in mind at present, so will close, hoping this finds you in the very best of health, and with kindest regards to Mrs. Musin and yourself, I am

Your loyal pupil and friend,

WALLACE GRIEVES.

It is well known, of course, that large numbers of Germans came to America to escape the grinding process of Prussian militarism, as the great German scientist Haeckel said in his book "Last Words on Evolution," which was published in 1905, *i. e.*, "It is only a few weeks since the Prussian Minister of Worship made a dangerous attempt to suppress Academic freedom, the palladium of mental life in Germany. This increasing teaching recalls the sad days of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when thousands of the finest citizens of Germany migrated to North America in order to develop their mental powers in a free atmosphere."

It goes without saying that these excellent people and others who came later and their descendants became staunch Americans. I had many warm friends among the German-Americans. Carl Schurz was in Washington and I knew him personally. There was William Steinway and his sons — Charles F. Tretbar of Steinway and Sons was an intimate friend of mine,— Knabe and his sons, Seligman, the banker, and his family. Alfred Seligman was one of my dearest friends and an artist himself. And there are hosts of others, charming friends whom I shall always remember with pleasure. It was not the good German-Americans who countenanced the propaganda of the wily Prussians which had been for some time instilling its poison into the mentality of native-Americans through music, their so-called German music. The geniuses of Bach, Beethoven, Richard Wagner, Brahms and the rest were exploited as a product of German nationality.

Here is an example taken from an American Ency-

cllopedia of Music, which quotes a book by Forkel in which he says, in speaking of Bach's "well-tempered Clavier": "In general, both parts of the work contain a treasure of art which cannot be found anywhere but in Germany." American students rushed to Germany in throngs as to the only fountain-head of musical knowledge, and yet Beethoven had to struggle for artistic existence and Wagner's music was reviled by the German press, even to the great days of Bayreuth. Prussian propaganda sacrilegiously appropriated that which is divine in art to further their political schemes and dazzle the whole world with the superiority of the German nation in the field of music as in everything else. All music which was not so-called German music was belittled and sneered at until Americans became impregnated with the idea and felt subconsciously perhaps, in regard to the efforts of American-born composers, that "nothing good could come out of Nazareth."

Excellent work is being done, particularly on the part of the Federation of Women's Clubs, in weeding out any remnant of incredulity as to the genuine talent of Americans. But why such haste for the appearance of a master composer in America? The feverish desire to produce a work which will place the name of an American on the plane of the greatest geniuses may defeat the aim and the object. Knowledge is possible to all and inspiration will come to him who has knowledge "from out of the blue," "far from the madding crowd," in the quiet of the fields or on the mountains where the "still small voice" may be better heard. It is natural, proper and laudable for every one to rejoice at deeds done by one's fellow-coun-

trymen in any line of noble achievement, but the Prussian propaganda throughout was based on false pretenses, in music particularly, as the following article will demonstrate.

REPRINT OF AN ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN THE
INDIANAPOLIS STAR.

German Propaganda Spread in Music is a Great Menace.
By Gaylord Yost.

(Editor's note: A careful reading of the list of musical artists compiled by Mr. Yost in the following article shows it to be very incomplete. Without making any additions or corrections, it may be said in proportion and average it would remain the same were the entire list of names of world artists added.)

In the past four years the people of the civilized world and particularly those of America have learned to what menacing proportions the German people have succeeded in spreading German "kultur" propaganda. Few there are who fully realize how extensive and far-reaching this has been. It has extended to almost every field of human endeavor. Not alone to the great industrial field but to the fine arts as well. At last we have found that the Germans have been chiefly boasters, who have appropriated the ideas of other nations and given them to the world labeled "Made in Germany."

The whole system of German education is inflexible, or, in other words, of "blood and iron." Their national attitude is one of superiority pertaining to all things relative to humanity. Their egotism and inflexibility superimposed by their educational system, account for the present war.

There is one phase of the German propaganda which has had practically no publicity and it is to this that I desire to call the attention of the American people.

Before the war started, ninety per cent. of the music students going to Europe went to Germany to study. The cities of the German Empire were supposed to afford a better atmosphere for the development of their respective talents. I went to Germany with this idea in mind and spent some time in Berlin as well as other German cities. Therefore, I had the opportunity of closely studying their systems and conditions. In Berlin one could hear more mediocre concerts than in any other city in the world. Their operatic productions could not compare with those of the New York Metropolitan or Chicago Grand Opera companies. Their symphony orchestras are well trained, but I am sure that there are at least a half dozen in America superior to any in Germany. I found that many of the pedagogues and artists residing there were not Germans, but artists from other countries who went there because the German propaganda had focused the eyes of the world upon Germany as the musical center of the universe. I went to Germany because of this propaganda, but am thankful that I fell into the hands of Issay Barmas, a Russian Jew, then a resident of Berlin, with whom I studied.

GERMAN MUSIC LOVERS

It is true that the German people are music lovers and have maintained national schools for the development of the fine arts, all of which is excellent and highly commendable. However, what I am about to disclose will

convince the unprejudiced mind that the German methods of teaching music do not produce great artists. In these methods we find the same inflexibility and egotism which marks their national life. The German mind is cold, pedantic, stolid, philosophic and rigid, lacking the imaginative and plastic qualities which are prerequisites of art. I readily admit that they are good drill masters. They know how to beat time and are exacting in accuracy. They are sticklers for tradition and mechanical perfection. They are faithful workers but are clumsy and seldom elegant. From Germany have come some of the world's greatest composers, such as Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner. Kindly note that all of these are of past generations. Since Wagner we find no German composers of marked individuality or charm. The German may know how to write counterpoint and compose scholarly music; he may be a good drill master and an indefatigable worker, but he is not an executant because his national schooling and natural bent of mind are narrow and inelastic, therefore, quite restricted in the broader sense.

And now I shall give a carefully prepared list of the world's greatest contemporary artists, showing the nationality of each, thus proving that Germany can claim but a very small per cent. as her own, and still she has boasted that there is only one school, only one musician with the true impulse — the German!

Pianists: Harold Bauer, English; Busoni, Italian; Godowsky, Russian Jew; Ganz, Swiss; D'Albert, Scotch; Paderewski, Polish; Josef Hofmann, Russian; Gabrilowitsch, Russian Jew; Dohnanyi, Hungarian; De Pach-

mann, Russian; Lhevinne, Russian Jew; Alexander Siloti, Russian; Moritz Rosenthal, Austrian Jew; Mark Ham-bourgh, Russian Jew; X. Scharwenka, Polish; Frederic Lamond, Scotch; Katherine Goodson, English.

Violinists: Ysaye, Belgian; Kreisler, Austrian Jew; Thibaud, French; Sauret, French; Marteau, French; Kubelik, Bohemian; Zimbalist, Russian Jew; Elman, Russian Jew; Heifetz, Russian Jew; Spalding, American; Maud Powell, American; Mary Gailey, American; Witek, Bohemian; Petschnikoff, Russian; Hubay, Hungarian; César Thomson, Belgian; Musin, Belgian; Sevcik, Bohemian; Auer, Hungarian Jew; Eddy Brown, American; Macmillen, American; Arthur Hartmann, Hungarian Jew; Kocian, Bohemian; Ernesco, Roumanian; Joan Manen, Spanish; John Dunn, English; Nachez, Spanish; Loeffler, French.

Cellists: Casals, Spanish; Jean Gerardy, Belgian; May Mukle, English.

Singers: Farrar, American; Tetrazzini, Italian; Mabel Garrison, American; Caruso, Italian; Galli-Curci, Italian; McCormack, Irish; Bonci, Italian; De Gogorza, Spanish; Mary Garden, Scotch; Maggie Teyte, English; Stracciari, Italian; Charles W. Clark, American; Dal-mores, French; Julia Culp, Dutch; Schumann-Heink, Bohemian; Julia Claussen, Swedish; Matzenauer, Hungarian; Sembrich, Polish; Melba, Australian; Rappold, American; Jean de Reszke, Polish; Emmy Destinn, Bohemian; Clara Butt, English; Alma Gluck, American; Christine Miller, American.

German Artists:

Violinists: Willy Burmeister and Willy Hess (both pupils of Joseph Joachim, Hungarian Jew).

Pianists: Arthur Schnabel, Wilhelm Bachaus, Risler (studied in France), Emil Sauer (studied in Russia, later with Liszt, Hungarian).

Singers: Frieda Hempel, Gadski, Karl Jorn.

This list speaks for itself. In conclusion, several other salient points deserve our attention. Puccini, an Italian, stands out as probably the greatest operatic composer of this generation. Debussy, a Frenchman, is the most distinct creative genius of this age, having given to the world a new style of music. The great Paderewski studied with Leschetizky, a Pole. Busoni was a pupil of Liszt, who was a Hungarian. Godowsky was practically self-taught, with the exception of a short period spent with Saint-Saëns, the French composer and pianist. Joseph Joachim, who for so many years was at the head of the Hochschule in Berlin, was a Hungarian Jew and was succeeded, upon his death, by Henri Marteau, a Frenchman. Kreisler and Thibaud were schooled in France. Kubelik studied in his native land with Sevcik, a Bohemian. Practically all of the other distinguished artists named, except the German ones not otherwise indicated, studied not in Germany but in Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, Bohemia, Austria or America.

It is time for Americans to drop the fallacious idea of Germany's wonderful achievement and supremacy in musical art for, as I have shown, the facts point indisputably to a decided decadence in German pedagogic science and creative art. If the German mind and methods of mu-

sical instruction are so preëminent, why have they not produced greater artists?

COPY OF MY LETTER WHICH APPEARED IN THE NEW
YORK HERALD OF NOVEMBER 6TH, 1918

German Music

To the Editor of the Herald.

The recent editorial in the Herald headed "Teutons Losing in Arts," which says, "Another Teutonic myth passes," etc., should awaken every American to increased perception of the workings of the Prussian propaganda. Another myth which must pass before American musicians have their rights is that fêtitish of so-called German Music.

There were great musicians who happened to have been born in Germany, just as there were and are other great musicians who happened to be born in other countries, but there is no such thing as German music. If Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and the rest were alive to-day they would be the first to deny that the German nation had anything to do with it. . . .

Frederick the Great said he would rather hear a horse laugh than to hear a German trying to be a prima donna. . . .

OVIDE MUSIN.

New York City,
Nov. 4th, 1918.

Henry Ward Beecher I knew very well indeed. He was a great preacher, and a vast congregation from all

parts of the country besides his regular members thronged to his church. I played during his services and met many distinguished Americans there. It is sad to think how many great ones — descendants of the pioneers — have passed the bourne from which there is no returning. But their spirit has impregnated that of the younger generations and, for me, America will always be "God's country."

The following experience has never been duplicated, I venture to say, by any violinist in the world, and I trust never will be.

I found it to be the custom in this country to use the churches as concert halls, and among such was the Clinton Avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn. The seats of the large auditorium were arranged in amphitheater form, rising tier upon tier in front of the pulpit. My company was engaged for a concert there, and we were assembled in the waiting room which was a few steps below and back of the pulpit.

As it was about time to begin the program — I to play the first number — with violin and bow in hand I mounted the short flight of steps in the dark, to peer between the curtains, to see if the piano was properly placed, and my first step forward launched me into a void, from which I plunged into a tank full of water. The baptismal font had been left open, perhaps to entrap an unwary sinner. Imagine my consternation! I floundered about in the water a bit; but finally getting my bearings, I emerged soaking wet, and my shoes full of water! My company burst into roars of laughter when I appeared, dazed from my ducking, and hastened

to wring me out as much as possible, and some one pulled off my shoes! That was the climax! for there were no stores in that part of Brooklyn, and it was Saturday night, so there was nothing to be done but to pull my shoes on again, which was a difficult process at which several had to lend a hand. Finally red as a turkey-cock, with my efforts, I had to appear just as I was, the water trickling from my clothes down into my shoes and into the carpet. As I walked on the stage you could distinctly hear the swish swash of the water; but the audience seemed not to notice it. Their attention being taken up with the music, my crumpled appearance apparently passed unobserved. It was difficult for me to calm the laughter of my company so that they could go on with the program; but when it was over with, I took a carriage to a hotel, had a hot bath and a hot punch and was none the worse for my unexpected baptism; but on the contrary, I trust I was made a better man by it.

This incident was spread broadcast by the Associated Press, and many a time I was joked about being a Baptist. On a tour out West, I happened to meet the Rev. Dr. Talmage, who was lecturing, and he said to me: "Mr. Musin, I see that we have made a good Baptist of you."

One rarely encounters nowadays what are called old-fashioned Americans, but I came closely in contact with one, a gentleman of the Old School Presbyterians, an elder in the church, a counselor at law for the Connecticut Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies who, in 1885, was duly admitted and qualified as an attorney and counselor of the Supreme Court of the

United States at Washington, D. C. This gentleman was frequently mistaken for Horace Greeley although his linen was always immaculate and he wore a high hat and never appeared wearing a long linen duster, or a scraggy beard under his chin, like the great Horace Greeley who had "the courage of his convictions" and was one of the most highly respected of the intellectual lights of America. Although my friend was always shaved smoothly and clean, there was a strong resemblance between the two faces, the penetrating blue eyes and gold spectacles. Whether Horace Greeley was a strictly non-indulger in intoxicants, I do not know, but my friend, the Judge, had never touched or tasted liquor in his life, being of Puritan New England descent and belief. One day I happened to be in Detroit and the leading hotel in those days was the Russell House, managed by McCreery, who was a good friend of mine. McCreery played the violin and, being extremely partial to artists, he always gave me the same large room on the first floor. I invited the Judge to lunch with me but took him first to my room, where I said I felt like having a Martini cocktail. I said:

"Judge, will you join me?"

"Martini cocktail? What is that? I know the word cocktail but I never tasted one."

I explained the combination, saying it derived its name from the Martini of the Italian restaurant in New York, probably. At any rate the two cocktails were brought up and I said:

"This will give you a fine appetite, Judge — you will like it."

I drank mine and watched the Judge, who politely sipped a little but set aside the glass, saying:

“I am afraid it will spoil my appetite.”

This incident goes to prove the saying, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” I saw very clearly that the gentleman, who was the father of my wife, by the way, would indulge in nothing stronger than ice water as a beverage at our luncheon.

In view of the mooted question of prohibition, it is permissible to say that good, old-fashioned Americans thrived very well on water and even on ice water, but to Europeans, accustomed for hundreds of years to wine and beer, with a strong prejudice to iced drinks, it is difficult for us to understand this idea of their harmfulness. No doubt wine imparts energy, as the following story will prove: In Belgium, a farmer had a mule which, on the way to market, always stopped half way up a hill to rest. No urging would get him beyond that identical spot no matter what the master's hurry. Finally, the farmer conceived the bright idea of mixing a pint of claret with the animal's oats before starting out, and from that time on the mule forgot there was a hill and scaled it rapidly whenever the oats were mixed with wine. Grapejuice might have had the same effect, but we do not know the juice of the grape in Europe, except in its fermented and clarified form.

I was better able to understand and appreciate the moral strength of the Puritan pioneers and their descendants in this great country after some stories which the Judge told me of his boyhood days in Vermont on

Grand Isle in Lake Champlain. Sunday was a day of rest from the work and amusements of the week and was passed in going to church, in reading the Bible and family prayers, and in prayer meetings. All thoughts must be turned toward divine subjects and a store of moral inspiration laid up for the coming week. But sometimes the Judge and his brothers longed for a little liberty and he, as the oldest of twelve brothers and sisters, was the spokesman when asking for a special favor. One Sunday afternoon he asked his mother if they might go for a little walk, and she said:

“Yes, if you will walk in the cemetery.”

I also recall meeting Mr. James Gordon Bennett. We crossed the ocean on the same boat on two occasions. Once on the *S. S. Bourgogne*, which was afterwards lost off Sable Island. Mr. Bennett knew Belgium well, and in one of our conversations he asked me why we had so many forts in Belgium. I said that it was to protect ourselves against invasion; that while Belgium was not a big country, still any nation which attempted to cross our borders would find that we could put up a stiff fight. This, I think, was about 1894. In this great war, we Belgians proved that what I said then would come true, for thanks to the courage of our great King Albert and the determined resistance with which the Germans were met at Liège in 1914, their rush for Paris was delayed and the Allies enabled to make a stand which contributed an important factor to their winning the war.

SINGERS WITH WHOM I WAS ASSOCIATED IN EUROPE
AND THE UNITED STATES

Singers in Europe: Patti, Nilsson, Tietjens, Trebelli, Minnie Hauck, Bellocca, Marie Sass, Scalchi, Emma Thursby, Gerster, Lilli Lehmann, Sembrich, and Jean Faure.

What a beautiful bouquet of voices, every flower the most perfect of its kind, varying in tints from the rich contralto to the sparkling purity of the high soprano! What a chance was missed by the great impresarios of those days to unite these voices in a composition for female voices alone, and what an opportunity was missed by composers to write such a song, suitable to the immense talent of these great songstresses! Many of the great singers of those days were good musicians, but Mme. Sembrich was the only one of them whom I knew to play the violin. At the benefit to Henry Abbey, at the Metropolitan, she appeared as singer, pianist and violinist, played the De Beriot concerto, number 7, which she had studied with me; played it on my Maggini violin, which I loaned her for the occasion, and played it very well. This benefit netted over \$26,000 to Abbey.

American sopranos: Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Thursby, Annie Louise Carey (the contralto), Van Zandt, Sybil Sanderson, and other American singers had shone in the European firmament with great brilliancy. The epoch between 1850 and 1908 seemed to have been particularly favorable to the outgrowth, one reason being that the art of singing received adequate attention and

encouragement. It used to be said in Europe that the greatest charlatans in the world were dentists and singing teachers, but the American dentist is king to-day. American teachers of music in all lines, and the natural American talent, are both handicapped in this country by erroneous ideas. The teaching may be of the best, but what is to be expected if so many different interests and fancies are allowed to interfere with the serious steadfast purpose of developing the gift and the acquirement of the means by and through which it may manifest itself? When one reads the thousand and one branches taught in the music schools and conservatories, and the dabbling done in a little of each, it is not surprising that the real results are not accomplished in any one line. In the first place, there should be governmental interest and financial protection for the art on the part of the Government, as in my own country, Belgium, in each and every state, in the management of which politics shall play no part, and the foundations based on achievement and talent solely for directors, professors and pupils. The matter of making money by propagating the art is the root of the evil. There is no need to go further, for every teacher and every pupil knows the disintegrating effects of the almighty dollar. Musicians and artists in my country, who were educated by the government, are not looked upon as subjects of charity, but as so many stars in its crown of artistic achievement. I have spoken and written on this subject many times during my travels through the United States and my sojourn in New York during the last fifteen years. Every little seed dropped by the wayside will spring up and bear fruit some time,

and let us hope that at no very distant day every state in the Union will have its University of Music, supported by the Government, no matter if it pays in money or not. It will pay in Art.

*From the "New York Tribune" Sunday,
October 12, 1913.*

A REVIEW OF VIOLINISTIC CONDITIONS
IN THE UNITED STATES

By Ovide Musin

In glancing over the growth in the field of music which has taken place in this country since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, nearly three hundred years ago, we should find great advancement, considering the length of time which has elapsed and the vast sums of money spent on music of late years. In some of the branches and from the commercial point of view, we do find that such is the case. Americans are great lovers of music, and an astonishing amount of natural talent is continually manifesting itself, irrespective of nationality; but, in certain respects, the development might have been greater had America followed the example furnished by several European countries which, about eighty or a hundred years ago, founded government music schools, and where for hundreds of years previous to this, the art and science of music and instrument making were fostered by the church, the rulers and the nobility.

While the purpose of this article is not to criticize, I trust a few comments on some of the other causes which

I believe have retarded the development of native musicians — violinists in particular — may not come amiss, notwithstanding the fact that we could mention the names of several who have reached a high artistic plane without going abroad.

Just as the Puritan beliefs have been a great moral force, "the leaven which has leavened the whole lump" of national character, so must the Puritan religion, which frowned on music, have exerted for a time a powerful influence in checking the development of music as an art and its being chosen as a profession. Aside from hymns sung in the congregation, music in the early days was considered a wile of the evil one, and musicians as inferior creatures. Learning was otherwise promoted and endowed by government and private wealth and as time went on and European artistic influence crept in, organs were installed in the churches, and piano playing became an accomplishment in the education of young ladies; and eventually New Englanders took the foremost rank in regard to singing and oratorio societies.

With the advent of opera came musicians of different nationalities whose influence has been great in the musical uplift. European stars (singers, pianists, violinists and others, the cream of Europe, in fact) have appeared here season after season for many years and have gradually awakened artistic aspiration and emulation throughout the length and breadth of the land. Real appreciation is beginning; but only musicians and artists who have done the work, know from personal experience, what it means to become one, and in order to supply an artist with an audience of connoisseurs, the study of music in this

country should be taken much more seriously by people in general.

An idea exists here that one who accepts financial aid in getting a musical education is more or less an object of charity and that any one who respects himself will get it somehow by his own efforts, perhaps at odd moments taken from some other occupation, whereby a little money may be made to enable him to pay for instruction. The fact is that to become an expert in any profession requires concentration and ample time. Violinists need to begin very young, the younger the better; and for the mastery of their instrument require years of constant daily training for the development of the functions of the fingers, wrist and arm, and for the technique and control of the bow, besides the study of music as a science, indispensable to an artist or connoisseur.

This question is regarded and treated differently in certain European countries where governments have taken it in charge, founding royal and national conservatories of music (on a plane similar to their universities) in which students are given the best instruction in all branches free of cost, the rules and regulations being most strict and the requirements the highest, and every one is obliged to "toe the mark."

The object is not to make money, but art for art's sake, the nation esteeming itself amply rewarded by the freer and wider diffusion of musical knowledge and culture and the honors gained by its protégés throughout the world, its singers, instrumentalists, composers and directors of opera and orchestra. The Belgian royal conservatories (four in number, the first to be established being that at

Liège) are so managed that while between professor and pupil the question of money is not permissible (the government being responsible for the salaries, pensions, buildings, equipment and maintenance, prizes and diplomas — everything in fact) still, these institutions are partially self-supporting by means of the orchestral and chamber concerts, oratorios and recitals given by the faculty, laureates of the conservatory and eminent soloists. Their point of view and the way these institutions are conducted and managed and the results obtained might well be investigated for the benefit of Americans who have been and still are handicapped by the lack of such institutions in their own country.

Another disadvantage which afflicts the prospects of many in this country who are naturally gifted for the career is that school and college come first in consideration, instead of making the general education supplemental to the dominating artistic tendency. Early training in playing an instrument may be pursued in connection with a common school education, but after that and as young as possible, the prospective artist should be enabled to *specialize* according to his bent. One who has an artistic mind is not likely to neglect the languages, histories, poets and philosophers, and the time will be found for general knowledge during the unfolding of the artistic powers.

Teaching of singing and sight reading in the public schools is good as far as it goes, but enough time cannot be given to it to make it sufficiently effective. It would be better were the money now expended on music teaching in the public schools concentrated in a few public music

schools for such children as have the disposition for music.

An important point for consideration is that of choosing competent teachers from the very start so that time will not be wasted by having later on to correct wrong methods and habits. There is a scientific reason why a violinist who learns to play with a correct position will have more ease, control and endurance than one who has a bad position in playing, and the proper way of holding and using the bow will produce a much better quality of tone. Scales wrongly fingered will produce faulty intonation, but properly fingered and practiced will always be in tune. The fundamentals of violin playing are too often neglected. Violinists come to me from all parts of the country who say they have been through all the studies and exercises of such masters as Kreutzer, Fiorillo and Rode, but when I ask them to play one of them, they are not able to do so. And it is the same with scales. If I ask them to play one, they are not able to do so, although a great virtuoso may at once be recognized by the brilliancy of his scales.

This general superficiality is due to the fact that the way the master violinists intended their studies and exercises should be worked, is not sufficiently understood. This knowledge, together with the manner in which the classical composers for violin intended their works should be rendered, was handed down by these masters to their disciples, who handed it on to the master violinists of modern times who have *respected the traditions* and formed the standard by which an artist must be judged.

The works of Corelli, Tartini, Vivaldi, Locatelli, Vitali,

Campagnoli, Viotti, Paganini, Stamitz, Spohr, Kreutzer, Rode, Fiorillo, Baillot, De Beriot, Lambert Massart, Leonard, Vieuxtemps and other master violinists, together with those of the composers Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and Handel, which formed the basis of the studies and repertory of all of my pupils in Europe, and as far as possible in this country, are indispensable to the formation of technique, taste and style.

One thing which should be avoided as far as possible is the custom of playing in public before one is properly prepared. The Royal and National Conservatories of Belgium and France prohibit all students who are not laureates from appearing in public, and from teaching, without special permission from the director.

A fever for technical display tends to turn violin playing from its true mission, namely, that of rendering in correct tempo and style the meaning and feeling of the composer. The desire to play rapidly, to make a lot of notes as quickly as possible, can but be detrimental to the composition as a whole. While too much attention cannot be given to the technique of the left hand (which is the means to the end, *i.e.* interpretation, and not digital acrobatics) more attention should be given to the control of and manner of using the bow. The left hand is only the workman, the mechanic; but the bow enables the artist to give polish to the technique, color to the interpretation and to give expression to the inspiration of the moment. Progress should be uniform in technique, taste, style and musical comprehension; all of which should be kept in mind until mastered.

The aim of every young aspiring violinist should be to

excel by serious work, diligence and unflagging energy. Speaking of excelling reminds me of an ancient Arab fable, which may be applied to any profession, but more especially to the arts:

A stork, strutting one day on the bank of a pool, said to himself: "How prodigal Nature has been to me! I can run, I can swim and I can fly. If I am tired of swimming, I take a walk. If tired of walking or running, I fly, just as my fancy directs." An old serpent who overheard him said: "Don't boast so much, my friend. You cannot run like a stag, you cannot swim like a trout, and you cannot fly like a hawk."

The ideal and necessary point in order to shine is to excel in some one thing.

CHAPTER XI

SOME ODD EXPERIENCES

HERE is an experience I had in the Southwest in a town called Texarkana, the name formed from three States, Tex (Texas), Ark (Arkansas) and Ana (Louisiana). At that town you had only to cross one square to be in another State.

My manager, R. E. Johnston, had made a contract with the manager of the opera house but, at the same time, had gathered a few men and formed a committee to sell the tickets, with the promise that the one who should sell the largest number of tickets would receive a prize from me.

When I arrived in the morning, I met a few of these men and, according to what they said, I was to expect a big house. One said he had sold 150 tickets; another 130, and a third had sold over 100 but was confident he would reach 200 before evening. I had reason to anticipate a very good business.

Opposite the hotel was a jewelry shop where they also sold canes with gold and silver heads. I went into the store and bought a beautiful gold-headed cane for fourteen dollars. I took the cane with me to the theater to offer to the best seller.

Imagine my surprise in giving the concert before a slim house. Nobody claiming the cane, I took it with me to Shreveport, La., our next date.

During the concert in Shreveport, a Sheriff appeared

with an order to arrest me. I asked why. "I just received a telegram from Texarkana with orders to arrest you because you stole a cane." I then explained the whole matter to the Sheriff and he said: "I thought that it was an April fool joke" (this being the 1st of April). Then the Sheriff asked me: "Are you going through Texarkana again? I said: "Yes, to-morrow, as we are booked to Little Rock and Fort Smith."

"If you were not going back I would say keep the cane, but if you are obliged to cross that town again, better give back the cane. These fellows will know when you pass through Texarkana and might play a bad trick on you. I know them; they are a bad lot."

I said to the Sheriff: "As long as you permit me to keep the cane please telegraph to Texarkana that I will pass through there the next day on the afternoon train and that I will have the cane with me."

When we arrived in Texarkana the next day, I was on the platform, but not one of those impostors showed up!

FARGO

As a rule, in small towns they have on the newspapers no musical critics. The same reporter will report a fire or a murder in the afternoon and cover a concert in the evening.

This is an experience I had with my company in Fargo, North Dakota.

We had a packed house, every seat being sold and every number encored, repeatedly after certain numbers. But to our astonishment the principal paper gave us all a terrific roasting.

The next morning on leaving, the critic was pointed out to me in the waiting room of the station, and I went to him and asked if he did not think that he had been rather severe.

He replied: "Well, sir, I know nothing whatever about music and did not care about being the representative of the paper, but the city editor told me to cover that concert and give you all H——, and they would all think I knew a lot about it."

KANSAS CITY

One time in Kansas City a gentleman sent up his card stating that he had a Cremona violin, a genuine Nicolo Amati, to show me. I had him come up to my apartment and after showing me a violin of no value whatever, except the label inside, which he thought genuine, he told me that the violin had belonged to his great-grandfather in Europe and that many amateur connoisseurs told him it was worth six or seven thousand dollars. I would not have given him ten dollars for it.

I advised him to go to a violin dealer. During the conversation he told me that he was a Mormon from Salt Lake City, that he had heard me play the violin several times and one thing that had always surprised him was that I never used my notes.

"But, Mr. Musin, tell me frankly, can you play also with notes?"

I answered, like the peasant of whom somebody asked: "Around your village have you some mountains?" and he answered, candidly: "Sometimes."

SAN FRANCISCO

When in San Francisco, where we had been extensively advertised with other shows, placards with my visage displayed in all the shop windows, some of the gentlemen who were doing the honors of the town in my behalf took me to a dime museum where, among the freaks, was an enormously fat woman who derived considerable income from showing the dimensions of the circumference of the major portion of her lower extremities.

As it came her turn to make the round of the audience, with her box attached to a long handle, she suddenly spied me holding out to her my contribution, on which she exclaimed: "Oh, no, Mr. Musin, not among artists!"

I never felt so cheap in my life before the people present.

In May, 1892, I finished my American tour (one hundred and sixty-four concerts) in San Francisco, where we had admirable success, giving three Sunday concerts with orchestra at the Baldwin Theater and on other nights at the Bijou Theater — twenty-four concerts in three weeks — a continuous sojourn in this delightful city, the people of which were most hospitable and gave us an agreeable change after the hard traveling we had just undergone.

The Bohemian Club gave a memorable frolic one night, many members of which were personal friends of mine, among them Sir Henry Heyman, dean of the violinists on the Pacific coast, who afterwards visited me in Liège, Belgium, at the time of our annual examination at the

Royal Conservatory. At my request, he was invited by the Commission to be a member of the jury which judged the young musicians and awarded the prizes at this grand contest. Another was Joseph D. Redding, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, well known to musical New York through his libretto of the opera "Mona," the score by Victor Herbert, given at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York with great success not long ago.

Joe Redding, as all his friends called him, was also an excellent musician. I played some of his compositions and they were a success. The saying was current among the musicians that he was a good lawyer and among the lawyers that he was a good musician. At the high jinks at the Bohemian Club, he was a moving spirit, with just a shower of impromptu witticisms, and also a clever impersonator.

My name was proposed for honorary membership of the Bohemian and I was elected unanimously.

We were assembled there one evening after a concert, when the question of a tour of Australia came up and as I had in my pocket a telegram from J. C. Williamson of Melbourne and Sydney, I decided then and there to accept the offer and, in forty-eight hours, we were aboard the ship en route for Honolulu, a journey of six days under the most delightful conditions as to weather.

It was in this fashion that a tour was decided upon which left happy and agreeable memories to all those who participated in it.

These memories we shall try to impart to friendly readers who, quite at their ease, may in imagination follow us

into lands which it pleases us to designate as exotic, but from which the picturesque is disappearing from day to day, being supplanted by a desolate uniformity of manners and customs.

Since my first season in America, in 1884, or after seasons in other countries, I would go back to Liège and pass four months of the summer in a little place called Tilff on the River Ourthe, which was good fishing ground, and where I had many friends.

One summer day, I happened to be in Liège and met my friend, Chevalier de Thier, the proprietor of the journal, *La Meuse*. He asked me to write a few letters about my travels, saying: "When you are far away, it will be agreeable to your friends in particular and to the public in general." I promised him that I would do so and in going around the world, I remembered my promise and in spare moments, while traveling from one place to another, I sent the following which appeared in *La Meuse*, under the title: "Un Violoniste aux Antipodes" (A Violinist in the Antipodes).

CHAPTER XII

WESTWARD

FIRST LETTER TO LA MEUSE

HONOLULU, May 16, 1892

HONOLULU is united to San Francisco by a regular line of steamers. It was the ship *Australia* which carried us, in seven days, across the distance separating the continent from the Isles.

The passengers,—mostly rich people who had amassed fortune in pork, lard, leather, or chemicals,—maintained a reserve full of dignity. Most of them were from Boston, New York or Philadelphia; and had embarked like conscientious tourists from San Francisco, desiring to take back with them some glimpses of the tropics of eternal verdure, and the equable climate always tempered by the Pacific breezes. They would, perhaps, get even so far as the terrible volcano Kilauea — then in full eruption; and returning to their homes in a country of fogs and blizzards, they would have the satisfaction of ornamenting their tales with descriptions of a rain of fire and flows of molten lava, and of bombardments with rocks; producing varied emotions, at a fixed price, like Cook's tours.

But here we are on the first leg of the journey, at Honolulu, the "Paradise of the Pacific,"—full of flowers and

sunshine, beautiful palms everywhere; a strange new world of vegetation attracts the attention, and the air is charged with pleasant odors brought to us by the breezes from the land. Here, then, are those tropics, lost in the Pacific, which had enchanted me when as a child I read of them in the voyages of Captain Cook.

Our ship had scarcely entered the harbor when some young olive-skinned natives, with dazzling white teeth, came swimming and plunging about the boat, imploring our attention. Of a sudden they would disappear in a mass of arms and legs, to dive and fish for nickels thrown into the water by the passengers; through the clear water we could plainly see the pieces of money gradually sinking, and the boy swimmers diving after them. Without fail they recovered the treasure, and popping it into their mouths, they would rise to the surface and display their finds, eager to plunge again after more.

We had hardly docked when we were boarded by the inevitable reporters, taking notes from every one; then we began to mix in the crowd. Here were the natives, dressed in the latest style; the Chinese, the Japanese; the languages clashing in the air — Kanaka, Portuguese, Chinese, German, English, and who knows how many more? and meanwhile this devil of a reporter, full of assurance, was still busily informing himself, pencil in hand. Decidedly there is a lack of local color in all this, since we have traveled over 2000 miles, only to find ourselves still in the midst of modern civilization.

We put up at the Hawaiian Hotel, beautifully situated among gardens full of flowers and palms.— Hardly were we installed in our rooms when visitors were announced;

people unknown before, but who had been informed of our expected arrival by mutual friends in San Francisco. They came to offer all sorts of amiable attentions, placing at our disposition horses, carriages, bathing-places at Waikiki, fishing boats, and so on; and to extend invitations for all sorts of entertainment, in the most kindly and hospitable manner. It was then suggested, in a low voice among us men, that after nightfall we should go to witness a native feast,—a real Houla-Houla, in a native village outside the limits of the city and beyond the surveillance of the police. Meanwhile the director of the opera house, the amiable Mr. Levey, in quite a flutter requested us to understand that we were at Honolulu to give concerts — concerts already announced by him and awaited with feverish impatience by a public deprived of amusements.

What! I exclaim, an opera house in the Sandwich Islands? — but why not? Honolulu has 25,000 inhabitants — a little mixed, it is true, in races and colors,—but lovers of music. Honolulu has its newspapers, English and Hawaiian. It has a Queen, a Parliament, a constitution, and ministers, who succeed one another with astonishing rapidity. From time to time (about the equinoxes), a quasi-revolution will burst out, and the exiles of the night before are recalled to power. These upheavals are held within respectable and amiable limits by the English or American squadron at anchor in the port. If an American citizen is Judge or Colonel at Hawaii, each one is, has been, or will be, minister; and a case is cited where the minister of yesterday said, between two whiskey cocktails, to the minister of the day: “Your Excellency is

an idiot!"—a mode of apostrophising which mingled politeness with familiarity.

And while all ambitions run their course unchecked, while the Queen reigns, Parliament holds sessions, and the ministers change,—one man commands. This is Spreckels, the Californian millionaire, who knew how to concentrate in his own hands all the resources of the country, who established banks, plantations, manufactories, and refineries; who was subventioned by three governments, and who has his own fleet of steamers uniting San Francisco to Sydney, America to Australia. Though the envious may growl in low voices, "Spreckels, little German Jew,—came here without a cent from Hamburg!" still all bow to him.—His Majesty, Money, passes! Hats off!

It is said that King Kalakaoua, the predecessor of the present Queen, was a high liver and a profligate spender; and once, having escaped the watchful eyes of Spreckels' agents, succeeded in contracting a loan of several millions at San Francisco. But Spreckels got wind of it, hastened to the Royal palace, and shaking his finger in the King's face, said menacingly: "You were going to borrow money without my consent? which you would spend in dissipation and crazy orgies? Very well! do so at your ease! but as for *me*,—*in less than eight days I will have your head off!!*" The frightened King abandoned his project.

King Kalakaoua—who died suddenly at San Francisco, after a trip to Europe—was a picturesque monarch. He passed his life agreeably, dividing his time at



LILIUOKALANI

Waikiki between the Royal dancers and interminable parties of poker, and leaving to others the charge and care of the state. To all his favorites of the moment he would distribute titles and decorations; making one a Chevalier of the Order of Kamehameha, and another Grand Officer of the Order, no less Royal, of Kalakaoua;—and the next day, if his luck had not been favorable, he would borrow a dollar from one or the other. Like many a grand seigneur, he neglected to pay his debts, and at his death his affairs were left in a state of astonishing confusion.

The resources which Hawaii has to offer are somewhat limited; but in the perpetual springtime which reigns in that enchanting climate, one is happy simply to feel oneself alive, and the time passes so quickly that we almost forget that in a few days the *Mariposa* will come to remind us that we are awaited in Australia.

Though we were among the bathers at break of day on the beach at Waikiki, we have neglected the Pali,—that frightful precipice, counted among the marvels of the world. It was from this awesome height that Kamehameha the Terrible precipitated the army of his last rival, the Chief of Ooau; after which, assuming the dignity supreme, he proclaimed himself the master of the Hawaiian realm.

Among numerous invitations from everywhere, came one from the Queen; who, passionately fond of music, had honored every one of our concerts by her presence in the Royal box. She invited us to the Royal palace, where a *louaou* or native feast was to be given in honor of one of the princesses. This was celebrated in primitive fash-

ion; all the guests, seated on the ground, helped themselves to the native delicacies, using the fingers, as the Queen did.

In former times all native feasts were followed by grand dances performed by all the most beautiful maidens of the country; after which the King, in a good humor induced by copious cups of champagne, would dismiss his retinue and turn the feast into an orgy, greatly scandalizing all civilized persons. The present Queen had suppressed these indecent dances, however; and after the rare receptions which she held at the Palace, she returned to her bungalow, to live the life of the Kanakas, at ease among her own people.

After all that had been told us of the dance Houla-Houla, we felt we could not leave the Islands without having seen it; and after a consultation it was decided that, as musicians, we had a right to study at first hand all that pertained to the primitive art. Therefore, on the appointed evening, we found ourselves in a native bungalow, in the presence of young Hawaiians, of whom half were musicians and the rest dancers. Without pretense these dark-eyed young girls, very amusing and natural, offered us cigarettes. Then one little girl advanced, covered with garlands of flowers, the petals of red hibiscus and fragrant tuberose, strung by thousands into floral ropes and wreaths. With infantile grace she crowned our heads with flowers and covered our chests with garlands; meanwhile the dancers and musicians, also decorated, were taking their places. Accompanied by their native instrument, the ukelele, they sang, or rather chanted, a slow cantilena, plaintive and sweet. The dancers, in

couples, now began more elaborate steps, advancing, retreating, full of grace; — the danse du ventre, if you will, but admirable in its complicated movements. During all this the musicians and singers accompanied them in the same rhythm, accentuated and accelerated more and more until it finished in an apparent frenzy of excitement, and we who witnessed this strange spectacle were wafted in imagination to the fêtes of ancient Rome at the epoch of its decadence. Numbers of natives began arriving to join the feast, and as they commenced to imbibe rather too freely, the affair was in danger of degenerating into an orgy; and recalling moreover that there were doubtless some of the natives who still practiced cannibalism, we felt it high time to leave.

The Hawaiian race, so interesting from every point of view, is unhappily destined to disappear in the future before stronger and more energetic invaders,—the Portuguese, the Swedes, the Germans, the Chinese and Japanese. The Chinese are everywhere; they are merchants, bankers, workers in the plantations, as well as cooks, butlers and household servants; always pleasant and deferential and quiet, they form the most active part of the population. Numerous attempts have been made to eliminate the Chinese from Hawaii, but without result, for they have made themselves so useful that the Hawaiians themselves protest that if the Chinese were expelled, “there would be no one to make our poi” (a species of cold porridge made from the taro plant).

The native population of the Sandwich Islands,—which, fifty years or so ago, numbered perhaps 400,000,—has been so reduced that they count at present no more

than 40,000. Their happy-go-lucky nature, and a life without need of exertion, tended towards enervation, and little fitted them to compete for existence with the races which invaded their land; and then disease, unknown in the Islands before the advent of Europeans, and the leprosy (which is said to have been brought there from China), have decimated the native population. Leprosy began to make such ravages that precautionary measures were taken, and a system of complete isolation organized for suspects, until, when doubt was no longer possible, the poor afflicted ones were transported to the island of Molokai where, separated from the entire world, they had to wait for death to deliver them from their suffering. Certain devoted souls sacrificed themselves to assuage the misery of the lepers; among them, Father Damien, the Belgian priest, who was himself a victim of his noble abnegation.

— But the *Mariposa*, with steam up, is only awaiting the mail; and we must mount the plank which will separate us from terra firma. All of our friends have come to bid us farewell, and in the delicate Hawaiian fashion they cover us with crowns and garlands of flowers. Suddenly the music of the Hawaiian Royal Band bursts forth with the *Brabançonne* in our honor; and as the *Mariposa* sails slowly away amid hurrahs from the crowd, we hear the sweet tones of Hawaiian voices singing “Aloha oe.” As on our arrival, so as we depart, the native boys swim and dive for the coppers and nickels thrown to them in the water, and follow the vessel with swift strokes of their

limbs, until we pass them; and soon nothing remains between us and the "Paradise of the Pacific" but the vast ocean.

SECOND LETTER TO LA MEUSE

APIA, SAMOA ISLANDS, June 24, 1892.

A week had passed since we left Honolulu, without any incidents to interrupt the hopeless monotony of existence on board the *Mariposa*. The temperature rose rapidly, and the nights, which had been relatively cool, became uncomfortably warm. From time to time heavy clouds formed along the horizon and rapidly covered the whole extent of the heavens; and storms, bursting forth, refreshed the air momentarily, but soon left a moist and enervating warmth which rendered the apathetic more limp and the biliously inclined still more aggressive.

"Effect of the tropical climate," said the doctor, trying to demonstrate according to his special and personal theory, that there existed an absolute correlation between the state of our livers, the difference in our respective temperaments, and the distance which separates the earth from the sun. "An astronomical doctor!" scoffed the skeptic; but the doctor, having no doubt experienced many like attacks, replied invariably: "Take care of your livers, gentlemen! take care of your livers!"

— However, we were approaching the Isles of Samoa, and Captain Hayward informed us that we should be in sight of them early the next morning; "and if time permits you will be at liberty to pass some hours on land," he said. This was an attractive prospect, because Samoa

had the pretension to have preserved almost intact the life and customs of the natives as they flourished when the islands were first discovered.

The archipelago of the " Navigators " is a considerable group of islands, of which the most important are Sawaii, Tutuila, and Opoulo (or Opulo). The latter, although not so large as some of the other islands, has a denser population; and the seat of government having been established at Apia (also the only port of the isle), Opoulo has acquired a certain commercial importance.

The approach to Apia is not particularly striking. The isle presents itself as a mountainous mass, rather elevated, and covered with somber verdure; on the lower coasts, numerous plantations of cocoanut can be distinguished, and the thatched huts of the natives are scattered on all sides.

The long swells of the ocean fling themselves against a belt of dangerous coral reefs encircling the island, and the masses and pinnacles of foam present a sharp contrast to the calm water that lies like a tranquil lake inside the reefs. These coral reefs are characteristic of all the islands of the South Seas, and the natives, in navigating from one point of the island to another, habitually take the inside route instead of the more dangerous one of the high seas. The port of Apia is sheltered behind its outlying reefs. A narrow opening or channel between the rocks gives access to the bay — of no great extent — which is open to all the winds, and offers relatively little security to the vessels which occasionally visit the vicinity.

On the 15th of March, 1889, the American Squadron of the Pacific (comprising the Trenton, the Vandalia, and

the Nipsic), together with the Adler, the Eber and the Olga of the German Imperial Navy, and the English flagship Calliope, quietly anchored in the bay, were struck by a cyclone of extraordinary violence. Of the seven vessels (men-of-war), only the Calliope succeeded after heroic efforts in getting out into the open sea. The other vessels were torn from their anchorage and beaten to pieces on the reefs. A hundred and forty-six American and German men-of-war-men lost their lives. A few, who survived the terrific force of the breakers dashing them upon the reefs, were washed towards the shore and saved by the natives, who made some gallant rescues.—

One day in Nagasaki harbor we met an American naval officer (then on the Baltimore) who had been saved from the wreck. It was he who told me of this frightful experience. At the time of our visit to Apia there still remained a few skeletons of the wrecks of those war vessels. Since that fearful storm, which burst with such sudden fury, all steamers which call at Apia keep full steam up, ready to steam out of the bay at the first sign of bad weather.

The natives, of course, are wonderful swimmers, and marvelously expert in killing fish with their spears. We saw a young man stand on the beach, and seeing (with what seemed to us a kind of clairvoyance) a fish somewhere out in the water, he suddenly threw his spear,—evidently hitting the fish; for, launching himself into the water, the boy swam to the spot, grabbed the fish as it rose to the surface, broke off its head, and *ate it raw!*

The arrival of an American steamer, occurring regularly once a month, is an important event in Apia. Euro-

pean traders await with impatience the news from over the seas; while the natives, sure of a harvest of dollars and shillings from the passengers, load their canoes with the products of their country and establish around the steamer a sort of floating market, highly picturesque.

We decided to profit by the few hours' stay in port and make a rapid visit on shore; and the price to go and return having been fixed in advance, three Samoans — solid young men, nearly naked, their skin like bronze, and their hair colored red by applications of lime — soon landed us on the beach at the center of the village. This consisted of a single street that followed the contour of the beach. Here was the quarter of some few Europeans and of merchants, who sat on the porches of their low houses and nonchalantly awaited a few straggling customers. But first of all we were greeted by little children, perfectly naked, who advanced to meet us with arms outstretched, clutching in their little fists something evidently very precious, which they tried to persuade us to accept. Very gentle and sweet were these native children. By signs we gave them to understand that we would like to see those delicacies they were holding so tightly, and they finally spread out their palms. There was a mass of soft, white, squirming *maggots!* It seems that these are eaten with relish by the natives, and so these little children, in their gentle way, were begging us to partake of the delicate morsels. Needless to say, we were horrified; but, assuring them that we could not deprive them of such tidbits, we offered them some dimes and nickels, with which they seemed well pleased.

The Samoans are physically splendid creatures; the

young girls, clothed in scant attire which leaves the limbs and part of the torso exposed, are superb in their supple movements. In a friendly manner they took us by the hand; they seemed to wish to draw us aside into the shade of the trees, but lack of time prevented this,— much to the ennui of our new friends. Later on they accompanied us when we returned on board, and as evening approached and the ship silently got under way, the natives left us in their canoes, singing their primitive airs as they paddled toward the shore.

The Samoan race resembles in a singular manner the Hawaiian; the Maoris of New Zealand also resemble in a remarkable way the peoples of the Navigator and Sandwich Islands; and, a fact worthy of note, these half-savage races, separated from one another by thousands of miles of ocean, speak a language which if not exactly common, still shows analogous dialects, assuredly of the same origin. The works of philologists and missionaries who have made important studies on the subject, leave no doubt as to the unity of race and origin of the Oceanic populations. If the Kanakas of Fiji, New Caledonia, the Marshall Isles, and the New Hebrides are darker and have thicker hair than the Hawaiians, Samoans, Maoris, and others, it is because, being nearer New Guinea, they have been mixed with the Papuans; who appertain to a race totally different and closely allied to the negro race. The tradition of the Maoris, transmitted from generation to generation, places their colonization of New Zealand back at least several hundred years. The names of the great canots (canoes) in which they came to their new country, are yet preserved in the memory of their chiefs,

and their relics from over the sea are preciously conserved. They say their ancestors came from a far country called Sawaii; — might this be the Sawi of the Samoan group? or perhaps Hawaii of the Sandwich Isles? This is a problem which we leave to those more erudite than ourselves; but our character as globe-trotters at least permits us to cast a rapid glance over the countries which we cross; the seductive mystery of which attracts us with a subtle charm.

At about the time of our visit the Samoan Islands, after having been the subject of disputes between England, Germany, and the United States, were definitely placed under the protection of the three powers. In 1889 the King of Sweden, acting as arbitrator, named at the request of Berlin, a Swedish lawyer as Chief Justice and a German as president of the municipality of Apia. In spite of the arrangement, two parties — one instigated and abetted by the Germans, the other by the English — formed among the natives, and menaced the tranquillity of the Island. The two factions were represented, on the one side by Malieota, the actual King, and the Chief Matafa; and on the other by Tamasese, the protégé of the Germans; the latter, retiring further inland, again placed himself at the head of a quasi-revolt.

The resources of the Island are not of great extent, and the European traders have a rather precarious existence. Copra forms the principal basis of their commerce. This product, very rich in the oil of the coconut, is shipped to Hamburg, where it is used in the manufacture of soap. A German company monopolizes to a large extent the commerce of the archipelago.

Adventurers of all nationalities and all races are encountered in Samoa; mixing with the natives, they adopt their habits. Their existence, which at first appears not very attractive, seems to weave a charm in its freedom from restraint and from anxiety as to the future; they are satisfied with the simple life, live in peace, and rarely leave the Islands. Numerous missionaries of all sects have established themselves in the archipelago, where they preach their doctrines and educate the natives, who respect them. The French priests have several establishments, and a Convent has been built at Apia where the Sisters devotedly strive to give a useful education to their numerous pupils. It is very doubtful if the Kanakas recognize the abnegation of the missionaries; but it must be admitted that although they are not accustomed to labor of any kind, they obey the demands of the missionaries when there is a church to build or plantations to cultivate. The faculty for work is, as may be supposed, the least evident of the qualities of the Samoans. They know that their soil gives them fruits of all sorts, without effort on their part; they have no variable seasons to combat; each day is sufficient unto itself; and so why should they work? All desires are satisfied, and that is enough.

Having given our readers a hint as to the nature of the population of Samoa, they will readily understand that it would have been as impossible to think of giving a concert at Apia as to give a *matinée* at Merylez-Tilff on the day they hold their fishing contests.

THIRD LETTER TO LA MEUSE — APPEARED
JULY 29, 1892
NEW ZEALAND

Auckland, New Zealand, was our last stopping place before arriving at Sydney. There we should find letters and instructions relative to our tour in Australia. Profiting from the delicious laziness of the tropics, one was tempted to neglect the beaux arts, but not I. In spite of the heat, I clothed myself in flannel pajamas, shutting myself in my cabin, and ringing for the steward to bring me a pitcher of hot water to drink, I proceeded to put myself in training — training of the fingers and bow arm by some hours of practice every morning. This sweating out was excellent to reduce the slight increase in weight I had put on by the weeks on ship and land, with no exercise whatever. My fingers soon became more supple than ever and I felt in fine condition. An artist who respects himself and his art will never be caught napping, and that I had been wise to subject myself to this training was disclosed when, on our approaching Auckland, our ship was boarded by an agent of our impresario who informed us that we were to appear that same night and that a tour of forty concerts had been arranged for in New Zealand.

“But,” said I, “my company cannot appear without a day or so of repose after such a voyage.”

“But you are announced for to-night,” said the agent. “The hall is rented and the seats all reserved. You cannot disappoint the public.”

"My dear sir, the program! And we must rehearse," I exclaimed.

"My dear sir, everything is ready; here is your program; it is already printed; the last one which you gave in San Francisco and which we got from your manager by cable. In your interest, as well as in ours, the public must be satisfied, and as your reputation has preceded you, this evening the Choral Society of Auckland will render you homage; this Society of 200 active members will assist at your concert and take part in the program. The Director of the Society will meet you at the dock."

So we had to resign ourselves to this arrangement, but we were still inclined to grumble, for we were engaged for a tour of *Australia*, and here we were in for forty concerts in *New Zealand*, a country which we imagined to be inhabited principally by cannibals whose ideas of music must be very primitive, for I had been told that their flutes were generally made from the tibias of their enemies. But, warmly defending the New Zealanders, the agent exclaimed:

"It is true, gentlemen, that we have only been in existence since 1840, but we count already 650,000 inhabitants (not natives) and some of our cities have from 30,000 to 60,000 souls. Last year we exported 200,000,000 francs of Colonial products. We have 18,000,000 sheep, 1,000,000 heads of cattle, 2,000 miles of railroads, inexhaustible forests and mines of every description. You are here in the richest and most prosperous of the Australian colonies and, between us, I will tell you that we have volcanoes and lakes, mountains and glaciers enough to render the rest of the world green with jealousy; a fauna and flora

that fill with wonderment the most indifferent. As to the Maoris, you will learn to know them later on and to esteem them. If we are the youngest people in the world, we are also the most advanced. Here the State is almost altruistically Socialist, poverty is unknown and every one is happy."

During this enlightening discourse our ship in its progress altered its course and a coast of singular beauty began to reveal itself. Imagine a gulf of nearly sixty miles in depth, with its borders deeply indented, strewn with beautiful islets, some of which being conical leave no doubt as to their volcanic origin.

The crater of Mount Rangitoto dominates them and, pushing itself up from the depths of the sea, raises its solitary head in the middle of the bay. In the background, the city of Auckland detaches itself from the flank of a hill and farther on another crater, Mount Eden, cuts its silhouette on the blue sky of the horizon. The air, pure and transparent, brings out the beauties of this wonderful panorama and we lose all sense of time, so enraptured are we with this almost grandiose spectacle of Nature.

From the top of Mount Eden the scene assumes new and wonderfully beautiful aspects of which one never tires.

New Zealand was discovered by a Dutchman, Abel Janssen Tasman, in 1642, was visited a number of times by Captain Cook and several commanders of the French Navy and by the navigator Vancouver, but finally, in 1840, the whole of New Zealand came under the sovereignty of England. New Zealand, as much from the

geographical point of view as that of the political, forms a country entirely different from Australia. New Zealand is very properly called "the marvelous land of the south." The climate is generally temperate, but the northern part enjoys a semi-tropical climate and everything grows there in profusion which it is possible to raise in a temperate and semi-tropical zone. Animal and vegetable life is entirely different from that of Australia. Mammals only are represented, indigenously, by the rat and tuatera. Of the birds, one species, the weka, has no wings; another, the kiwi, is not only deprived of wings, but instead of feathers has fur. Reptiles, with the exception of two sorts of lizards, are unknown. One of them is the strangest, most fantastic creature one can imagine. It lives seemingly without means of existence, clinging to a barren rock, eternally in the same place, equally satisfied with the ardent rays of the sun which beat upon it or the cold winds from the south, and furnishes an example of negative existence in comparison with which the passivity of the Fakirs of India is nothing at all. These tuateras have been kept for years, deprived of nourishment of any kind, no water and even without air, with no apparent discomfort. Although it may possess means of attack or defense, it evidently lacks the energy to use them, and it is quite inoffensive, but the Maoris have a horror of them and carefully avoid them. No doubt the tuatera is a relic of antediluvian times. There is a curious species of fish which no fisherman has ever caught in the sea which is found of a morning stranded on the beach without power to return to its element. It is called the Frost fish. The question which no

one has been able to answer is: how does it come to be strewn on the beach?

FOURTH LETTER. WELLINGTON

August 15th, 1892

Auckland, from its situation and natural advantages, is the rendezvous for numerous tourists, and at that time had some 60,000 inhabitants, attracted by the beauties and wonders of New Zealand, and the government had made praiseworthy efforts to open up the regions where volcanic action had created such marvels as hot springs, wonderful lakes, active volcanoes, geysers, terraces, fumeroles, waterfalls, etc., etc., too numerous to mention or describe in full and the pleasure of visiting which we availed ourselves as time between concerts permitted.

We left Auckland by a small boat in the midst of a storm and passed a bad night in arriving at New Plymouth where we landed the next morning, giving a concert the same night.

We visited all the principal cities, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Hawra, Wanganui, Palmerston, Masterton, and Napier. At Napier we arrived in a terrible storm. Torrents of rain rendered the streets almost impassable. It cleared up a little at the hour of the concert, so that the hall was filled as by magic, but during the evening the tempest began again and the ocean broke over the promenade and flooded the city. But this did not seem to worry the audience, which applauded each number of the program with gusto, without bothering themselves as to how they were to get home. The ladies were in evening dress too!

After the concert was over, we had to stay in the hall. We thought of telephoning the captain of the port to send assistance with a boat to take us to our domiciles, but the audience decided to make a night of it and organized a ball which kept up until the small hours, when the water had retired from the inundated streets. Everywhere we found the audiences as cultured in their taste for music as any you would find in New York or the capitals of Europe.

A word about the Maoris demands place in my brief sketch of our visit to New Zealand. Their tribe arrived in New Zealand, according to traditions, about 400 years ago. They came in fifteen immense canoes of war which held four or five hundred people. These boats were constructed with the greatest art, and would hold as many as a hundred warriors each, and they were capable of outriding the worst storms. Their temples, store-houses and council-chambers were constructed with science and art and their sculptures indicate a high degree of artistic sentiment, but it is difficult to know how they carved the hardest kind of wood with tools made only of silex.

As we have said, there was little or no animal life in the country, and this may account for their cannibalism, although their belief that by eating a chief they would absorb his characteristics may have been the fundamental reason for this custom. By contact with civilization, the custom has almost disappeared, but I met an aged Maori chief whose physiognomy resembled the type of aborigines of Japan (a race different from the Japanese as we know them to-day) and, as he was able to talk a little English, I asked him if he had ever eaten the flesh of an

Englishman. He said that he had, but that he did not like the meat of white people, as it was too salty! I then asked him which part was considered the finest eating and he said the palm of the hand was the most delicate and tasty.

Tattooing reached a high degree of development among the Maoris — possibly the highest of any savage tribe. They covered their faces from the forehead to the throat with curves and spirals, as correctly designed as if traced with the end of a compass, and a frightful mask was the result. It is supposed that it was intended to thus frighten their enemies, and it was only the men, the chiefs, who were so elaborately tattooed from head to foot. The women were tattooed very simply, with a certain ornamental figure on the chin and lips. The Maoris were great warriors and before they were conquered by the British, they showed their knowledge of tactics and engineering to be remarkable. But contact with civilization is tending to the disintegration of this valiant race, and it seems to me a pity that a deeper study of their language and origin has not been made. The art of disfiguring their faces and bodies by tattooing seems to relate them to a certain extent with the North American Indians who painted themselves on going to war in much the same way, or with the same frightful effect as the tattooing.

FIFTH LETTER TO LA MEUSE — WELLINGTON

August 30th, 1892

Our journey from Napier to Wellington was one of the most enjoyable which one could imagine. We passed through a region covered with forests and undergrowth



TWO MAORI WOMEN

of vines which produce the effect of an exuberance of vegetable vigor.

Wellington is called "the windy city of New Zealand." Chicago is nothing compared with it. The people of Wellington are recognized by their peculiar walk which comes from buffeting its winds three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. After losing a few hats one becomes accustomed to it, however, and may even find amusement in watching new arrivals and their misadventures.

The day after our arrival we were informed by an aide-de-camp that the governor-general of the colony, Lord Glasgow, would honor our concert by his presence, whereupon, the event being announced in the papers, we at once became a fashionable attraction, and the élite of the city rushed to reserve boxes and seats.

While in Wellington, we were told that an aged Maori had just died and that we should by all means witness the funeral ceremonies. The family of the deceased, according to custom, invited all the relatives and large numbers of natives to be present. On our arrival at the Pah (village) doleful groanings and lamentations greeted our ears; women and children wailing in a manner to rend one's soul, and as we came into the presence of the feast-ers the ferocious noise increased, while men and women greeted one another by rubbing their noses together in a manifestation of the profoundest grief. This is called the ceremony of Hongi. The invited guests were treated royally to a collation of meat and beer. As the feast went on the lamentations increased and culminated in a dance of horrible bestiality. What an association of

ideas! To connect funeral rites with a bestial orgy — ! Finally the corpse was placed in the earth and presents and gifts of every kind were heaped on the casket. When the tomb was closed all the tools which had been used in the interment were broken and left on the spot, and everything left by the family and friends became sacred, it being a crime to touch any of the objects.

We got back to Wellington across the mountains by what might be called goats' paths, and a dozen times or more we were in danger of breaking our necks; but being in search of things strange and picturesque we were repaid for our pains.

We remained in Wellington over a week and gave a concert every day. We left on a Saturday at midnight, after giving a concert and a *matinée*. Rain came on and fell in torrents, but our friends, nothing daunted, came on board to say good-by. The *Brenner*, a little steamer of 600 tons, could hardly hold the crowd. The wind began to blow and, joined to the rain, gave us an inkling as to what the weather might be outside the harbor.

"You ought not to go. Stay over until better weather," they said.

Another exclaimed:—"Better weather! Did you ever know any one who ever crossed Cook's Strait in good weather?"

"But at any rate, wait for the big boat," said another; but we could not hesitate; for on Monday we had to play in Christchurch and there was no time to lose.

While in the shelter of the bay at Wellington, it was not so bad, but once outside the dance began. One of those dances which are not accompanied by a violin. The

violinist danced with the boat. We were ordered below and after counting noses we were battened down for the night! What a night! Knocked about in every direction without an instant of repose! My dear wife, who was fearfully ill, was strapped into her berth, but no bed for *me* in such a storm; the water washing in through leaky portholes and doors. Some of us were livid, some very, very sick, uttering fearful groans. My ideas being somewhat confused by the topsy turvy state of things, I recall that I thought how much wiser it would have been had I never undertaken this tour, and how much better I would feel were I now at the Casino Royal at Tilff, smoking a good cigar and enjoying a game of piquet with my dear friend, Doctor B——, than to run around the world hunting for the impossible in out-of-the-way places; placed, it is true, on the map by so many degrees of longitude and latitude, but countries not exactly suitable for Christian folk and honest people! Certainly the mal-demer was getting the better of my usually sanguine and hopeful and philosophical disposition; and the ship, shaken by the tempest, received every few moments terrific blows from the battling waves.

“Steward,” I shouted, “is this going to keep up much longer?”

No answer — too busy elsewhere.

“Steward,” I shouted again, “bring me a whiskey and soda!”

This demand, being more logical than the first, attracted his attention, and the steward executed my order; but the brandy and soda had a very strange taste! It was surely much too gaseous. I felt the gas go to my head, and my

eyes involuntarily closed, although the motion of the ship and the shock of the waves were brutally present to my semi-consciousness, and it seemed to me that this satanic ship sank — sank lower and lower, and then, floating between two waves, took the form of an enormous fish, and, laughing at the tempest, brought us quietly into port.—

I was aroused from my torpor by a poke in the ribs.—
“Good morning, Professor! How are you?”

It was our Captain, old wolf of the sea, who invaded our salon. Opening my eyes, I was astonished to find the sun shining brightly and the sea in a more reasonable mood.

“We had very bad weather, Captain?”

“Bad weather! I thought for a time that I would never bring the ship out alive from this infernal strait,”—and the Captain explained at length how the wind blowing a tempest in that narrow water had put our lives in danger. But we were now sheltered by the coasts of the Middle Island and all danger past, although we were ten hours overdue, and had to catch the train at Port Littleton for Christchurch.

SIXTH LETTER TO LA MEUSE

Omaru, Sept. 14th, 1892

We arrived at Christchurch at 10 o'clock at night, broken up by fatigue, and at the moment we were going to our rooms an individual presented himself who said he had been sent by one of the newspapers to interview me. Without giving me a chance to get in a word, he announced that he was a musician in a way; that he had

never before interviewed any one, and knew nothing about reporting anyway, but he had a sacred duty to perform; that he would have preferred not to encounter me; but he was obliged to enlighten his paper as to my personality so that its readers might gain an insight and impressions in regard to myself. He continued to talk of himself, of his pupils, his works, his piano, etc., etc., thereupon he left me as abruptly as he had appeared on the scene.

During my artistic career, I have encountered any number and all sorts of reporters; among them a few who were musically and violinistically qualified for the office, others who knew nothing of music, but specialized in base-ball and so on; but of all the curious types, this one was the most eccentric; for on opening the paper the next morning, there was the interview just as it occurred; the monologue of my reporter of the evening before. My pianist, Scharf, to whom I had told the incident, said:—

“ Oh! — the interviewer who visited you last evening! But he is a ‘ Schwab ’ and every one from his country is more or less *toqué* (light-headed). ”

Christchurch we found to be one of the best places in New Zealand for concerts. We gave several, all to packed houses, and on Sunday we assisted in giving a Mass by Gounod at the cathedral. Alfred Hill of Wellington (an excellent musician and composer of genuine talent) conducted the Mass. The Bishop and clergy gave a feast after the service to which my wife and myself were invited and which netted a generous sum for the church. We carried away with us delightful impressions of the place and the people,

While there I received the visit of a prominent violinist of London, who had made the trip out in a sailing vessel, with his wife. The journey took three months, and as it was undertaken on account of his health, he said that he had been greatly benefited by it.

Christchurch is a beautiful city and possesses one of the richest museums of the history of the colony. There is a collection of skeletons of the Moa, or *dinornis*, a giant among birds. This colossal bird grew to be 12 or 15 feet in height, and was without wings. They must have resembled the ostrich, and although they became extinct at an epoch not so long ago, the traditions of the Maoris do not mention this formidable bird. Certain birds of European origin, under the influence of the climate, have modified their appetites and from insectivorous they have become graniferous. Then there is the Kea, or species of paroquet, indigenous, which has discarded grains and berries for flesh food. They attack sheep, light on their backs and tearing out the wool, the skin and flesh by their beaks, they penetrate to the kidneys and devour them with avidity. The streams are full of trout which grow to an immense size and weigh as much as twenty pounds. They abandon the fresh water very often for the sea where they are frequently caught by fishermen.

The soil and atmosphere give marvelous fertility to the vegetable world, to the extent that certain plants which had been imported to ornament the gardens have become a positive pest. The eglantine, for instance, grows in such masses that they become impenetrable barriers. The modest water-cress of our fountains, which has not elsewhere taken a prominent place in the vegetable

kingdom, here in New Zealand spreads itself with such vigor that it barricades the rivers, turns them from their courses and causes inundations, occasionally very dangerous. The legislature at one time proposed to introduce salmon into the streams, but on reflecting as to the possibilities, and perhaps fearing that the salmon might be turned into a formidable species of sharks, they abandoned the project.

It is from Christchurch that tourists start to visit the Alps of New Zealand. The glacier called Tasman, over 15 miles long by one and a half wide, is the largest in the world, after those of the Himalayas and Alaska. We could not spare the time, unfortunately, to visit this, the most wonderful part of New Zealand, nor the fiords of the west coast which rival those of Norway. Thirteen of these ideal fiords are distributed over a space less than a hundred miles in extent. From all the accounts given us we were strangely tempted to make this trip; but, the concerts! the manager!—we reluctantly dismissed the temptation, and kept to our duty and obligations,—but in recalling to my mind the tremendous fertility of this country which could cause such wonderful increase and transformations in vegetable life, in fishes and birds, the question arose as to how the savants would account for the fact that it went no further? That sheep, horses, cattle and human beings were not similarly affected? Might one not suppose that under the tremendous flux of the life fluid men and animals would also become giants of their species in a few years? While from the physiological characteristics of the people they have not been changed as far as I know, an enlightening influence seems

to have been permeating their mentality from the political point of view, for the government seems to be quite ideal. While New Zealand is a dependency of England, it enjoys the privilege of self-government, and it is governed in the most liberal sense of the word, by its own Parliament, elected by universal suffrage, a responsible ministry, and a governor named by the government of England, whose rôle is more ornamental than political. Every citizen who possesses property to the value of \$125.00 (25 pounds) or any one who has sojourned twelve months in the colony, has the right to vote; and women, who already have the right to vote on questions relative to the public schools, will soon have (if not already accorded) political rights equal to those of the men. The Parliaments of New Zealand have been called socialistic, if by socialism is meant the mixing of the government in certain spheres which elsewhere are left more or less to private initiative. The railroads, post, telegraph and telephone are the property of the state, and besides these, the Society of National Insurance which covers solely colonial risks, makes of the state the great insurer of the colony. The law consecrates the Sabbath as a day of rest, and better still, work is limited to eight hours per day.

As to taxes, New Zealand draws the largest portion of its resources from customs duties on importations of merchandise, and from taxes on liquors and tobacco and on all personal property. All properties are valued every three years, and such as are of less than 500 pounds (\$2500.00) are exempted from taxation. On all owners of colonial property who reside outside the country, a

double tax is imposed. Under such radical measures some farms of 10,000 acres have been divided into parcels suitable to the efforts of a single family, which have augmented the wealth of the colony.

Leaving Christchurch we traveled to the south, stopping at Ashburton, Timaru and Oamaru, where our concerts aroused great enthusiasm among the tranquil inhabitants, severed as they needs must be from European musical attractions.

"You will have packed houses everywhere," said a former impresario of Christchurch, and such was the case; and long before the hour vehicles of all sort formed such a barricade around the theater that circulation was almost impossible. I asked a gentleman as to the cause of this remarkable affluence of the crowd, who quietly replied:

"To the moon, sir."

This was mystifying and I related his remark to the director of the theater, who explained that the streets being in a rudimentary state, often obliging one to cut across the fields on a dark night, it is difficult to find one's way, and so, profiting from the full moon the young folks, having the excuse of going to the theater, find a chance en route to meet and chat together and possibly do some courting on the way.

"Under cover of the music you may perhaps have reunited separated hearts, brought loving ones near each other and inspired vows of love. Years from now when age creeps upon these young people, and they are blessed with sons and daughters, they may sometimes recall this occasion and say: — 'Do you remember that time? it was

when we went to hear Musin.' It is thus that an artist's renown is established and celebrated names are passed on to posterity."

Alas! what a disillusion; to us! who thought ourselves to be the promoters of all that enthusiasm, when in fact we were merely the pretext. The remark of the prophetic impresario of Christchurch came back to me:—

"You will play to packed houses, sir"; but, joined to it, was the response,

"Packed houses which we owed to the moon, sir, to the moon."

SEVENTH LETTER — NEW ZEALAND

Dunedin, Sept. 28th, 1892.

After Dunedin and several other cities of lesser importance we left New Zealand for Australia, completely charmed by the country, so picturesque, and where we had encountered a public which had given us everywhere a most flattering reception, not to mention the many devoted friends we had made.

Dunedin is of all the cities of the colony, the richest and the best constructed. Its inhabitants are largely of Scottish descent, and in their enterprises have conserved the traditional characteristics of order and economy. Dunedin, situated twelve miles inland, has not the natural maritime advantages of Wellington or Auckland, but its inhabitants have forced nature to satisfy their needs by a channel which connects the city with the sea. This has been deepened so that ships of the largest tonnage come to anchor in the center of the city.

During our sojourn in Dunedin, a change took place

in the shipping arrangements between Dunedin and Melbourne which disarranged our route and shortened our stay in New Zealand. The steamer on which we should have sailed for Australia was withdrawn from service, and to wait for another vessel would have made us miss our first bookings in Australia, so in order to be on time we had to retrace our steps, pass once more through Christchurch, recross Cook's Straits, and arriving again at Wellington, we would there catch a ship for Sydney, and if all things, including the weather, should be favorable, we would reach Melbourne on a Saturday, after a journey of 2,300 miles in eight days, just in time to step onto the stage and open the tour at the hour announced. This would be a "tour de force," assuredly; but, there being no alternative, we were obliged to risk it and we decided to take the train the next morning, July 22nd.

At the concert that evening our decision was communicated to our friends, and, shaking hands, they bade us farewell, and we returned quietly to our hotel to pack our trunks for the journey. But this last night in Dunedin had a surprise in store for us. About midnight the hotel was invaded by a joyous crowd of members of the Liedertafel Society who had come to serenade us. One hundred and fifty fellows with stentorian voices made such a racket that the sleeping guests were aroused in a state of consternation. We, of course, responded to this polite attention by inviting the gentlemen to partake of the wine of friendship. Summoning the proprietor of the hotel to open up his wine cellars, he refused most decidedly to violate the municipal regula-

tions, saying that the law forbade keeping open after midnight, and by that hour all honest people should be in bed, or at least in their homes, and simply to please us he could not think of incurring the risk of a penalty; but severe as human laws may be, there are moral obligations observed in all English countries; and hoping to touch his heart we pleaded: —

“Dear proprietor, is there no way by which we can compromise this matter?”

“I see only one,” replied our noble host, “which is to sell you my establishment outright, and leave it to you to get yourselves out of a scrap with the minions of the law if this affair gets noised about.”

It was, therefore, decreed that New Zealand, which had witnessed my début as a violinist, would also see me established as the proprietor of a bar. Placing myself behind the counter and seizing the keys to the sanctuary I set about distributing whatever was preferred by our thirsty guests. This was a memorable night, and the rising sun saw the most valiant of them still on their legs. The proprietor stepped in, and handing me the bill, remarked with a mischievous look, “Please observe, sir, that I have not counted the cash box.”

In going along the coast from Napier to Auckland we met with an experience which nearly cost us our lives. We boarded the ship, a small vessel, shortly before dark and as the salon and cabins were stuffy I had the long bamboo deck chair unstrapped and carried to the deck. This chair had been a great comfort to my wife during our voyage through the tropics, when we often remained aloft for the better part of the nights, enjoying the soft

balmy air, watching the stars in the heavens or the phosphorescent lights on the waters, until the sailors came around with the hose and mops to wash down the decks. On board were many passengers, and as there was considerable confusion on the main deck, we decided to have the chair placed farther up on the small deck under the bridge and opposite the door of the chart house, or the captain's cabin. This room contained the desk for the charts, nautical instruments, etc., with a swivel chair screwed to the floor. On the opposite side of the cabin there was a short upholstered bench or sofa built firmly into the woodwork and a large barometer hung above it. I helped my wife up the ladder to her chair, and tucked her up in furs and rugs, leaving an umbrella in case it should come on to rain. The sea so far was quite calm and with no thought of danger I went down to the smoking room; and when dinner was served I had the steward take her a tray of substantial food, with a pint of stout. I went up several times to see if she were comfortable or thought best to come down and pass the night in the cabin under shelter, in case of rain; but Mrs. Musin had a horror of the cramped close cabins, and said she would rather remain out even in a storm. Canvas had been placed along the railing, and all seemed safe enough, but about midnight the vessel gave a violent lurch, and a storm, the like of which I have never seen, burst on us. This was at the winter season in this part of the world, and hastily putting on my fur coat and cap I made for the deck. It took me what seemed an hour to climb to the upper deck, hurtled about, dodging waves and spray, but by clinging to the ropes I finally reached

the spot where I had left my wife; but wife, chair and all were gone! I glanced in, and there she was stretched out on the bench, a very, very sick woman. The chair had been blown to the other side of the ship. She told me that when the first blast of the storm struck the ship her little dog (which had been curled up on her lap, under the rugs) made a sudden leap for the chart house, and thinking "if a dog knew enough to go in when it rained she had better do the same," they both took possession of the place, and no one had been in to disturb them but an officer who ran down the ladder, his oilskins shining and dripping with water, and rushing in, turned on the electric light a moment, made a rapid calculation and disappeared. She knew, she said, that this meant something,—*rocks* probably. Meanwhile I seated myself in the swivel chair, hanging on as best I might, while the sea, lashed to foam, boiling and frothing over the decks, made night hideous. Suddenly, another violent lurch sent my chair and myself whirling and sprawling on the floor. There I remained until, after long hours of fear and discomfort, the darkness began to lift a little. Seeing the barometer in the dim light, I kept my eye on it for any indication of a change. The mercury in the tube had gone down about as far as was possible for it to go, and after some time I became convinced that there was a very slight rise.

"Barometer going up, my dear! Storm is about over," I said, arousing my wife, and as morning broke in bright sunshine, the captain came down off the bridge and told us that the violence of the tempest had been so great that, with full steam ahead every instant, we could

not move a foot forward. We were very near the rocks too, and in great peril for some hours; and in fact, on a later voyage, that ship was totally wrecked on those very rocks which we had escaped.

Our return journey was operated with mathematical regularity. The 230 miles between Dunedin and Christchurch were made by express train and at ten o'clock we embarked at Littleton for Wellington, arriving the next evening at six. There we found many friends awaiting us who proposed another concert for that same evening. This being out of the question, they expressed the wish that an accident of some sort would prevent our leaving for several days at least; and, in fact, early in the morning, at the hour for sailing, a dense fog rested over the bay; but the captain, having on board the mails for England which must arrive in Sydney on time, assured us that the fog would lift as soon as we got out into Cook's Strait, which is eternally swept by winds. Getting out in this dense fog was no easy matter, and soundings were made at regular intervals by the sailors, and as we crawled slowly along in the dense fog we heard them call out, so many brasses to starboard; so many brasses to larboard, so many brasses to triboard, etc., in a monotonous way, very depressing to our spirits; but suddenly the sun bursts forth; the propeller begins to whirl, and at once we are out in the strait; the water rough as usual, but the vessel being larger than the one before, and the weather being clear, we were able to withstand the motion very well. Our spirits rose at the thought of the new experiences in prospect in the land for which we had expressly set out, and to reach which

we had been so long en route that it seemed an age or two since we sailed from San Francisco,— but every moment had been filled with things of interest and pleasure. Although we would land at Sydney, we would not give concerts there but take a train at once for Melbourne.

We had before us an ocean voyage of 1200 miles and it behooved us to get to work rehearsing our programs for our Australian début. In fact we turned the salon of the Wakatipu into a concert hall. The passengers, attracted by the music, seemed to be much interested at first, but at the endless succession of sonatas, concertos, arias and preludes, they little by little deserted the place and left us victors on the battlefield, with the exception of one, who, with remarkable fidelity, appeared each day, seated himself silently and alone, surveying us cautiously but apparently unmoved by interminable scales and roulades. We decided that we would see if we could dislodge the gentleman, and valiant efforts were made to produce the most fearful discords; but he remained faithfully at his post, imperturbable as ever.

“We are losing our time,” said our pianist, “that man must be deaf.”

A wager was made, and approaching the gentleman to clear up the question our auditor — the first to break the silence,— demanded:—

“Sprechen Sie Deutsch?”

I replied in German, “Oh! yes; but if you wish to speak German, here is my pianist, he is a German”; but the man looked vaguely at me and replied in perfect English:—

"I did not understand what you said; but *parlez-vous français* (do you speak French)?"

"Certainly," I replied in French. "The French (although I am a native of Belgium) is my maternal language. You also speak French?"

My interlocutor, returning once more to the language of Shakespeare, replied:—

"I have forgotten my French somewhat; but *habla Vd Español?* (Do you speak Spanish)?" To which I replied in Spanish:—"A little; but if you would like to talk Spanish, here is my secretary, who lived a long time in Spain, and speaks it very fluently."

This time he was dumbfounded, and exclaimed: "You speak all languages then in your company?"

I, nothing daunted, replied: "All except Chinese and Russian; but I see you yourself are quite a polyglot?"

"I? a Polyglot? Oh, no, sir, I am an Australian, thank God!" We burst forth into uncontrollable laughter, as the poor fellow in his ignorance mistook the word for a man. Quite hurt by the reflection which he thought was thus cast upon his adored Australia, he vanished; but some one lost the wager, of course, although a judge might have decided the question both for and against the winner, for as to ordinary sounds he was not deaf; but to musical sounds he was, psychologically speaking, deaf as a post. We had committed an unpardonable offense in naming him a Polyglot, a term which he had misconstrued; for the Australian is very proud of his country and loves it inordinately. Do they not inhabit an island which is in itself a continent? An

Empire! not composed of Irish, Scottish and English, but of Australians, pure and simple? Has it not produced enough pure gold to upset any secular monetary system? Their climate! Is it not the finest in the world? and have not their volunteers rushed to aid Old England when menaced by designing enemies? Everything Australian, even to the horses, is considered superior to anything in any other country, old or new. English horsemen are looked upon with disdain; for colonists, accustomed to handle horses from childhood, become intrepid and audacious cavaliers. Love for the horse, and horse racing, have reached colossal proportions and hardly a day passes where (among a population of millions) there are not several races run, and every village has its race course, every child just learning to talk will tell you the name of the winner of the Melbourne Cup. And the harbor of Sydney, N. S. W.? is it not the finest in the world?

“You will enter it at the time most propitious for admiring the most wonderful in the world,” said our captain.

“Are you not exaggerating it a little?” we asked. “There is the Golden Gate at San Francisco, the bay at Auckland, the harbor at New York, the Golden Horn at Constantinople, the bay of Naples and many others which are wonders of the world, which we have been lucky enough to have seen and admired”—but no—the captain will not admit that there is another harbor in the world to compare with that of Sydney, and describes with enthusiasm the beauties of this harbor of Australia. And in truth it is one of the most beautiful in the world,

framed by hills and terraces covered with verdure of varied tints, giving to it an aspect delicate and fairylike in the soft light of early morning. The weather is fine, and the air soft and limpid, the waters of the harbor, dotted with boats of fishermen and tourists, reflect each object, giving the impression of the drop scene in a theater, which will at a given signal be raised; but no, as we approach, the illusion vanishes, and we hear from afar the rumble of a city life, life of a multitude awaking to another day, and soon we are engulfed in it, and finally place our feet on the soil of Australia.

CHAPTER XIII

AUSTRALIA

EIGHTH LETTER — OCTOBER 16TH, 1892

WE were in time to catch our train for Melbourne, and deferred sight-seeing until our return, when in a few weeks' time we would have opportunity for it.

Below the equator the seasons are reversed, and here we were, in the month of April, just entering the winter season. On the journey down to Melbourne in the Pullman car it was cold, contrasting disagreeably with the milder atmosphere of Sydney and the delicious warmth of the semi-tropics. The quite sudden change, together with fatigue incidental to continuous travel and the nervous strain of concert giving, receptions, etc., ad infinitum, proved almost too much for my valiant little wife, whose voice became hoarse, much to the anxiety of the management, but I felt sure that after some hours of rest, and a few drops of that marvelous extract of the Tasmanian Eucalyptus leaves, which would disperse the hoarseness, she would be able to warble as usual, and such was the case.

Melbourne is a large and beautiful city, the streets wide and straight, dotted with fine buildings in American style, the splendid House of Parliament, public edifices, municipal buildings, clubs, shops, post office, Princess Theatre, and others, and the Town Hall which possesses an im-

mense hall, available for concerts, balls, and meetings generally, seating 5,000 persons. It was here we gave our concerts, and a pleasing sight it was, both to the management and artists, to find it filled to overflowing; but although almost any artist of European reputation is sure to appear to a full house, it is not due so much to the merit of the attraction as to the passion for music which distinguishes the population of these Antipodes.

Melbourne is a gay city, traversed by an excellent system of electrical tramways, which puts all parts of the city into communication.

Its numerous parks are beautiful and well kept, which give the city an air of prosperity and comfort, and are enjoyed by the crowd which flocks there at all hours of the day to enjoy the pure air and refreshing shade of the trees.

These impressions were true to the general aspect, but we became aware very soon that in reality this superb city was undergoing a financial crisis. As before stated, companies considered the most solid had failed or were in process of liquidation, business was nearly suspended, and many banks had stopped payment, miners being on the strike, revenue was cut off from most of the stockholders. Underneath all the apparent richness, imagine crowds of men without work encumbering all the street corners, filling the saloons, discussing the deplorable state of affairs, lack of work, hunger and even famine staring them in the face.

Bar-maids are employed to serve drinks in all the bars; but are not allowed to take anything themselves, and they have an eye to the business, for their position and wage

depends upon the receipts, with the result that they encourage drunkenness. Saturday is a day for the grand debauch. The theaters are filled, the café-concerts engorged with people, noise, movement, excitement everywhere, when, on the last stroke of twelve, all becomes calm as Sunday commences, establishments close up and the people go to their homes. Respect for the Sabbath is a trait for which all the British colonies are remarkable. There is a Chinese quarter in the city, but less picturesque than San Francisco. The Chinaman prospers, silently, washes, cooks and makes the gardens for the whole nation, but he does not become proud. He diligently pursues his work, and full of perseverance, attains his object.

The Australian colonies, frightened by the influx of Orientals, imposed a tax of about \$250.00 as a bar to Chinese immigration, and vessels are limited as to the number carried. Wherever I have seen the Chinese they gave me the impression of being peaceful, sober and industrious, docile and persevering, but the people among whom they live treat them with disdain and hostility.

SYDNEY AND ENVIRONS

Sydney, N. S. W., is a charming city with numerous villas scattered through its suburbs, and between Sydney and Paramatta the country is sufficiently beautiful to give one at first a high impression of Australia, but in going further inland the landscape offers a despairing monotony to the view. Australia is a country in gray, and any painter partial to neutral tints could never find himself more in his element than here. The soil is gray, the grass, the trees, leaves and trunks, equally gray; and the

gray blue of the sky completes the symphony in gray. From Queensland, to the south, Victoria or West Australia, winter or summer, it is the same. Here in the springtime the trees have kept the foliage which they carried all the winter, because their leaves do not fall.

The forests of Australia never give the delicious contrast of bare branches in winter, delicate tints of budding springtime, then covered in summer with rich shades of green and in autumn by a brilliancy and variety of color rivaling the richest palette of an artist. Here the branches and leaves, instead of growing horizontally, push vertically into the air, giving very little shade, and instead of losing their leaves it is the bark which is shed annually. The bark of the eucalyptus hangs in long strands from the tall nude trunks; the leaves, rigid and metallic in color, give a strange and melancholy effect.

The city of Sydney has a marvelous town hall with a wonderful auditorium, larger even than that of Melbourne, where the people throng for concerts, given weekly the year around by the City Organist. The grand organ in this hall is probably the largest in the world, except that of the Exposition at St. Louis, a magnificent instrument, surmounting a vast stage filled with tier upon tier of seats rising one above the other, where a chorus of 500 could easily find place,—the organist, holding the official position and paid a yearly salary of \$5,000.00, was August Wiegand, from Liège, Belgium. He was allowed certain perquisites, to give concerts of his own and other benefits. He had been there for a number of years when we met out there, and think of the repertory necessary for concerts, per year? A fine musician, of

course, and a splendid performer was August — a big man, genial and hearty, he had, down somewhere in the bowels of the organ loft, a nice little wine cellar all his own, where he dispensed a few glasses of choice wine to particular friends, and those few compatriots who happened at very rare intervals to find themselves in the Antipodes were very special recipients of his bountiful hospitality.

It was a joyful surprise to meet a Belgian, a Liégeois, out there on the other side of the world. He had a charming wife, a number of children and they kept open house for us during our stay in and about Sydney. My wife and I recall with the greatest pleasure our visits with the Wiegands.

An amusing incident occurred, with Wiegand in the foreground. One afternoon when my wife, my pianist and I were going to Paramatta to give a concert in the evening, the journey was made by boat (Paramatta, by the way, is where the regattas — world contests for sculling — take place). To take a little outing the Wiegands and a number of other friends decided to accompany us. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Vanderveldt, the Belgian consul and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Kellermann, parents of Annette Kellermann, at that time a little girl, but who has since become the Queen of the Aquatics. We took a boat, but unfortunately not the boat we should have taken, and after sailing along for an hour, enjoying the delightful breeze, the boat drew up to a lonely, deserted, and rather dilapidated dock, and we were told to disembark and wait half an hour for the boat which would enable us to reach Paramatta just in

time to begin the concert at the hour announced. There we were, stranded, in evening dress, in this apparently deserted place, with the sun beginning to sink hazily toward the horizon. What should we do to pass the time? Glancing about we saw a dusty road winding up a hill with a few houses ornamenting it on either side. On the inspiration of the moment Wiegand said:—

“This is a good place for a funeral procession,”—and thereupon I took out my violin and he took my double violin box in his arms, holding it straight out as if it were a small casket, and he headed for the road, I following with my violin, the others of our party coming after in single file. With a doleful tune and somber chords I played the dirge, to which we all kept step in solemn time. Suddenly the place, apparently deserted before, was alive with the inhabitants of the villas, at their doors, windows, and hanging over the gates, gazing at the strange spectacle in bewilderment. This was too much for us to keep our faces straight, and bursting into a gale of laughter, in which the populace joined, the procession was broken up, and running back as best we could, puffing and perspiring, we were just in time for the boat, which, in the meantime, had been coming up the river. My adventures were not entirely over, however, for, as we were all in high spirits, we began dancing about the deck, when a sound very like a rip made me pause, and on retiring to the salon I found after turning the upper part of my body around with much difficulty, to ascertain the extent of the damage,—I found that my evening trousers (and the only ones I had with me) were torn squarely across the back. Nothing could be done in the

way of repairs until we reached the concert hall, at any rate, and I was careful to keep my face toward the folks and my coat tails down, until such time as my wife, by dint of some pins, etc., could make me presentable. I passed the rest of the evening in an uncomfortable state of self-consciousness, and had to be very careful as to my manners in taking a chair.

CHAPTER XIV

MEXICO

ON my return from Australia for my American season of 1892-93, I had reserved five weeks for a trip to Mexico. On landing at San Francisco from Sydney, I found that my American manager, R. E. Johnston, had fixed the first concert in October at Detroit, Michigan, for a Sunday night at the Whitney Opera House. This concert brought me a lot of trouble with the Young Men's Christian Associations all over the country. In Chicago, there was a Y. M. C. A. paper which was sent to every association in the Union. It contained an article written by the secretary of the association in Detroit, which condemned my company for the Sunday concert and advised all other associations not to engage the Musin Concert Company. Johnston had booked us with a number of Y. M. C. A.'s, and the intention was to have my company tabooed by the whole association, and several of them, with which I had contracts, tried to break their engagements with me. To one who has lived in Europe, where liberal ideas generally prevail, their action seemed extraordinarily narrow and bigoted. I used to call their association the "Republican Anti-Catholic Club," but I am glad to say they have changed with the times and have acquired more liberal ideas and I hear that in France the

soldiers were permitted to have any kind of entertainment on Sundays during the war 1914-1918.

After giving six concerts per week for ten successive weeks, we reached Laredo, Texas, where we gave our final one before going into Mexico. My agent for this tour was a Frenchman, Ferraud, who was also attached to the Johnston bureau for the American tour. Between Laredo and Monterey, the first large town in Mexico, we had to travel on a narrow gauge railway and, as on the last trip down, the sleeper had turned over on going round a curve, we hoped they would not go too fast. We gave two concerts in Monterey and two in San Luis Potosi and then went direct to Mexico City.

I shall reserve many details as to Mexico when writing of my second trip in 1896, where I passed the greater part of the winter visiting all of the towns of any size, such as Guadalajara, Vera Cruz, etc., to El Paso by the broad gauge railroad. I was told on my arrival in Mexico City that my agent's American way of advertising did not please at all. I found he had got out five large posters or placards, each with a separate letter of my name. These posters, printed with one large letter each, M-U-S-I-N, were to be carried about the streets by five "sandwich" men, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. every day for one week. These five men were to walk perfectly in order, of course, that the name could be read by every one, but very often the name would be mixed up, as the man bearing the letter "M" would stop and talk with the one carrying the "N" or some other letter, and the result can be imagined. The papers had made fun of it — so much so that the newspapers refused to publish

our programs. They said "that the American method does not go here. Let your artists come and show what they can do, and if they are good, they do not want such Barnum-like advertisement." I had been kept in ignorance of all this, or I would not have permitted it.

Our first concert was badly attended, every one in the hall having an idea that we were fakirs, and they had no intention of compromising themselves with any applause when I appeared. The first piece was a suite by Franz Ries in four parts. As I put my violin in tune with the piano, I remarked to my pianist: "They are not very warm in this country." The first movement of the suite is an Allemanda, many scales and a large theme, and, at the end, a few people tried to applaud but were quickly silenced by a few hisses. The second movement, a Minuetto, received a little applause and no hisses. Then came the Andante, a beautiful piece for the violin, and at the end of it some people in the front rows, who so far had remained totally indifferent, began to look at one another and incline their heads as if to say "it is better than we expected." The fourth movement, the Introduction and Gavotte, went well, and this time the whole house greeted me and recalled me several times.

The Mexicans are very demonstrative when they are satisfied, and after playing the first encore, the "Preislied" from the Meistersinger, the whole house surrendered. The ice was broken and from that time on everything was a grand success. We met many real music lovers, among them M. Hansen of the Russian Legation, a fine pianist, a pupil of Rubinstein. A member of the firm of Wagner and Levien, who had been the first to

discourage my agent, changed his opinion. He had said that to his knowledge "no good music takes in Mexico." We gave four concerts in Mexico City in one week to good business. We then went to Puebla, where we gave three concerts with excellent success and also played in some other towns on our way back. I was so impressed with the way the Mexicans responded to our concerts that I resolved to make another and longer tour of the country. After finishing with the concerts in the U. S. with Johnston, I decided to be my own manager, with a good advance agent, whom I took with me up into the northern part of New York, where we spent the whole summer, having a fine time in the Adirondacks fishing and hunting.

The ensuing season I gave one hundred and sixty concerts, covering the country from Maine to Southern California and from Winnipeg to New Orleans. Our tour ended in May and my wife and I then went to Europe to spend the summer with my relatives in Liége and Tilff. The idea of a second Mexican tour obsessed me and, having made the acquaintance in Los Angeles of a Belgian named Bageard, who knew Mexico well, I engaged him as manager, and although I had a very sad experience on that tour, which I shall describe later, I shall never forget my adventures and the unique episodes of this tour.

Bageard advised me to begin in Mexico toward the end of December, 1895, and as I had to keep my company busy, I first accepted some weeks with the Slayton Bureau, until December 15. I played thirty concerts with Slayton and the last of these was given in Buffalo,

where we had a fearful snowstorm. We jumped from Buffalo to Dallas, Texas, where an old pupil of mine was the leading violinist. He wanted me to give a concert there. We did so, stopping over for the one night, and we had a large crowd, but a small cyclone shook the building so that many people ran home. I did not know but the building would collapse and never in my life have I been so anxious during a concert. No harm was done, however, and we went on to Laredo and, although but a small town, we gave two concerts there to standing room only.

We then began the Mexican tour. I met my manager there in Monterey, and as we had been there before, we were well received. I learned that Goldsmith, the manager, accompanist and friend of Pablo de Sarasate, had been a business man in Monterey. I had met Goldsmith very often years before in England and France. He was the first manager for Sarasate in Germany and stayed with Sarasate nearly the whole year round. He was a shrewd man and helped the illustrious artist a great deal in his career. We gave three concerts in Monterey, then went for a week to San Luis Potosi, playing at the theater every other night, and then on to Tampico, a jump to about five thousand feet above the sea level where the heat during the day was terrific but the nights were cold. There we gave two concerts and had a little divertissement at the theater just before the first concert, furnished by an earthquake which sent everything jumping up and down. There was a volcano nearby which also threatened to demolish things.

My manager had started for Mexico City and we had

to go back to San Luis Potosi to take a direct train by the narrow gauge, and trouble began here. The varied changes of temperature from a blizzard in Buffalo to the terrific heat of Tampico, and then the sudden elevation from sea level up to San Luis Potosi, caused such an upheaval in my circulatory system that I was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism. It attacked my legs and when we got to the hotel, my wife called a doctor. I told him I must get on to Mexico City, but he told me I had an acute attack and it would be some time before I could play as it would probably get to the joints of the arms, and, in truth, the next day I could not move my arms. The doctor said that Mexico City was out of the question for me, as it is situated on a lake seven thousand feet above sea level and is a hot-bed of rheumatism. He also said that San Luis Potosi was not good either and advised me to go to Guadalajara as soon as I was able, where the climate was much drier; in fact, the driest place in Mexico. He gave me some medicine and I engaged a Mexican to stay with me nights, my wife caring for me all day. The Mexican slept at the foot of my bed on the floor, without a cushion or cover, as is their custom. I, who had a comfortable bed, could not sleep, while he slept like a top! I had to waken him with a tap from my cane when I needed anything. I sent a telegram to Bageard to stop the concerts and meet me in Guadalajara. As the trip there took two days, I had to rest two nights in small towns on the way. One doctor gave me iodide of potassium and another, in the next place, gave me a prescription to be filled by the druggist for phenacetine, with directions to take the five powders

of five grains each every half hour. When my wife opened the first powder, she said: "This does not look like phenacetine. I am afraid to give it to you. I will send for the doctor to examine it."

When he came, in less than an hour, and looked at those powders, he said:

"That druggist sent you morphine instead of phenacetine. Had Mrs. Musin given you those morphine powders, you would probably be a dead man, unless I could have saved you by heroic measures."

We were badly frightened and I felt like having that drug clerk put in jail. What the doctor did about it I do not know, for I was suffering too much and left the next day for Guadalajara. On my arrival, Bageard informed me that arrangement had been made at the hotel and a good doctor would be there. And, in fact, ten minutes after we were settled in our rooms in came the disciple of Æsculapius, bedecked and fixed up like a dandy, who said:

"Ah, señor, esta U amalado esso'es nada?"

He did not seem to understand, although I was already in bed, and after such a journey, where every jerk of the train gave me excruciating pain, what I was suffering. At last he undid the bandages on all my joints and wrote a prescription, taking his leave. I called Bageard and told him I would not have that fellow any more. He was dressed up suggesting that he might be better able to make love to girls than to treat sick people. I told him to pay him and see if he couldn't get a man who looked like a doctor.

In half an hour he came and said he had found a military doctor.

“Ah, that’s something like,” I exclaimed.

This doctor gave me confidence at once — an earnest, middle-aged man who took charge of army cases, and I already felt better.

As soon as the newspapers knew I was in town, they sent reporters to interview me, and to know if I would give concerts in Guadalajara. They had read the papers from Mexico City and elsewhere and remembered the name from my visit three years before. I explained that it would be some time before I could play and that it was doubtful. There was only one theater where concerts could be given, as their grand theater, which cost three million pesos, had been officially condemned on account of the damage done by an earthquake. This was a great pity as it was a beautiful theater, seating several thousand people, having two rows of boxes, the galleries and stalls as richly decorated as the Grand Opera in Paris and, in fact, was as gorgeous and pretty as any theater in the big capitals.

Bageard came in one morning to inform me that the manager of the old opera house offered to play us on a percentage of sixty-five to us and thirty-five to himself, he to provide an orchestra of twelve and to bill the town. This was good news, and I waited for the doctor to come in to know how soon I could undertake it. I could move my limbs a little and felt better. He said in three weeks, so I told Bageard to go ahead and make a contract for four concerts, three weeks from that date.

The attraction then at the opera house was a Zarzuela (operetta) which did not draw, for even at a Sunday matinée, which was the best day of the week, there had been only seventeen pesos receipts. So the manager was very glad to accept any conditions. I soon was able to stand up and practice the violin, but I had to learn to walk like a child and one Sunday I went to the theater supported on both sides by friends helping me to walk. This made such a bad impression on the manager that he told Bageard that he didn't want the contract and that he would shut the theater. But, finally, he decided to let us have the theater for \$85 a night for four nights, he to bill the town and to provide the orchestra of twelve musicians. I told Bageard to accept the offer and clinch it with a contract made by a lawyer. The first concert was to take place ten days after signing the contract and the sale of seats to begin the Thursday before. On that first day of the sale, Bageard came to me with a broad smile saying the manager was now willing to fill the first contract on 35 and 65 percentage. I asked him if he had seen the advance sale. He said no, and I said:

"You are very smart, my boy, for if the sales were not good the manager would not want to go in with me."

So he went to the opera house and found that all the boxes and more than half the orchestra seats had already been sold. Of course we kept him to the new contract and did a large business for the whole four concerts. We could have given more, but the manager was sore and would not hear of any further contract on any terms. These four concerts filled the big hole made in my pocket during the seven weeks I had been laid up. A word

about Guadalajara, which deserves its title of "wonderful city."

It had, in those days, over a hundred thousand inhabitants and has the reputation of being the cleanest, handsomest and most cheerful city in all Mexico, and is next in importance to the capital on account of its great manufacturing industries. They call it the Manchester of Mexico. It lies on a high plateau with mountains rising around it and the climate is very healthful. The women are reported to be the prettiest in the country. There are old churches and other notable buildings, mementos of Spanish domination. In the sacristy of the cathedral is Murillo's "Assumption," for which seventy-five thousand dollars has been offered and refused. This picture is one of the twenty-seven versions of the subject painted by Murillo.

As the proprietor of the opera house in Guadalajara refused to let us give further concerts there, and as the only other hall was a room in the city hall, much too small, I sent my agent direct to Mexico City to make a second attempt there. We were already known and as it was the third week in February and I wished to play in other cities before the end of the season, we lost no time in preliminary advertising, and, at any rate, the first concert advertises a company better than articles in the papers and bill posting. As my agent was always a week in advance, I engaged a man to travel with us and represent my interests at the box office. The friends we had already made were glad to see me again and M. Hansen, the Russian Minister, did what he could to make my visit profitable, and he succeeded. The first week we gave

four concerts in Mexico City and one in Puebla, which is about the best city after the capital. As a number of music lovers desired to hear me play with the orchestra, it was arranged with the committee of the National Conservatory of Music that I should have its orchestra and its hall for three concerts, free of charge.

I telegraphed to New York for my trunk, containing my orchestrations. It arrived in three days. The leading newspaper in Mexico, "The Imparcial," put my picture on its front page and with an article covered the entire front page, all entirely gratuitous and complimentary. At these three concerts with the orchestra, which were on a Sunday, Thursday and the following Sunday, I played three concertos, the Beethoven, Mendelssohn and the Godard, and we packed the houses with the *crème de la crème* of Mexican society. When the reader bears in mind that the imposing concert hall of the conservatory and the orchestra was free, and the piano and programs were freely provided by Wagner and Levien, and that the advertisements in the papers were also without cost to me, he must admit that, for an artist, Mexico was literally a seventh heaven. But this was not all, for M. Hansen and Mr. David of Wagner and Levien and three leading physicians asked me to give the series of Beethoven sonatas for the piano and violin in five *séances*, ten sonatas of Beethoven and five others by Mozart, Schumann, Brahms, Grieg and Rubinstein, three sonatas at each session, Messrs. Wagner and Levien to attend to the business of selling the tickets and would allow me to pay for nothing. The programs follow:

Edward Scharf, Pianist.

First Chamber Concert. 1, Sonata No. 1, Beethoven; 2, Sonata in A Minor, Rubinstein; 3, Sonata No. 2, Beethoven.

Second Program. 1, Sonata No. 3, Beethoven; 2, Grand Sonata in A, Schumann; 3, Sonata No. 4, Beethoven.

Third Program. 1, Sonata No. 5, Beethoven; 2, Sonata in F, Grieg; 3, Sonata No. 6, Beethoven.

Fourth Program. 1, Sonata No. 7, Beethoven; 2, Sonata in A Major, Mozart; 3, Sonata No. 8, Beethoven.

Fifth Program. 1, Sonata No. 10, Beethoven; 2, Sonata in D Minor, Brahms; 3, Sonata No. 9, Beethoven.

We reversed the order of the 9th and 10th sonatas in the last program in order to give the celebrated Kreutzer Sonata No. 9, the last thing on the program instead of No. 10, which belongs to Beethoven's third and last manner in which he discarded the regular rules of composition.

It is a curious fact which I have noticed in my experiences with people of different professions that in music it is the medical profession which is most susceptible to its influence. In amateur musical organizations physicians predominate. I have met many who had not only the taste for music but who could play an instrument or sing or do both. I have met very few lawyers who were musical and still fewer engineers, mechanical, electrical or civil. As an illustration, in the orchestra "Society Royal des Amateurs," which I conducted for several seasons at Liège, there were always half a dozen physicians among the players. Some were violinists, others

cellists and they were good ones, too. The saying that "Industry and the Arts are not sisters" I have found to be quite generally true. M. Hansen, the Russian Minister to Mexico, as I remarked before, was a magnificent pianist and thorough musician, not a vestige of the amateur about his playing. He could read the most difficult music at sight like an artist.

Besides the series of Chamber Concerts which we gave together, he arranged some musicals in his beautiful apartments, and it was there I met Madame Bazaine, wife of the French Marshal. She was a beautiful woman of the Spanish type and notwithstanding the fact that her husband had been pronounced a traitor, she was received in the best society, but the mansion of the former General Bazaine has never been occupied since he left it, as the people are superstitious about occupying the house of a traitor.

In all my artistic career, I must say that I never met anywhere so many genuine lovers of music and real connoisseurs as in the society of Mexico City, and my second visit will always remain in my memory like a beautiful dream. There music and the artist were placed on a plane way above commercialism and the taint of the "passing show." To think that five chamber concerts, three concerts with the orchestra, four miscellaneous concerts in which were given many numbers from the old classic masters, besides musical evenings of classical music to large numbers of invited guests, all in the short space of less than four weeks, is something entirely unusual, every one will admit. I found, on investigating the cause for the musical taste of Mexican society, that it

was due not alone to a natural faculty for music, but very largely to governmental protection and encouragement of the Art.

The National Conservatory of Music in the Capital of Mexico is the best pecuniarily endowed institution of any conservatory in the world. The great National Theater in Mexico City was erected at a cost of 10,000,000 pesos. It is built of white marble and polished granite and for splendor of decoration and architectural perfection, it cannot be excelled anywhere except by the Grand Opera in Paris, which leads the world. Way back in 1854, grand opera was being given in Mexico City with such artists as Henrietta Sontag, conducted by a Spaniard, James Nuno, who had been conducting Italian grand opera in New York City in its greatest days with Sontag and Grisi as prima donnas at the Academy of Music in 14th Street. Nuno was a great musician and had composed operas himself. He could play almost any instrument in the orchestra and wrote many beautiful songs, etc. While in Mexico, at the time I mention, he was requested by the Government to write a triumphal march which is known to-day and always played in Mexico as their National Hymn. This season of Italian opera in Mexico was broken up by the death of Sontag, who was thought to have been poisoned, and Nuno came back to New York and eventually settled in Buffalo. He was succeeded as conductor of Italian opera in New York by Max Maretzek, a German. Signor Nuno became a celebrated vocal teacher. During the time he was at the head of Italian opera in New York, many Italian singers were engaged who eventually set-

HIMNO NACIONAL.

Maestoso.

Andante con moto

Letra Nat.

PIANO.

C. M. A.

El

de

Andante

Andante

Andante

Andante

Andante

Andante

Andante

Andante

Andante



*James Nuno
to his dear pussil.*

Annie L. Tanner Musin.

Buffalo. Feb. 15. 1906.

PROPIEDAD ASEGURADA.

tled in New York as singing teachers, among them Eranni, Murio Celli, Agramonte, Capianni and others, who must have known Nuno. He was also a fine pianist and it was an inspiration to sing with him. Signor Nuno died July 17, 1908, in Buffalo, New York, at the age of eighty-four and the Mexican Consul asked, on behalf of the Federal Government, that his remains might be placed in the Cathedral beside Bocanegra, but as he had been laid in the ground, it could not be done on account of a health law which requires that seven years pass before a body may be removed. But this will probably be done when Mexico is once more normal.

We left the City of Mexico at the end of the month of March, 1896, for Puebla, where we gave three concerts in three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. This was my second visit to Puebla and I had already several good friends there. Puebla has about 130,000 inhabitants and, like Brooklyn, New York, is called the "City of Churches." In former times it was known as "Puebla de los Angeles" (City of the Angels). It is only one hundred and twenty-nine miles south of Mexico City, but it takes about six hours by train to reach it. Puebla is enshrined in the heart of every patriotic Mexican, for it was there that General Zaragoza on the 5th of May, 1862, defeated the French army which ultimately resulted in the establishment of the Mexican Republic. The inspiring words "Cinco de Mayo," for Mexicans, finds an echo back in 1776, on the 4th of July, of the people of the United States. The fifth of May is annually set aside by the Mexicans for national celebration.

Having digressed, caused by the Cinco de Mayo, we now returned to Puebla and its memorable celebration, almost every town in Mexico keeping the date in commemoration by naming one of its streets after it. I was booked as far as Vera Cruz, but hearing that yellow fever was there and remembering my former terrible experience after Tampico, I was afraid of another mishap to my health and so I gave up Vera Cruz, and went as far as Cordoba, the last town before Santa Cruz, lying 2,500 feet above the level of the sea and renowned for its fruits and flowers, as well as for its fine coffee, of which there are many plantations in the vicinity.

In Cordoba, we gave one concert, thence to Orizaba, situated in the mountains about four thousand feet above the sea. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful and it is a great health resort for Mexicans who, during the season of yellow fever in the pestilential coast cities, take refuge there. We gave two concerts here, both being very well attended, and then started back on our way north by the broad gauge railroad towards El Paso, giving concerts in all the principal towns, arrangements having been made in advance.

My time was limited as I had to take a boat at San Francisco on the 11th of May for a second trip to the Antipodes. Our first stop was at Guanahouato, called the Silver City, on account of extensive silver mines about there. The catacombs of Guanahouato are one of the sights of this place. The catacomb is merely a large vault under the cemetery where bodies previously buried, which have mummified under peculiar action of the soil and air, are wrapped in linen, and stand up in

rows about the walls. The question seems to be what to do with the bones of the dead, for graves in general are only leased for a term of years and at the termination of the lease, they are removed from the graves and the bones piled up in vaults. It is a fearful sight and an evil smelling place. The mummies wore an expression of face they may have had when the person died. Some had a ghastly grin and some wore whiskers as in life. Decidedly this was a vision one would do well to forget as soon as possible.

To go from Mexico City to Guanahouato, we had to pass through Queretaro, where occurred the lamentable death of the Emperor Maximilian and his two generals, Miramon and Mejia, who were shot by decree of President Juarez. I visited the very spot where the execution took place. Juarez had captured Queretaro, where Maximilian and his followers had made a last stand, and they were tried by courtmartial and condemned to death in spite of a protest on the part of the Government of the United States and the efforts of Maximilian's Empress, Carlotta, who had gone to France to implore Napoleon III to send another army to Maximilian's aid. She also pleaded with the Pope without success. Her anguish of mind and grief at Maximilian's death shattered her health and her mind gave way. It is one of the most pitiful stories in modern history.

Maximilian was the brother-in-law of Leopold II of Belgium, Carlotta being the sister of Leopold II. The question is why did not Napoleon III, who suggested Maximilian as Emperor, and the latter having accepted on the condition that Napoleon should give him military

aid as long as it should be necessary — why, I should like to ask — was he left alone and the French army withdrawn? Maximilian was under the evil influence of Marshal Bazaine and made the mistake of undertaking things which he was not strong enough to carry out, and what a great pity it was that he did not retire from Mexico when Napoleon recalled the French troops. A sad, sad story in which all parties had to suffer.

After this, we went on to Leon where we had the surprise of our lives. Think of a town of a hundred thousand inhabitants without a newspaper! Such was Leon. Any town in the United States of less than five thousand would have at least two newspapers, but here there were none, except such as came in from Mexico City. But we managed to give two concerts in Leon with a large attendance. Leon is said to be the birthplace of the celebrated matador, Alfonso Nagoa. Irapuato came next and to us this name has instantly been associated with strawberries. Such berries — every one large, luscious, perfect with their perfume and flavor such as we had never before tasted and such quantities and so cheap. This pretty little town is in the center of a rich farming country and strawberries are plentiful all the year round.

In the morning and in the afternoon Indian women came to the Plazas and, seating themselves in the shade, they spread out a tempting array of baskets of the fruit. Other fruits are equally plentiful and many of them delicious. We gave a concert here, of course, with good financial success, for the Mexicans love music, and then we went on to Aguas Calientes, so-called from its famous hot springs. This town is up in the mountains about six

thousand feet, is a health resort and has good hotels always filled with people coming for the baths. I did not miss the opportunity of trying the waters and enjoyed them immensely. Here is a great center for the needle work called drawn work, of which my wife bought quite a number of pieces of fine work. It is made by Indian women and is highly appreciated by the ladies, but the artistic industry is dying out on account of the Germans, who manufacture coarse imitations of it by machinery and send it to be sold there under the very noses of the Indian artists as the real thing, and tourists, many of them, are none the wiser.

I must not forget to mention San Luis Potosi. We gave two concerts and spent four delightful days there. In Aguas Calientes I visited the great smelting works just out of the city at San Pedro. The whole place was surrounded by high stone walls. Owing to the immense amount of capital invested in the mines and other products, this city is very prosperous and populous as well. It is a fine city, very clean with wide streets and, on the whole, is picturesque with its white houses, flower gardens, old churches and the people in native costumes. We were now on our way to El Paso, where we were booked for a concert at Chopin Hall, and the last two concerts in Mexico would be given in Zacategas. These were the culmination of a most delightful tour which, having begun badly, turned out to be highly satisfactory from the financial as well as artistic point of view.

In Zacategas, which is a wealthy place, having an immense income from the silver mines, I made many friends whom I shall never forget and I hope they will not for-

get me either, for some day I expect to revisit Mexico. In certain respects, it is a Paradise if one keeps away from the coasts, and a marvelous country where Nature perpetually smiles with very little coaxing. The people are charming, artistic and great lovers of music. Let us hope that soon there will be an end to all political disturbances there and the people be left in peace to cultivate the wonderful natural resources of the country where there is enough for all the inhabitants of the world. One word as to the Indians. There is a very strong Mongoloid strain in some of the tribes and in one of the ruins there was the ubiquitous Chinaman with his queue, sculptured on one of the bas reliefs, nearly obliterated by age, however, for the ruins are thousands of years old. There was a strong association in my mind with the hoary ruins of Mexico and those of Baraboedoer in Java.

Mexico is wonderful!

CHAPTER XV

JAPAN

OF course we were highly excited at the prospect of seeing Japan, and although it was midwinter at the time of our visit, we were not discommoded by disagreeably cold weather. The climate was rather mild and somewhat misty, for we caught a glimpse of Fujiyama, that wonderful volcano, only twice. We missed the season of the cherry blossoms on the trees; but these flowers were to be found in every home and shop.

One's first impression of Japanese cities is that of order and cleanliness. Then the neat little houses and shops. These shops were different from anything I had seen in my travels in all parts of the world. Small, compact, neat,—order carried systematically to the highest plane of development, combined with artistic arrangement. Love of the beautiful and wonderful in nature is characteristic of the Japanese, even in the shops. On the counter your attention will be attracted by a wonderful miniature garden, full grown trees an inch high, a diminutive cherry tree full of minute blossoms, or farther along, in a space two or three feet long by one or more wide, cut out of the floor, you will see a wonderful landscape; mountains, hills, fields, rivers, lakes, trees and verdure, and flowers; all real, living and growing, but dwarfed from what would cover many miles in extent,

to a matter of inches; one is transfixed with astonishment and admiration.

The houses have nothing of what we call furniture about. It seems as if the Japanese had reduced the process of living to the scientific system of having everything essential, and the elimination of everything non-essential. The home is a place for repose, restful for the eye as well as the mind. When one has felt the relaxation and relief of an interior after Japanese ideas, it is distracting and nerve-racking to encounter, as in American and European homes, quantities of furniture, bric-a-brac, pictures and what not; every item of which must, although subconsciously, arrest attention, tax the sense of sight, and fatigue the mind. Then there is the impression of quiet decorum, politeness and peace, except for frequent disturbances in the form of earthquakes, to which foreigners cannot accustom themselves, and I must say they are very trying to one's nerves.

We disembarked at Yokohama, and found excellent accommodations at the Club Hotel, managed by a Belgian, with Japanese service. A unique arrangement here was that when you registered at the Club you were also registered at a hotel in Tokio. At so much per week you could have your breakfast in Yokohama at the Club Hotel and your dinner at the one in Tokio, and vice versa, all for the same price. We were naturally very tired after a voyage of thirteen days from Honolulu, and were surprised in the morning to hear that a violent earthquake had occurred, which had lifted our hotel several feet in the air, setting it down again, piff, paff, precisely intact. The rumbling noise did not awaken us, and if we felt

the motion we no doubt dreamily attributed it to the rolling waves of the Pacific; but every one else was laboring under the after-effects of the exciting experience when we met at breakfast.

We had barely arrived at the Club Hotel when an interviewer from the "Box of Curios" sent up his card and demanded,

"Are you the Musin who wrote Musin's Mazurka?"

I was astonished to find my first composition had gotten as far as Japan, and, my identity being established, the interviewer waxed in interest, and from that time on the "Box of Curios" spared no effort in making known the arrival of our concert company. The hall was engaged and all the preliminary arrangements made in short order, and we found that we would have no competitors in the field, due to the rarity with which artistic attractions visit countries at such a distance as Japan.

My second visitor was the Chevalier de Wapenhard, Belgian consul at Yokohama, a charming gentleman, who escorted me to the different legations in Tokio, where I left my cards. The Chevalier also immediately issued invitations to a dinner for us, at his artistic residence in Yokohama, with a reception to follow the dinner. It was an exquisite affair; the menu European, with choice wines, as a matter of course. One lady besides my wife was present, and the gentlemen were titled diplomats representing the French, Russian, Austrian and Italian governments. After dinner the American Consul arrived with his family, and many other guests. We had a royal time and a charming introduction to the social life out there in Japan, where it is the custom for each and every

guest to do his or her part in contributing to the entertainment by "singing a song," "telling a story" or "speaking a piece," according to their talents or accomplishments. My wife was surprised, when we talked it over afterwards, to find that in such an assemblage of titles, there had existed such good fellowship without pretense or ostentation, and that she had been escorted to dinner by a Russian prince, whose wife, the only other lady at dinner, was a Grecian princess.

Lobanoff de Rostoff and the princess were amateurs of music, and at their house we passed some very pleasant hours. An incident which shows how relatively small this world is, after all, occurred some years after our visit to Japan, when on going to Spa to play at a festival at the *Salle des Fêtes*, a hand was waved above the crowd and a voice called out "Musin, Musin!" and who should appear but these same friends of ours. One day on a Broadway car in New York a gentleman stepped up to me and said:—"How do you do, Mr. Musin? I had the pleasure of hearing you play way out in Singapore and felt that I must shake hands with you." Such encounters are very pleasant and by no means rare occurrences to artists who have traveled far; but the most amusing incident of the kind occurred when I was out in Java. I met a gentleman who said:—"Mr. Musin, I heard your father play in Amsterdam several times, many years ago." "But," said I, "my father was never a violinist! It was I whom you heard." His astonishment might have been attributed either to the early age at which I began my career, or might I attribute it as flattering my still youthful appearance? At any rate this little incident helped

to fill our concert hall, as the gentleman related his mistake to people he happened to meet,— but to return to Japan.

The cards which I had left for the dignitaries at the different legations brought theirs in return to my hotel, and soon the concerts and social affairs were in full swing in Yokohama and Tokio.

Baron d'Anethan, Belgian ambassador at the capital, notified me that by order of his Majesty, the Mikado, we were to appear at the Royal Palace at a certain hour of an afternoon. It may interest my lady readers to know that Mrs. Musin ordered a new gown in honor of the occasion, the material of which was white Japanese silk crêpe, artistically embroidered with ivy leaves and the blossoms of a flower resembling the daisy. This material, which was very expensive, was made up into a dress, a copy of one of her Paris gowns, by a Chinese man dress-maker in twenty-four hours, without a fitting. The fact is that the Chinese are so expert that when given a model they copy it exactly, to the smallest detail (including the holes, it is said). At any rate the dress was a great success, but we found out afterwards that my wife, by choosing white, had clothed herself in mourning, according to the Japanese custom, which came from ignorance on our part. However, there was a mantle worn over it of white brocade, lined with rose, which relieved our minds somewhat. We arrived at the hotel in Tokio and were notified that the carriage of the Mikado would come for us, in which we would be escorted to the Palace by an official of the Court.

On the way our attention was attracted to passers-by who, on seeing the carriage, suddenly dropped on their

knees. What could that mean? Could it be an honor paid to the itinerant musicians inside? On arriving at the entrance to the Palace, the doors were opened, and we were ushered into a long and lofty hall, on either side of which were lines of lackeys or footmen, clothed in red coats, white satin knee breeches, and white stockings (standing about 12 feet apart), who saluted profoundly, one after the other, as we passed through to a reception salon beyond. These men were very tall, handsome Japanese people and, by the way, one of our first impressions of the Japanese was that they were by no means the "little people" in stature which we had expected to see, from common report. In the reception room there were a few pieces of furniture of exquisite workmanship, the ceiling and walls paneled with marvelous brocades or embroidered silks, the draperies of the windows being equally rich. The general tone was subdued, not gaudy, and artistically perfect. We waited there for a time until the Master of Ceremonies came to conduct us to the Grand Salon. This was a neat room, well lighted and remarkable principally for the ornamental woodwork of walls and ceiling. An immense dark blue vase was on our right as we entered, and on our left a Steinway Grand Piano, the case of which was elaborately decorated — a Steinway master-piece. The ladies of the court were seated on one side of the room and the gentlemen stood on the other side, a hundred perhaps in all. A golden chair placed somewhat back of the center of the room awaited the Empress, and when their Majesties appeared the company made obeisance, and the Master of Ceremonies advanced and requested us to begin. Our pianist

played first and did full justice to the Steinway Grand, but silence was his reward. If my violin awoke a responsive chord in the breast of their Majesties, no signal was given for applause, and neither to the singing of my wife, who warbled away like a bird notwithstanding the icy atmosphere. This chilly atmosphere was due to court etiquette, and we were requested to give several more selections, which proved that they were interested at any rate. The Master of Ceremonies thereupon came and escorted us one after the other to a certain distance from their Majesties where we salaamed profoundly and repeatedly as we retired walking backward to our place. On glancing up while arising from our last salutation, we saw the golden chair was vacant. Their Majesties had disappeared.

The ice broke with a crash, a babbling of voices arose and we were surrounded by charming ladies clothed in beautiful dresses of a mode at least ten years earlier, and the gentlemen in regulation afternoon costume, all speaking French or English, or both, with ease. All doubt as to their interest and pleasure at our music was dispersed; and we were ushered to an adjoining salon where a collation of delicious food and rare wines and tea was served with bountiful hospitality. This unique and delightful experience was capped by a present from the Mikado, presented to me through the Master of Ceremonies, a package done up in Royal Vellum and sealed with the Royal Seal which, when opened later, I found to contain a goodly number of Japanese bank notes.

The money was spent; but we kept the vellum as a precious souvenir. The Baron and Baroness d'Anethan

took us home with them to dinner and this was followed by a charming reception.

In a day or so Lord Sutton, the British Ambassador, invited us to another grand reception at his place, and so it went, round after round of delightful entertainment. We shall never forget the many friends who gave us such good times in Japan. At another dinner and reception given us by Vicomte de Labry, French Attaché Militaire to the Crown Prince (the present Mikado), several princesses and others of the Japanese nobility, distinguished generals, etc., were present. While staying that night as guests we were awakened by a terrible noise, comparable only to the roar and clatter of several express trains at once, approaching and rushing over an iron bridge, with characteristic crescendo and diminuendo. The floor of our room rose and fell in waves so that as we jumped from bed it was almost impossible to keep one's feet.

"An earthquake!" we exclaimed, and it surely was 'some' quake. Everything was serene in the morning, however, and the people were calmly at work as though nothing had happened.

We gave concerts in several other places in Japan, and then went to Shanghai by boat, stopping long enough in the harbor of Nagasaki to give a concert which was well attended by foreign residents and the officers from the men-of-war of different nationalities gathered in the harbor, including many from the American Asiatic squadron. We dressed for the concert in our cabins aboard ship, descending the ladder to crawl, nearly on all fours, under the hood of the small boats called sampans, to be

paddled ashore; from that into jinrikshas, pulled by one Japanese runner and pushed from the rear by another, and we quickly arrived at the hall. The ship, a fine one of the Japanese line, was not to leave for Shanghai until the next afternoon, and this permitted us to see Nagasaki in the morning.

While the town, the harbor, filled with men-of-war of all types and nationalities, the view of the coast, were highly picturesque, the things which claimed our closest attention were the shops where the gorgeous display of art, in bronze, ivory, jade, silver, gold, cloisonne, lacquer, silks and embroideries and paintings done with silks and pigments, was in such profusion and transcendental beauty, impossible to describe, that we could tear ourselves away only with great difficulty. Marvelous artists, the Japanese; no one who has not visited the shops in Nagasaki can form a conception of the almost overpowering beauty and richness of the display. The shops, here as elsewhere in Japan, are not large, nor are they built in the style of department stores; but the artistic grouping and sequence in material, color and form, leads one on fairly hypnotized. And then the difficulty in making a choice! — better by far to carry the whole establishment away with us. But time and tide wait for no man, nor woman either; and promising ourselves to return sometime, somehow, we made a plunge for the sampan and were paddled back to the ship.

CHAPTER XVI

SHANGHAI

THE night before, while asleep in her cabin, my wife had a prophetic dream. In the dream she was lying in the lower berth of this identical cabin, which was on the upper promenade deck, was commodious and comfortable; our steamer trunks and valises arranged as they were in reality, about the room — when the vessel seemed to roll heavily to one side. She could hear the waves strike the ship, the waters apparently dashing over the decks, slapping against the door. After a little the ship rolled so far over that water soused in under the door, and rushing with a hissing sound over the carpet, rose so high, that the baggage began floating about. How it came out Mrs. Musin does not recall; but in the following experience the dream storm became a reality. We left Nagasaki in the afternoon, steaming calmly out along the picturesque coast, the sun shining brightly and agreeably warm from toward the west. As we got farther out from land we saw small sailing vessels, with very high round prows, rising and falling, turned this way and that by a choppy sea. Their shape enabled such very small boats to go far out to sea without danger. We supposed the wind would go down by sunset; but on the contrary it grew stronger and the waters more troubled, until those inclined to be ill discreetly sought their cabins, and at last the captain and I were the only ones left in

the smoking room on deck. We had about three days and nights of rolling and tossing on the Yellow Sea, before we reached Shanghai — heavy seas breaking over the ship and flooding the cabin and floating the baggage about. The Japanese stewardesses and stewards won our gratitude for tactful, indefatigable attentions. The captain brought Mrs. Musin around from her sea-sickness by giving me a few drops of very old brandy with which he told me to moisten her lips. This seemed to rally her forces, so that we were on deck as we approached our new stopping place.

In Shanghai the weather was still wintry. The Chinamen of means were wearing rich furs, or silk coats lined with fur, ornamented with quantities of sable tails hanging from the border in a fringe. They are big men, some of them very, very tall, as high as seven feet, I should say. The coolies and runners for the rickshaws, who go with their throats and chests bare, even in winter, are strong fellows. The rickshaws are double the size of those in Japan. Two people, not too bulky, can ride comfortably in one, whereas in Japan each person had his own baby carriage. We gave a series of concerts here. There were a greater number of foreigners to attend the concerts, but the Chinamen were not attracted as were many Japanese of the cultured class, and Chinese women are rarely seen anywhere.

Chinese architecture is more massive than Japanese and peculiar to itself. There are beautiful gardens, tea houses, and the interiors of private houses are gorgeously furnished and decorated. A strange new world to us; and the people are extraordinarily intelligent; but they are

given at times to drawing their own conclusions in a way quite disconcerting when they do not correctly interpret our language.

As an instance, we started out one morning to visit the shops. On this occasion we got into palanquins instead of rickshaws. The strong young fellows who were to bear us nodded and smiled knowingly at the directions given, and started at a brisk trot away from the direction in which we supposed the shops to be; but, feeling confidence in their knowledge of their own town, we said nothing as they trotted up one street and down another, until quite out of breath, they deposited us in front of a door which stood open, giving a view through a corridor into a garden at the rear. We entered, but no one was in sight, neither the piles of silks, satins and beautiful grass linens we had expected to see. A Chinese woman came from a door on the side, leading a child whose nose was half eaten away by cancer. Horrified, we were about to leave, when a young Chinaman appeared who asked if we wished the doctor. "The doctor? Oh no! We want to do some shopping."

"But this is a hospital," he said.

Our palanquin bearers looked rather sheepish as the young doctor explained where we wished to be taken. We, no doubt, looked pale and fatigued, my wife at least, after such a terrible voyage, and they, thinking that she wished to see a doctor, promptly and obligingly took her to the hospital.

From Shanghai we took a boat down the coast to Hongkong. For a description of this great city and that of Canton, it would be better to read a guide book;

for my impressions and observations were necessarily casual and limited to a few days filled with a rush of visitors, entertainments and dinners, besides our concerts. We were suddenly plunged into summer weather, and light clothing became a necessity. Chinese tailors presented themselves, took measurements, and in the space of a few hours a dozen new suits of linen and silk were ready for me to wear! They must be magicians, these Chinese tailors! for without the fatiguing process of trying on, cutting off, taking in or letting down; without delay, there you are, fitted exactly and everything to your satisfaction, including the price. What a paradise as to clothes! Where would New York tailoring establishments be, were a few such Chinese to establish themselves here, with their scientific and economical system of measurement and cutting, their energy and dispatch, not to mention their skill with the needle. The most intricate stitches in embroidery have no secrets for the needlemen of China. Masterpieces in screens, portières, panels, table covers, shawls and other articles of dress, are the work of men who copy the beautiful in nature with fidelity to form, perspective, color and shading, simply ravishing to behold. A wonderful people! What learning one must needs possess to comprehend something of the history of their development in past ages,—in religion, philosophy, science and art, the beginning of which, according to Chinese chronology, goes back a hundred thousand years. Of course there will always exist a degree of knowledge and culture possessed only by the few and as long as the world lasts all men will never become equal.

No doubt the Chinese people in ancient times attained

as near as possible the ideal of universal peace, universal as far as their vast country was concerned, after ages of development, by the inculcation of the religious and moral ideas of Taoism and the teachings of Confucius, aided by the practical measure of building the great Wall to keep out barbarian trouble makers. It is not to be doubted that in other countries the example and teachings of Jesus Christ and his apostles have gradually raised humanity very largely to a higher spiritual plane in the aggregate; but when one thinks of the vast ages of human history that have rolled slowly past and realizes that even now in the twentieth century mankind is still to a large extent dominated by the animal, in the same old struggle for existence, one can only ask an explanation from the psychologist. It seems to be a law of nature that every living being born into the world must begin, each and every one, at the beginning, and is able to learn only what it is taught, physically, morally, mentally, rising to a certain degree of development, while possibly the next generation may swing down and back, in the perpetual motion of the wheels of time.

Classes will always exist, and in China to-day, in spite of ages of development, there are parts of the country where it is dangerous for foreigners to venture. Take Canton, for instance. We were advised not to go alone outside the foreign settlements. We saw thousands of people living in boats in the Canton river, by means of fishing, where they were packed together like sardines.

We went from Hongkong up to Canton in a fine side-wheel steamer. While we were in Hongkong there was an epidemic of bubonic plague. An American doctor was

there studying the disease. When we took a boat over to Manila (a very small, uncomfortable one too) after a tiresome voyage, we were held up in quarantine for five insufferably hot days, out in the harbor, on account of the plague in China. No one had been ill, but the crew were Chinese — we were under suspicion, and not permitted to land. It was a very wearing experience, particularly as the captain took that occasion to go on a terrible spree, and badly frightened the lady passengers. He came to himself, however, just as we were accorded permission to disembark.

MANILA

It was very hot in the town and there was little comfort to be had and little pleasure either. The American Consul at Barcelona had been killed and it was reported that we were an American company. We were advised not to give any concerts for fear of an antipathetic demonstration. We had an occasion to see how badly the people could treat even Spanish artists at the theater on the night of our arrival. The prima donna soprano of the Zarzuela company had not been paid and she refused to go on until the money was forthcoming. The theater was packed and the people waited patiently for a time; but losing patience at the delay, they began to get angry, calling out and stamping their feet. At last the manager appeared before the footlights and explained that the prima donna refused to appear. Thereupon the wildest sort of an uproar followed which finally brought the lady singer to the stage; but at the sight of her the uproar doubled in violence, with hootings, hissings, cries of "De fuera!

de fuera!" and insulting remarks flung at her from all quarters. The lady stood perfectly still and with bent head took it all. When the storm of abuse had exhausted itself the orchestra struck up and she began her part, and she happening to be a favorite, they soon forgot their anger and applauded her as heartily as they had just been cursing her a few moments before. The audience did not propose to be cheated out of their entertainment, irrespective of the rights or wrongs of the prima donna.

At any rate they gave us an inkling as to what that public could do if in an ugly mood and we were half tempted to abandon our plans, but as our attraction would appeal only to the cultured class we decided to risk it. We concocted a scheme of retaliation, however, in case we were assailed by rotten eggs or the like. Nothing disagreeable happened, however, and on the contrary we found the usual cultured cosmopolitan crowd, polite and enthusiastic. Those of us who had first to face the audience had no idea, of course, as to what sort of greeting they would receive, and to tell the truth we were a little disappointed, for our blood was up for a fight; and my wife was especially so, for she had placed a small American flag in the front of her dress and had learned a little speech in Spanish which she intended to hurl at the roughs, while waving the flag under their noses, if they dared to insult her country.

Affairs being in such an unsettled state in Manila we decided to hasten our departure. Three or four things impressed me at that time, first the insignificance of the Spanish men-of-war in the harbor (the units of the squadrons of other nations being busy at the time watch-

ing one another like cats over in the harbor of Nagasaki); second, the heat; third, the native women, walking along smoking immense black cigars; and fourth, the cigars. I received presents of choice manilas in boxes by the hundreds. A veritable cargo we took away with us.

The trip over to Singapore was necessarily on a small dirty boat, there being no other available. The pumps had to be worked night and day to keep us afloat. One day there would be a bad list to one side and the next day to the other so that most of the time it was impossible to walk on deck. Luckily no storm came up or nothing could have prevented our going to the bottom.

SINGAPORE

This large city impresses one at once as being clean, well built and in the style of the British, very orderly and sanitary. The streets of the foreign quarters and shopping district are wide and there are wide verandas to the hotels; and plenty of small lizards running over the walls of the rooms, hiding behind pictures, and suddenly darting out to devour an insect of one sort or another; but there are no mosquitoes. Freedom from this pest is due to the lizards, which are harmless to humans but the deadly enemy of flies and mosquitoes, and for that reason these little beasts of prey are not molested or killed off. In Honolulu where the small lizards have been so largely exterminated mosquitoes are a fearful pest.

The weather is very warm and moist in Singapore, but the concerts were given to packed houses, and as this city is the concentrating point of ocean traffic from Japan, Java, Australia and the West by all the big liners and

smaller ones from localities nearer at hand, one might count on a crowd at every concert, not to mention the residentials.

Nothing out of the ordinary transpired here. We met a lot of charming people socially and were much interested in noticing the immense variety of races seen on the streets gathered from all the countries round about.

The usual bevy of Malay boy swimmers paddled about our boat, diving for money thrown to them into the water, when we took our departure for Java on a wonderful old boat, one of the earliest built for steam navigation. If I remember rightly it had been an ocean liner, but in its old age had been transferred to the more peaceful waters between Sumatra and Borneo to ply between Singapore, at the tip of the Malay peninsula, and Batavia, on the Island of Java. The trimmings of this ship were of teak wood and the brass highly polished, and the deck was as large as a ballroom; where, under canvas, we could sit all day long and enjoy the passing panorama, or cast an eye into the engine room and watch the rhythmical movements of the mechanism all highly polished and everything as neat as wax. The cabins just below the deck were immense. Ours had berths running both lengthwise and crosswise of the ship, the idea of the designer being that if a sea were on which would make the ship plunge with her nose in the waves, rising and falling, one could use the berths running lengthwise; and if the ship were rolling from side to side one could shift to those which ran crosswise of the ship, and thus be in a position to adapt the body to the motion and thus withstand seasickness. This is the secret of avoiding "mal-de-mer,"

In the cabins of modern ocean greyhounds aside from the cabins de luxe no such foresight for the comfort of passengers has been taken into account, but one may have resort to a long deck chair which can be turned in any direction desired, in ordinary weather at least.

Here we were once more crossing the Equator. It is a curious fact that we found it not so warm just on the line, but the heat increased rapidly at about 8 or 10 degrees on either side of it, in the torrid zone. We were in sight of land much of the voyage, sailing between islands whose spicy fragrance was wafted towards us; and beyond were distant mountains. All was beautiful — very, very beautiful. The waters would take different tints, suddenly changing from limpid green or blue to a clear dark coffee color.

CHAPTER XVII

JAVA

WE reached Batavia very shortly, and were greeted with rumors of war. Troops were being hurried over to Sumatra to quell uprisings of the natives. Lying only a few degrees below the Equator one would expect the climate of Java to be unbearably hot; but the wealthy Dutch merchants and their families have intelligently adapted their mode of life and dress to the conditions and by following the customs of the natives wherever possible, one can be fairly comfortable. It was permissible to appear until tiffin in a loose jacket of white linen and a cotton shirt or native sarong, held in place by a scarf, straw sandals, and no stockings. Gentlemen wore pajamas until noon; in fact no one dressed until luncheon. Every one was up at a very early hour striding to the baths before daybreak, after which some black coffee, very bad too, I recall, and then off for the morning constitutional, riding, driving or walking in the cool of the early morning. The baths were an oriental contrivance of stone jars and cups, and were refreshing, surely. One would take a bath at least three times between morning and night. The beds were simply fine matting drawn between or attached to four posters over which linen sheets were thrown. A few pillows and mosquito netting finishes the picture. There are few troublesome insects where the

lizards are not molested and I have no recollections of passing sleepless nights as I did in Honolulu, where the mosquitoes are a fearful pest.

After lunch or tiffin the populace disappeared for a nap, after which the procession to the baths began once more and then one dressed for dinner and as lightly as possible, of course, although I saw several ladies (would-be leaders of fashion perhaps) arrayed of an afternoon in dresses made of Scotch woolen plaid, and for the evening other ladies wore the heaviest satin brocades. Needless to say that they were sweltering, and I consider that this was carrying the vanity of dress with a high hand and a higher temperature.

In the evening after dinner one resorted to the clubs or sat on the verandas in long chairs under the low thatched roofs, drinking cooling ades of one sort or another and listening to the lizards calling to their mates instead of the nightingales, when suddenly from the thatch above one's head a hoarse croak would be heard calling "TAC-KAW! TAC-KAW!" with downward inflexion ending in a click as the jaws of the creature snapped together. This made one who was not accustomed to such noises rather nervous, not knowing either but what one might light on one's head at any moment; but on reflection we decided there was little difference between such lizards and frogs and both are harmless creatures.

Arrangements had been made for our first concert in Batavia and the date announced when I had a mishap to my violin which forced me to postpone it a week. My violin had simply oozed apart, the moist heat being too

much for the glue of the temperate zone. Fortunately a gentleman had a wonderful glue suited to a tropical climate and the pieces were put together again, but a week was necessary for it to solidify sufficiently.

Meantime the mishap and the postponement, being noised abroad, worked to our good, and when we finally appeared it was in a theater filled to its capacity with the élite of the city.

THE BARABOEDOER TEMPLE

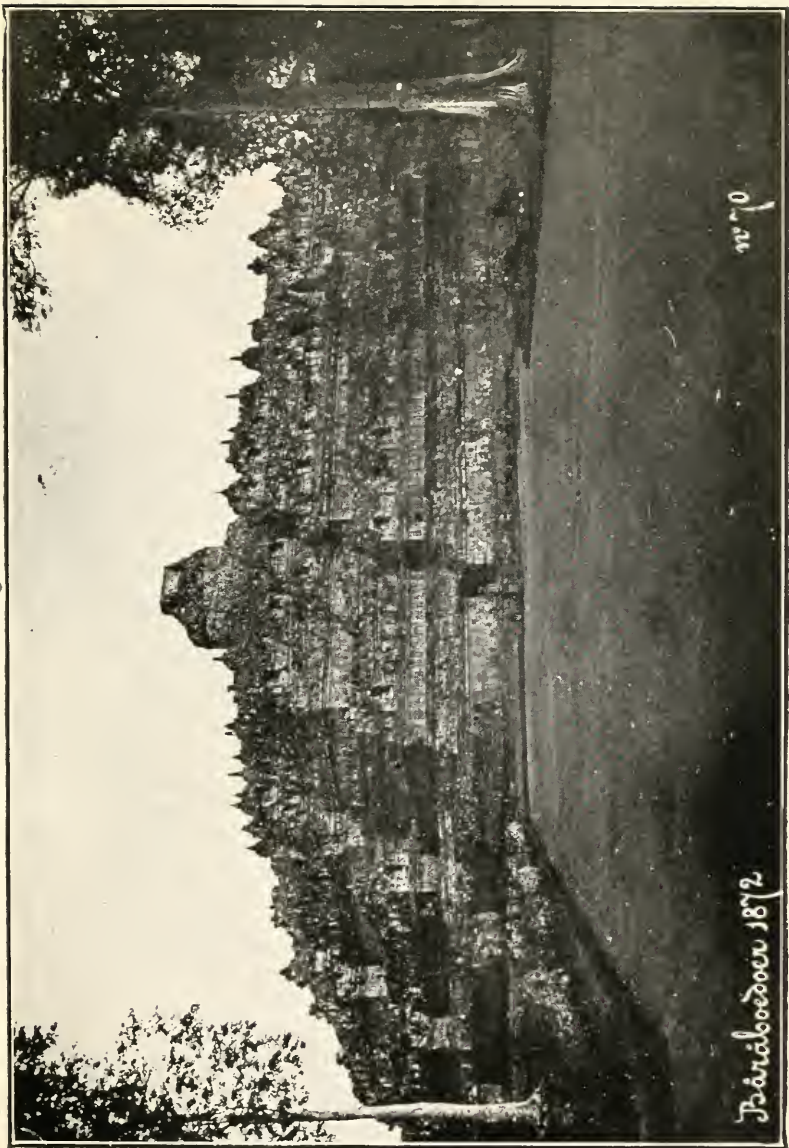
Another event of immense interest was our trip to see the wonderful Temple of Baraboedoer, five square terraces and three circular, together with the dome, having been excavated from the ground, where it had been buried for ages, and on which had grown gigantic trees.

This is, no doubt, a temple erected by Buddhists, and, in fact, in hundreds of niches at intervals along the different terraces are seated statues of Buddha resembling those of China and Japan, but minus the long enveloping robe which even poetic license would not allow in the warm climate of Java; but having the same form of head-dress and a similar manner of holding the hands.

But in the dome of the Temple, seated on an elaborately carved throne upon tufted cushions, is a statue of a god more than life-size, with a high crown, encrusted with jewels, and immediately in the front of it one can see a Buddha in miniature, set in like a cameo. Who was this God?

Who was he? Some one has said it represents Vishnu. But Vishnu had four arms, if I am not mistaken.

This great Temple, like that of Solomon, was built



Барибодеву 1872

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without cement, every stone being cut and placed together with marvelous exactitude.

Perhaps the Chinese could tell us something of its history and meaning. One large bas-relief represents a Chinese warrior on horseback, his spear poised, in a wild dash among warriors of another race. What was this Chinaman doing on the scene?

While very little is actually known about this wonderful Temple, we might imagine that the beginning of its construction started with the advent of Buddhism instead of being a product of the eighth or ninth century, at the beginning of its decline.

There is considerable mystery as to the originator of Baraboedoer. It is known, however, that a third great synod of Buddhists in the time of Asoka, about 264 B. C., decided to spread Buddhism abroad, and that Java came under its influence.

In Java all was lovely and peaceful, where modern devices are in no way requisite to happiness. Here everything grows spontaneously with rich profusion without hard labor. Here the people could perceive the workings of the Creator in all things, from the shaking of the earth, the pillars of fire and smoke of their volcanoes, the perpetual motion of budding to ripening fruits, grains and flowers in a continual harvest; the transformative power given to insects to appear as leaves of plants, and fly away like butterflies; and others to appear, in the act of self-preservation, as the stem or twig of a bush, which we discovered to be an intelligent, living thing with big eyes, when, as we touched it, its head was turned to regard us. And such delectable fruits. The mangosteen, inside

its shell frost white lumps of sherbet flavored with citron, strawberries and roses. The jelly of the passion flower! ambrosia of the Gods! in a snow-white chalice. The luscious mangoes and many other fruits unknown outside of Java—a veritable garden of Eden. And why should it have been thought necessary to send Buddhist missionaries to save a people who were already in a heaven of their own? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that blessed as they had been with every earthly good, they were equally enlightened in a spiritual sense and that the religion called Buddhism originated there in Java? and that the missionaries went forth from Java to convert the world to the west, to the Indus, and north to China and Tibet and Japan? spreading into other countries on the way? It was the most salubrious climate in the world for the beginning of anything and everything, and with which no other country on the face of the globe can bear comparison. To my mind it is even more logical to suppose the Garden of Eden to have been located here, rather than in the Euphrates valley.

There are ruins of many other temples in different parts of Java but we could not spare the time necessary to visit them. If I have given too lengthy a description of Baraboedoer, it is for the reason that it is called the eighth wonder of the world, and comparatively few people have seen it.

A Tiger Feast was to occur shortly at a place to which we journeyed. At Soerabaya, while visiting at the palace of the Regent, we were escorted to the garden where there was a collection of these wild beasts which had been caught in traps. As we stood by the cage of a gorgeous

young tiger, he suddenly became enraged at our intrusion, and with a fearful scream he hurled himself with terrific force against the bars. Thereupon it was a sprint for life by the whole party, the host in the lead. Fortunately the cage was strong enough, and we were not chewed to bits.

Out in front of the palace is a great field, or green, surrounded by dense thicket and tall trees. At the feast time all the tigers which have been caught, are placed in cages in a line at the farther end of the field. Native soldiers were lined up around the field, and when the cages were opened the tigers, knowing themselves at liberty, rushed out by leaps and bounds, and as they dashed toward the soldiers, they were received on the points of their spears. Of course, there were many more men than tigers; but it was, nevertheless, an exciting fight; and not all the men came off whole, but all the tigers were sooner or later exterminated.

The true Javanese were literary and musical and have retained and cultivated the arts. There is the Topeng, maintained by native princes, and the native orchestra consists of sets of gongs, struck with wooden sticks and instruments made of strips of wood and metal of different lengths, mounted on a frame. The Topeng, a sort of classical lyric drama, accompanied by singing and orchestra, and the masked puppet dramas, are said to have been in existence long before the invasion of the Arabs and Mohammedanism. Their music is harmonious, weird and sweet, very often in the minor key. One sees depicted on the bas-reliefs of Baraboedoe the dancing girls, called *bedaya*, as seen to-day, very graceful and charming, clad in sarong and scarf.

An experience in Java occurred on the morning of the date on which we were to appear at the entertainment for the King of Siam, at Buitenzorg. My wife awoke feeling very ill with all the symptoms of the grippe. It was impossible for her to speak above a whisper. I asked the proprietor of the hotel to recommend a doctor and he said: —

“Try one of these native doctors; they are wonderful.”

My wife was skeptical, but consented to try one, and in a few moments, in came a little native woman, who passed her hands gently about my wife's throat, chest and head. Turning her over on her face, the woman pressed her hands for a moment over the back of her head and neck. The whole treatment did not last even five minutes. When the woman had gone, I went in to Mrs. Musin and said: —

“Well, how are you?” She replied in a voice perfectly clear:

“Why! I'm all right! I feel perfectly well,” and, in fact, what would ordinarily have become an illness of a week or ten days was cured like magic.¹

My wife took breakfast and afterward began to sing, and in the evening was never in better voice. This experience seemed to us really magical. Is this the healing spoken of in the Bible, “by laying on of hands”? The sequel is, that while the woman was pressing her hands

¹ Abrams, in his work “Progressive Spondylotherapy,” page 67, says “The Royal Touch, and the laying on of hands for the cure of disease may be regarded as mythical by those who are ignorant of the visceral reflexes and the potency of human energy.”

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over the head, my wife told me she thought for a moment that she must be delirious, for she saw the strangest figures rise before her eyes, figures of dark gray stone, like idols, stained with green. They seemed to be half hidden in dark green grass or undergrowth.

Well, the day after as we were on our journey to Baraboedoer, we stopped in the heat of the day to take rest and refreshment, and in the cool of the afternoon we strolled over into the forest where hundreds of monkeys were climbing about. We continued along a path into the denser shade, when suddenly my wife paused and exclaimed: —

“Look! look there! There are the strange figures which I saw when the woman was touching my head.”

We examined them closely, and they were no doubt idols or images of what are saints in the religion of the natives. Was the woman praying to the patron saint to cure my wife? and did she see telepathically the images in the woman's mind?

For a concert company to be successful in Java you have to appear first in Batavia, and if the criticisms are good there you will have big houses throughout the Island. The papers in Batavia are printed in the Dutch language, of course, and the opinion of the Batavian critics prevails in the other towns.

The two largest and most important cities are Batavia and Soerabaya, both being seaports; but there are many smaller towns which can be played with profit on account of the clubs where the wealthy planters and commercial people congregate in the evenings, so that if the neighborhood is at all populous one is sure of a good house and

an appreciative audience as well, for the Dutch are music lovers and good musicians; and, furthermore, the clubs give a guarantee, and if, for any special reason, the receipts are not up to the guarantee the sum is paid, and if the receipts are above the guarantee the club gives you the surplus, as there is no one in the club to profit from the affair. This happened to me several times and I must say the receipts were never once less than the guarantee but the amount paid me was several times double the guarantee. This is an ideal arrangement for artists and probably unique, as I never encountered it before in all my travels.

The trains in Java do not run at night as the engineers and other employees are natives and the Government is very careful not to put themselves in danger of uprisings and depredations from the native element; and at night every Malay is obliged to carry a lighted lantern in going anywhere, or be fined. This regulation was established as many people were killed by the natives, who would hide themselves in the bushes, and taking one unawares would step up from behind and stab the person in the back with their kris.

We gave concerts in Batavia and might have continued them indefinitely with success had not the Society of Amateurs been giving their performance of "Faust," the date for which had been fixed before our arrival, so we could not have the theater. In fact, we were also carrying away considerable guilders which ought by rights to support the opera. Therefore, we left for other parts, but this amateur performance was extraordinary, as the principals, chorus, ballet and orchestra were composed

entirely of amateurs. I do not believe this could have been duplicated anywhere, but the Hollanders are very good musicians, you know.

Certain experiences in Java stand out prominently in my memory, one the visit of the King and Queen of Siam and the Court. A grand entertainment was arranged in their honor at Buitenzorg, at which we appeared. His Majesty, the Queen and Court occupied the front rows of seats and there was a gorgeous display of toilettes and jewels. The Siamese ladies were chewing, not tobacco or gum, but the betel nut, which had so blackened their teeth that when they smiled or opened their mouth in conversation, one saw nothing but a black hole. The effect was very strange, and it was quite fascinating to watch with what grace and dexterity they would surreptitiously expectorate into some bejeweled receptacle. The King was starting out on his tour of the world. He was dark-skinned, rather tall and slender, with a fine face and intellectual forehead. He smiled very genially at some of our displays of technic, and afterwards sent us some tokens of appreciation in the form of very ancient coins of pure gold, made into jewelry.

We gave forty concerts in Java inside of two months, and then went back to Singapore on our way to Rangoon; but for a week or more I had been tormented with prickly-heat, which is prevalent in the Island amongst transients not accustomed to the climate. You can buy a long stick with claws on the end with which to scratch your back, which is very comforting for the moment; but the only effective relief is the shower bath, in which I spent considerable time half a dozen times a day. Hearing that

Rangoon was even hotter than Batavia, I decided to cancel Rangoon and find out if there was likely to be a steamer at Singapore going to Australia, where it would be the winter season. In this I was lucky, for a big steamer, coming from Calcutta and bound for Freemantle on the west coast of Australia, would leave Singapore in two days. We took passage at once and when we got on board we found there were besides our party four other passengers (two were going to the gold fields of West Australia), and fifty-eight camels which were actually in possession of the best part of the deck, just amidships, nicely covered over in case of bad weather. We had to accept cabins quite at the stern of the vessel and face the camels all through the journey, unless we resigned ourselves to riding backward with our faces to the rudder. This was a disappointing feature of the trip, although camels are interesting creatures; but to get rid of the prickly-heat I felt willing to make any sacrifice, even to enduring the camels. The practice with the claw scratcher was not bad for my bow arm, however; but I could get no sleep at night on account of the torment. Another thing which wore on the nerves of the whole party, including the camels, was a continual hammering on metal for hours and hours at a stretch. The mate had put some of the sailors to work chipping off the rust from the metalwork of the ship and this ear-splitting noise became unbearable; but we had to stand it for several days until the job was finished.

The journey from Singapore to Freemantle took nine days, eight of which were hot and very calm. We passed the time as best we could, two of the passengers and my-

self playing interminable rounds at cribbage. On the way down from Singapore, out into the Indian Ocean, through the Straits of Sunda, we passed by the volcanic Island Krakatoa, the eruption of which caused that terrible cataclysm of 1883 in which, we were told, sixty thousand persons were wiped out of existence almost instantaneously. The captain of our ship was the first to navigate through those waters two days after the eruption of the volcano, which cast more than half of the Island to the bottom of the sea, creating a tidal wave which swept boats of all kinds, including ocean-going ships, high on the bluffs, leaving them there hundreds of feet above; the wreckage of some of them still remained. The captain said the water was several feet thick with volcanic dust and thousands of corpses of men and animals, so that it was almost impossible for the ship to make any headway. We soon came in sight of the half of the Island which had not been submerged in the earthquake and eruption, and the central cone containing the crater of the volcano was still smoking, sending up at regular intervals puffs of smoke, just as before the terrible explosion.

The scene was superbly beautiful, the waters clear and calm, the coast once more covered with verdant vegetation, but the tall tower of the light-house nearly opposite, which was not destroyed, was still marked by the black line which showed how high the tidal wave had reached in that mad upheaval.

One of the passengers who had been there at the time told how he escaped death. There had been some earthquake shocks for several days previous to the great ex-

plosion, but the latter came without warning, he said. "It happened on a Sunday when everything was lovely and peaceful, and I had strolled up the hill away from my bungalow where I sat down to watch the boats out on the water. Krakatoa was peacefully smoking his pipe, and the waters smooth as satin; when I gazed at the boats they seemed to be rising as if on an immense swell of the ocean, but before I could grasp what it meant there came the explosion, half of the island fell into the sea, the whole heavens were black with dust and ashes and hot stones fell all about me in showers and the sulphurous gases nearly suffocated me. I must have lost consciousness but when I came to myself that peaceful scene had been blotted out and everything was a mass of smoking ruins, an Inferno in reality. I picked myself up after a while and crawled back inland, but not a living thing was to be seen for mile after mile — everything was destroyed, and covered with hot ashes. It is even to-day a mystery to me how I got far enough inland to be saved. The horrible transformation, wrought like the biblical 'crack of doom' 'in the twinkling of an eye,' was more than mortal mind could grasp at once and many a time the vision of the peaceful Sabbath morning comes back to me in contrast to that other of death and desolation."

Well, there we were sailing past all that was left of Krakatoa, and from its crater went up regular puffs of smoke into the transparent air as the sun began sinking slowly behind the mountains. It was very difficult to believe the horrible tale of destruction wrought by the gods Chaos, Erebus, Vulcan, in a culmination of wrath upon helpless humanity. I had accounts at first hand

from two who went through the experience and they said the sky was as black as night in towns far away like Batavia and others. And yet in a few years Nature had obliterated all the scars and caused trees and flowers to grow and bloom again.

On the ninth day of our journey the wind began to rise and the sea to roughen and we were evidently in for a storm. The night was rough but the next morning the sea was somewhat calmer, but as we approached the port of Freemantle the Captain told me he feared he would not be able to land, as the waters are shallow and it is dangerous for the ships; but a smaller steamer came alongside ours to take off the passengers; however, to board it was not easy. We managed to transfer ourselves without mishap, but that small steamer danced, I can tell you, and we finally reached the quay without our trunks and only such small hand baggage as we could carry. We had to wait three days before the storm abated enough to get our trunks off the ship. The hotel was just near the port, and we could see our ship in the distance, fighting the waves, and feel the wind shaking our windows and rattling our doors. It was very cold, too,—winter weather, and my prickly-heat disappeared altogether.

CHAPTER XVIII

AUSTRALIA AGAIN

THE boat which took us from Singapore to West Australia, landing us at Freemantle, went no farther along the coast of Australia, as it made the round trip from West Australia to Calcutta, and to get to other cities we had to take a train to Albany, the principal port of Western Australia.

As the names of my concert company appeared in the papers amongst the list of passengers from India, the manager of the opera house at Coolgardie came to see me when we were in Perth (the capital of West Australia), and proposed that we should give a series of twenty or thirty concerts in that part of the country, and as he had no other attraction just at that time, he could devote his full time and attention to our tour. I accepted his proposition and we were at once booked for five towns, Perth, Freemantle, Albany, Calgoolie, and Coolgardie.

Western Australia was dead before the discovery of gold at Calgoolie and Coolgardie, and we arrived at the beginning of the "big boom" of the gold mines which proved to be immensely rich.

As we were well known, this being my second tour in Australia, all the newspapers gave us considerable free advertising and our arrival was widely announced, during the time that our trunks were dancing on the ship out in the harbor of Freemantle. I was really worried at the

violence of the storm which lasted three days; for had the vessel gone down all of our music and wardrobes would have been lost; but on the third day the storm began to abate and in time our trunks and the fifty-eight camels were safely landed.

Our first concert was given in Perth, just one week after landing, and we then went back to Freemantle for one concert. We then returned to Perth for a second concert which was under the patronage of the Governor. The Opera House was packed from pit to dome and the audience most enthusiastic. We then left for the gold fields, where our living expenses were big; but as the prices charged for tickets were proportionately large the matter was evened up.

One room — rather small — with a small fire cost \$10.00 a day; but a small room with no fire and a petroleum lamp at night, cost \$5.00. The receipts at the concerts were large, however, and as it was a difficult matter any way to find comfortable quarters in those mining towns we were well satisfied with what we got in the way of accommodations.

The prices for the tickets to the concerts were a pound, ten shillings, and five shillings — (five dollars, two and a half and one twenty-five a seat).

The mining towns of Calgoolie and Coolgardie were most orderly, there seeming to be no rough element whatever; but those Britishers who were intensely interested in the gold question were (as the British are everywhere in the world) great lovers of good music, and there was no limit to the enthusiasm, having been so long deprived of hearing any in that far off country.

We gave eight concerts at the gold fields, and the night before we left, a reception was given in our honor, at the opera house. The chairs were removed and a banquet table installed, from which was served a magnificent supper. Champagne flowed like water, and many speeches were made complimenting our company, to which we responded with heartfelt thanks. They had not as yet heard enough of our music and requests were made for still one more program, which we gave with great pleasure; for there is nothing which will warm the heart of an artist like real appreciation.

We left the gold fields and returned to Perth, where we gave a third concert which was again attended by the Governor and his family, and from there we went on to Albany where we gave a concert before taking the P. & O. boat to Melbourne, where we would appear under the management of Mr. Lohr. Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove were managers for theatrical companies, and when Lohr offered me a contract for the rest of Australia and New Zealand I accepted immediately, as he had brought some great artists from England to Australia and been very successful; but my first tour of Australia was under the management of Williamson and Musgrove.

I had hoped that Lohr would have us give the first concert at Adelaide, which would break the voyage from Albany to Melbourne; but he preferred to have us go directly to Melbourne, which was a sea voyage of three days, and there we gave six concerts.

My contract with Lohr was for twenty-five concerts in New Zealand, and from Melbourne we went direct to Auckland in the north, playing in cities all the way toward

the south, to Invercargill. The horse-racing season was on in New Zealand, and Lohr made contracts with the directors of the races in the different towns in the western part of New Zealand, for fourteen concerts. We went as far as Hokitika, appearing in the evenings, after the races were over. In some places we gave only one concert, and in others, as many as the days the races would last.

The journeys from one place to another had to be made by boat, as a general thing, and we were constantly in the society of jockeys, trainers and owners of the horses, as well as the horses themselves. As we "belonged to the show," we went to the races every day, and every day I would wager a small sum on one horse or another, faithfully following the straight tip of this or that owner, and invariably lost money, until, on the last day of the races, I followed by own judgment and came out with enough ahead to reimburse me for the losses. This was the first time in my artistic career in which I had formed a part of a sporting program, and while such a thing was never done in any other country, in New Zealand it was all right, and we had a very enjoyable experience for the reason that lovers of the horse happened in this case to be lovers of music as well.

From Invercargill we went back to Sydney, Australia, and gave two concerts at the City Hall, the largest in Australia. In another part of "My Memories" I described this hall and its immense organ, which was the largest in the world, until that at the Exposition of St. Louis was built. The "City Organist" was the official title held by August Wiegand, a graduate of our Royal Conservatory of Liège. We knew each other when boys

and we were very glad to meet at the Antipodes. Wiegand's position netted him considerably more than the actual salary of one thousand pounds, as he had the privilege of benefit concerts, and certain other perquisites.

Wiegand told me that he had played more than five thousand compositions for the organ in the weekly concerts at the Town Hall. He was a great organist and was a composer as well. I would often go to the organ loft with him and play pieces with organ accompaniment, and the acoustics of the hall were so perfect that even in muted passages the tone of the violin would be heard in every part above the accompaniment of the organ.

I added to my regular company a young lady harpist from New Zealand. The people of Great Britain and her colonies are fond of the music of the harp, and Miss Haverly's numbers furnished a pleasing interlude in our programs. I may say without boasting that I believe we broke the record for concerts in Sydney in 1897 with twenty-one in three weeks at the Bijou Theater — six concerts and matinée on Saturday, every week.

One day I was at luncheon with Hazon, Director of the Philharmonic Society, and Marish, the manager of Paling and Co., the leading music and piano firm in New South Wales. The Philharmonic Society had for several years given the "Stabat Mater" by Rossini at the City Hall on Good Friday, and had leased the hall as usual for the coming Good Friday; but they were now rehearsing "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz, and during our conversation Hazon said he was doubtful if he could give the Stabat Mater, as there would not be time

to prepare it, on account of the work of Berlioz. I said at once, that if he could not use the hall on Good Friday he might let me have it. Marish insisted on this idea and we took a cab and went to the hall and changed the announcement of the Philharmonic to that of the Musin Concert Co.

Good Friday is the best day of the whole year for concerts, as all the theaters throughout Australia are closed on that day for theatrical performances; but they usually gave sacred concerts instead. The next day I met Williamson and asked him if he intended giving a sacred concert at his theater, and he said he did. I told him about Hazon having given me that date at the Town Hall, and said that I feared that a sacred concert at his theater would hurt my affair. Williamson did not promise to close his theater; but I could see that he was ready to be agreeable, and in fact his house was dark on that great day, and thanks to him, my company was the only attraction in the whole city of Sydney.

I had a few dates to fill in Queensland, at Brisbane, Maryborough, etc., but was back in Sydney the night before Good Friday. I had engaged additional talent for the occasion, with Wiegand as organist, a contralto, and a baritone. The singers gave selections from oratorios, my wife and the contralto singing the great duo from the *Stabat Mater*, and Mrs. Musin also sang the aria "Let the Bright Seraphim" with organ accompaniment and trumpet obligato, and the Gounod Ave Maria with violin obligato by myself. I played the andante and finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto, the Prayer from Moses in Egypt,

arranged for the G string by Paganini, and the air by Bach for the G string, and other selections of a character in keeping with the occasion.

The hall was packed with people and hundreds were obliged to stand. The prices for tickets were at the popular rate of one, two and three shillings, and as most of the money was in silver you can easily understand that it required four baskets to carry it, and, not to mention the time to count it, I had to have a couple of policeman to take it to the hotel. My expenses were not more than five hundred dollars and the net receipts were over six hundred pounds (\$3000), which was a nice little purse; but to any artist the mercenary point of view is of minor importance. It was the thrill of the vast audience, the magnificent organ, the elevation of the spirit by the music, which left an impression never to be forgotten.

From Sydney we went by train down to Melbourne where we gave two more concerts at the beautiful Town Hall of the city, and August Wiegand accompanied me to play some selections on the organ. From Melbourne we at last got to Adelaide, where we gave three concerts. Adelaide is a most beautiful city of a distinct type, very like Nancy in France, called "La Coquette." Here I bought tickets for Europe by the P. & O. liner Ormuz. My pianist decided to locate permanently in Australia, Miss Haverly returned to her home in Wellington, N. Z., and my secretary, Geyer, also decided to remain in Australia. My second tour of the world would end when we reached London and I felt that after playing nearly four hundred concerts, the decidedly hard traveling and so forth which we had undergone, merited one year of rest,

and bidding farewell to our hosts of good friends and that hospitable country we sailed away on our return journey of forty-five days.

CHAPTER XIX

HOMEWARD BOUND

WE left Adelaide, South Australia, in a large vessel of the P. & O. line, the *Ormuz*. We settled down for a voyage of at least forty-five days before we would reach England. There were not many first class passengers, but down in the steerage were men from the East who gathered on the lower deck in the twilight and sang their peculiar songs, which require considerable vocal flexibility to do those roulades so characteristic of the music of India.

We managed to wile away the hours with the usual routine, of bath, breakfast, bouillon, luncheon, nap, afternoon tea, promenades and games on deck, dinner, music and games in the salon and smoking room, supper and nightcaps, reading and telling stories. The weather was fair nearly all the way to Ceylon, where we stopped at Columbo for a few hours to take on coal.

Taking advantage of the opportunity to see something of Columbo, we drove to a large hotel and seating ourselves on the wide veranda we soon attracted a number of native merchants and necromancers who displayed their wares and their tricks,—both affording us entertainment. We were initiated into their way of doing business, which was to our disadvantage on that occasion,—the first we had experienced in dealing with people whose beauty of

countenance, calm, dignified, yet pleasing manners, inspired the utmost confidence, but who were in reality past masters of the art of deception. We were interested in a display of very fine basket work, exquisitely woven, and I chose a particularly fine specimen.

There were several of the merchants interested in the sale standing about, evidently in collusion; for when I had paid and received the article carefully wrapped in paper, I happened to open the parcel after going a few steps, and discovered that what they had given me was a poor specimen indeed of the beautiful work I had selected. I went back and said, "This is not the piece which I bought." The venerable prophet examined the article and with apologetic gesture took it back and, showing me the former piece, smiled sweetly, wrapped it up and handed it to me. Full of confidence I took the parcel a second time and walked away; but a slight suspicion clouded my mind for an instant, and I opened the package to find the prophet had again substituted the inferior piece of work. I was indignant and went back to the man and demanded the perfect piece which I had bought. With a show of deepest regret he patiently took it back; and as he wrapped the right article, I watched him as a cat would a mouse, only to find on opening our parcels after getting back to the ship that the old rascal, who looked so much like a Prophet, had finally and with complete success disposed of his imperfect piece of work, and by his legerdemain had cheated me out of my purchase and the perfectly good gold piece which I had paid him.

Such legerdemain was comprehensible after another experience which we had in Columbo that afternoon. A

handsome oriental in turban and flowing robes, squatted himself in the path before us. Out of the intricate folds of his robe he produced a silk handkerchief, a bottle of water; and in the palm of his hand he showed us some seeds. Apparently the pits of a lemon. He made a little hole in the sand with his finger and planted a couple of the seeds; watered them after covering them with the sand and then spread the handkerchief over the spot.

While we gazed to see what would happen next we noticed a slight elevation in the center of the handkerchief which continued to rise higher and higher. Taking the water bottle the man raised a corner of the handkerchief and cautiously sprinkled the ground underneath it. Evidently the seeds were growing rapidly, for in less than three minutes the handkerchief had risen over a foot in the air and when the man removed it with a flourish, there was a fresh green plant with large spreading leaves. How did he do it?

Those magicians had evidently developed the art of distracting one's attention to such a fine point, that by some slight and unobserved gesture they could divert one's mind from what they were doing at the moment, although one might suppose himself to be intently following every one of their movements. No doubt that plant was up the man's sleeve all the time, or he may have hypnotized us so that we thought we saw it growing; but, supposing he knew of some scientific solution whereby miraculously rapid growth might be promoted, what a godsend it would be toward solving the question of the high cost of living in these days! Of course this trick was nothing to what some of the cult are able to perform.

But now to our ship and the continuation of our journey, through the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Aden into the Red Sea, so called no doubt from the dusky red tint of the mountains along the west coast. On the east, as far as the eye could reach, were sandy desert waste and dunes; but as twilight approached, the air was perfumed with the spicy fragrance of Arabia. From time to time there came into view the solitary figure of a Bedouin swaying along on the back of a camel.

One evening as we sat on deck enjoying the balmy perfumed air, watching the stars and listening to the weird, melancholy warblings of the singers in the fore-castle, the captain strolled up and informed us that if we were on deck early in the morning we could see Mount Sinai. Think of it! the Mount where Moses received the Decalogue!

I am sorry to state that with the best of intentions I missed it nevertheless. My wife was up before the sun, however, and described Mount Sinai as appearing like a crown of glory. The rays of sunlight streaming between the several peaks — which were dark against that piercing light — spread out in glorious illumination. It was a sight so awe inspiring that she did not wonder the Mount was called holy.

The waters of the Red Sea began to grow shallower after a bit, and narrower. The place was pointed out to us where the Children of Israel crossed over on dry land when the waters were pushed back by the mighty wind, which providentially arose to enable them to escape from Pharaoh's pursuing army, which was completely de-

stroyed when the subsidence of the wind caused the waters to return and engulf it.

At this place in the Red Sea we encountered a terrific head wind against which our big ship made headway with difficulty, and it was easy to believe the Biblical story as to the shallow water being driven away to form a dry place where the Children of Israel could cross to the other shore.

At Port Said we stopped for a few hours; but there was nothing of particular interest in the way of sightseeing except a place where roulette was going on. We followed the crowd and taking a sporting chance I ventured a gold piece, placing it on a number as I used to do occasionally at Monte Carlo. Luck was on my side and placing the winning once more, I won again, and the croupier passed over to me ten gold pieces. This was enough, as I did not care to tempt fortune further. We returned to our ship and continued our journey to the Bay of Naples where we lay for some hours, watching Vesuvius smoking and occasionally catching a whiff of the acrid fumes which the wind wafted toward us from the crater. We had anchored early in the morning, and very soon we were visited by a lot of small craft, many containing musicians and singers who gave us over and over again the popular song "Funiculi Funicula." At times the boys in one of the boats would be playing and singing this song in a different key and measure from those in other boats, creating a confusion and discord which drove us nearly wild. There was no escaping it, for the port-holes were all open even if we sought refuge in our cabins, so we diplomatically bought them off one by one, and they

rowed away satisfied with the coins which we threw to them.

The vocabularies of all languages must have been exhausted in describing the beautiful Bay of Naples, and an attempt to do so on my part would furnish no novelty; but of course this bay is unique, and leaves an indelible impression, in spite of the many entrancing pictures of scenes in different parts of the world, which we have stored away in memory's gallery, each and every one having marked physical characteristics and psychological effects. Beautiful as is the Bay of Naples, there is, overshadowing it, that menacing terror, Vesuvius, which needs careful watching; for, one must be prepared to flee when the monster growls and shakes with wrath, for fear that molten streams of lava will be emitted from its mouth and the earth be covered with ashes, as at the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

In marked contrast to this, the psychological effect of beautiful "Golden Gate," and of the harbor of Sydney, is that of charming tranquillity and peace. That of New York is of overpowering energy, vitality and daring. As a big ocean liner enters the harbor, a vast number of vessels of all sizes seem to be dashing towards it, plunging over the water, tossing the foam, and emitting loud, deep, and shrill barks from their black throats, like a pack of hounds unleashed by the hunter, and wild for the chase. All is rush! drive! The vast piles of towering buildings typify the height to which American ambition and enterprise will carry even those who, a short time before, might have been leading a peaceful existence on the other side of the Atlantic.

Here, all the impelling mental force of man has full sway, to conquer material obstacles, and a European, experiencing for the first time his landing in New York, feels as if a large amount of vitality had gone from him, to be absorbed by the strenuous atmosphere of this great city, and that a week's rest at least will be necessary, before he feels himself again, and able to take a sane view of the outlook.

But we must return to the Bay of Naples. Our ship is getting under way, and we are now counting on seeing the Rock of Gibraltar, this name being a corruption of *Jebel Tariq* (*Tarik's Mountain*), who began to build a castle on the rock in 711, which was finished in 742.

What cyclopean force of nature cut this colossal rock almost clean from the top, which is more than fourteen hundred feet high, to the sea below? In primeval times, the basin of the Mediterranean and the Strait may have been a valley between the *Sierra Nevada* range on the coast of Spain, and the *Atlas* range on the northern coast of Africa; but whatever the cause of the formation of this gigantic rock, which is two and a half miles long at its base, as one regards it from the deck of a puny ocean cockle shell of ten thousand tons, the effect is grandiose to say the least. This rock is there to stay, and we are glad that it is in the possession of an enlightened people who know how to put it to the best possible use. A mighty fortress and a formidable rampart it is indeed.

Nothing could have pleased me more than to have gone ashore or rather on the rock, had we been permitted to do so; but we were bound for England, via the Atlantic with

its variable moods and movements; and in fact we arrived safely in London town after a most enjoyable voyage of forty-five days. We rested there a bit and then went on to dear old Liège.

CHAPTER XX

RETURN TO BELGIUM

As my last tour had consumed two years you can imagine that my mother and brothers were at the station waiting for us when we arrived. I had not been two days in town when I received a note from Mr. Pety de Thozee, then Governor of the Province of Liège, and also President of the Administrative Commission of the Royal Conservatory, which told me that César Thomson had resigned and asked me if I would take the position. As related earlier in my memoirs, I had refused this position fifteen years or more before this, as I was then at the height of my career, and Thomson took the position; since being married and having a family, he could better accept the honor. I replied to the Governor that I would consult with my wife; but I did not find her very enthusiastic on the prospect of settling in Liège, and I must say that I had never had the intention of so doing. I explained to my wife that Leonard, Jacques Dupuis, Heinberg, Rodolph Massart and other great violinists had occupied that position; which would be a very easy one to fill, as I would teach only six months of the year and in the balance of the time we could make concert tours in Europe and America, and my teaching would occupy but six hours of each week. I told her also that my mother was getting old (she was then 72) and that I felt I ought

LIÈGE
Statue
Charlemagne



to stay near her a while, and persuaded my wife that after so many years of traveling a rest was really necessary. At last my wife consented to do as I thought best, to the great satisfaction of my family; but had it not been for the pressure brought to bear by the State and my family I would probably have settled in Paris. In that same year, 1898, I was by "Arrete Royal" nominated Professor with special salary and six months' leave of absence (including vacations) for concert tours in other countries.

On Feb. 18th, 1898, I was presented as soloist at the second concert of the season, given by the orchestra of the Royal Conservatory and played three numbers, the Russian Concerto by Lalo, the Concerto by Mendelssohn, and the Folia of Corelli. The orchestra is composed entirely of the professors and laureates of the Conservatory, and numbers one hundred musicians, conducted by the Director of the Conservatory.

The Grande Salle de Concert of the institution is not one which can be rented by any one or any society, being for the use of the institution exclusively; and every season six concerts are given by the orchestra at which renowned artists appear as soloists. In the great hall, pupil-orchestra concerts are also given during the winter and recitals on the large organ (built at the rear of the stage at the top of the tiers of seats for the singers in oratorios or other choral works) are given by the professor of the organ.

In the large concert hall are held the annual public examinations which take place for all branches of music and last over one month, the boxes, orchestra chairs, dress circle and galleries being occupied by the public free of

charge; and the interest manifested by the public of Liège, Brussels, Antwerp and Ghent in the annual examinations is as great as for a bullfight in Spain or a baseball match in the United States.

The distribution of the prizes is a great event. The Governor and other members of the administrative commission, director and members of the Town Hall are seated on the stage before a long table covered with diplomas, prizes and laurel wreaths, and as the names of the successful laureates are called, each one mounts the stage and on being presented with his or her prize, is congratulated by one or another of the distributors.

For the subscription concerts the seats in the boxes, dress circle and *fauteuil d'orchestra* (orchestra chairs) are retained permanently from year to year by the same subscribers as at the opera.

In 1898 there were more than seven hundred pupils, belonging to all classes of society, represented in the Conservatory; to whom instruction in music in every branch was given free of cost. There were about sixty or more professors whose appointments were on the plane of the University and, thus being financially independent of the pupils, the professor could exercise an authority and direct his work for their artistic advancement in a manner otherwise impossible, where the pupil is the employer and free to work as the teacher says or not, with full liberty to fly from one teacher to another, according to the fancy or whim of the moment or upon the advice of persons who may be paying for his instruction, who as a general thing know nothing as to what is essential to the formation of efficient musicians and artists. In my own case since I



ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF LIEGE

started my own violin school in New York in 1908 I have had no cause to complain of pupils in the above respect; for every one came with the serious intention of making the career in one line or another as players or teachers or both and remained with me in many cases for several years or until their funds were expended. Never having been the recipient of an endowment fund or free scholarships for talented but impecunious students, my work has necessarily been limited to a certain extent as to the number of my violin students, facts which show plainly the value of an institution like those of Liège, Brussels, Antwerp and Ghent, which are not charitable institutions, but Government schools of music, placed above political and commercial considerations for the sole object of developing native talent for the artistic glory of Belgium. The Directors of the four conservatories in Belgium have always been Belgian musicians who are, as young composers, winners of the Prix de Rome, and have distinguished themselves as composers and directors of orchestras, directors of the opera, etc. The Conservatoire of Liège has had four directors, Dausoigne Mehul, 1827-1862; Etienne Soubre, 1862-1871; Jean Theo. Radoux, 1872 to about 1911, and the present incumbent, Sylvain Dupuis, formerly conductor of the Opera at the Brussels La Monnaie. The appointments of directors and professors are for life, with a pension on retirement for age or disability after twenty-five years' service. The faculty are thus secured from financial needs and enjoy a tranquillity which enables them to concentrate on their special calling for which they have been specially fitted by education and training.

The only thing required of a prospective pupil is natural aptitude, which is determined by the examination preliminary to his acceptance, industry, and progress. If a pupil should not make progress and make a good showing at the annual examinations he will be eliminated. Ambitious and diligent students are encouraged and rewarded by the acclaim of the government and the great public who regard the achievements of its artist musicians as an honor in which the whole nation participates.

During the ten years of my professorship at the Royal Conservatoire of Liège, I would hold my violin classes from January 15th to the beginning of July, appearing occasionally in concerts with orchestral societies in Liège, Brussels, Antwerp and other cities and also giving my lecture on the history of the violin.

At the Conservatoire there was no special professor of Esthetics and upon each teacher of the advanced classes, devolved the duty of instructing his pupils in this branch and the history of his instrument. My lectures to my pupils developed the subject of the lecture which I gave in public in two languages; in French to audiences speaking French and in English to those speaking English, as in New York City in 1908 at Mendelssohn Hall.

My lecture began with the Ravanastron, 5000 years B. C., and traced the development of the stringed instruments down to the violin of the present day, being profusely illustrated with pictures thrown on a screen, which I explained in detail. Besides the pictures of ancient and modern instruments, I showed the portraits of the ancient and modern makers and composers, and interspersed



MUSIN'S CLASS AT THE LIEGE ROYAL CONSERVATORY

the discourse by playing selections for the violin, chronologically arranged.

This lecture recital was something new and attracted wide interest. My lecture, as well as all the musical selections, was given from memory, without notes, and, although it took about two and a half hours to deliver it, my audiences were closely attentive from first to last and expressed their pleasure at the novel entertainment.

An American manager was somewhat skeptical as to my ability to make myself understood in speaking English to American audiences; but I was gratified to find myself thoroughly well understood, as was proved by their sustained interest and the numbers of persons who came to compliment me after the lecture. As for myself, I must say that I enjoyed giving this illustrated historical lecture as much as anything I have ever done in the way of artistic entertainment, and it was not fatiguing to me, as the program was divided between speaking, illustrating, and playing, and the time passed very rapidly.

CONCERTS OF DUMONT LAMARCHE FUND

At Liége there was a wealthy amateur of music who left a fund for four séances of Chamber concerts to be given annually during the winter season at which the most celebrated organizations, such as the Joachim, Bohemian, Flonzaley quartettes, appeared. These concerts were free of cost to the public and were given in the great hall of the Conservatory. It was always packed to the utmost and those who came a little late missed hearing the greatest quartette organizations of the world.

The Flonzaley quartette is composed of two Italians and two Belgians — Betti, Italian; Pochon, Belgian; Ara, Italian, and D'Archambeau, Belgian. This quartette is considered the most perfect, not only in Europe, but also in America.

During one of the years of my professorship at the Conservatory of Liège, I received a visit from Arthur M. Abell, whom I had known in New York. Mr. Abell was formerly a pupil of César Thomson in Brussels, a charming conversationalist and interesting writer on musical subjects. As a critic and analyst of violin playing he is thoroughly well informed. Abell had a strong desire to be heard in the town of violinists, and I offered to arrange a recital for him in one of the halls of the Conservatory. He accepted my offer and I invited the director of the Conservatory, and all of the professors, and many of the more advanced pupils. His audience was composed of the musical élite of the city, including the newspaper critics. Mr. Abell's program was quite classic. He played the G Minor of Bruch, some old classic sonata and two groups of pieces, entirely from memory. His audience was warmly appreciative and generous in their applause. Mr. Arthur M. Abell had been the correspondent of the Musical Courier in Berlin for many years, but this last year he has been in New York City and other cities. His articles on Music in the different countries after the War were highly interesting, and widely read.



Eliza de Try
Lisbonne, June 19, 1869



Oscar Doutrelon- de Try

DOUTRELON DE TRY

Doutrelon de Try of Lille, France, was and is to-day, the best friend I had in Europe. Although a very successful business man, he was an enthusiastic devotee of music: a true amateur; whose wealth was largely expended in promoting musical societies and in helping artists; organizing festivals and in extending the hospitality of his beautiful Château de Lambersart, to many celebrities such as Massenet, Bizet, Christine Nilsson, and many others. On account of Doutrelon's munificence toward artists and the propagation of the art of music, we called him "le Mécène Lillois."

I met Doutrelon the first time when I was in Lille with Faure, in 1876, and we have been the best of friends ever since. In 1901, at the great festival of all the singing societies of Belgium, Doutrelon was the delegate sent by France. He was also one of the judges of the great international festival which took place in Lille in 1902, and has been the recipient of many tokens of appreciation from our Belgian musical societies and from those of France as well. For his devotion to the cause of the art he has been decorated with distinguished orders of both countries.

Doutrelon's wife is no other than the greatest lady 'cello player of all time, Eliza de Try, a Belgian, who, like her teacher, Servais, was considered the Paganini of the 'cello. Leonard, as well as Servais, was enraptured with her playing and her European successes were phenomenal. She came to America, to play at the popular concerts given in the Grand Opera House in 1872 at

23rd St. and 8th Ave., New York City. These concerts were suddenly interrupted by the death of James Fisk, who was killed by Stokes. The young artist had in her possession a letter of introduction from Leopold II, King of Belgium, to his sister Charlotte, Empress of Mexico; to which country she would have gone to appear in concerts, had not the project been rendered impossible by the misfortune to the Royal family, by the execution of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

Leopold II's letter is most interesting and proves that this Belgian King, considered in Europe "the Diplomat of Nations," had foreseen the events which befell the Belgian Nation in 1914; for, in his letter to his sister Charlotte, dated 1866, he says, in French, translated:

CHÂTEAU DE LAEKEN, July 27, 1866.

My dear Charlotte:

I thank you for your last letter. I send you these lines by Miss de Try, a young artist, under the protection of Servais and Leonard, crowned with success in Paris, and first prize of our Conservatory.

I have never seen or heard this young person; but if you can, without disturbing yourself, be useful to her, perhaps you will do so.

You know the events in Europe: that beautiful Austrian army destroyed, the Prussians are before Vienna and Presburg, all that in less than thirty days.

Prussia is at this moment dominant in Europe. The Emperor Napoleon occupies the second place, Russia the third, and England last and even less than the last.

Here in Belgium I am on my tour around the Provinces,



A

La Majesté de l'Empereur
de Mexico.

27 Juillet 1866.



Chateau de Laeken.

M^{re} Ch^{re}. Charlotte

Je te remercie de ta
dernière lettre. Je
t'envoie ces lignes par
le fils de Thy j'en suis sûr
apprends tu fort p.
Suzanne et Léonard,
caractère de leur
be. salut de Paris
1^{er} prix de notre conservation

Il n'est jamais vu en
understand with, j'en
persuade si tu pour
sans le dérange en lui
lui dit qu'il peut être
conduire tu le fais. —

Le cannabis le criminel
en Europe. C'est bien
un peu l'autrichien I think
le cannabis devient si
à l'échelle tout cela
en un peu de 30 / 100
de l'usage.

Le cannabis est un
mément prépondérant

Europe. L'Empire de Naples
ne peut le demandé sans
le respect de 3- et l'Empire
le service et ainsi, même
pour le service.

Les - Poly. sur 1-
parcours le service
et partant en un
fait le meilleur accord
entre esprit public
et la justice de la nation
ou plus national.

Le service, la justice
est désagréable.

Has servis avec agilité

pour le moment on
parvient par l'accès
à nous. Il est cependant
difficile d'espérer qu'
jamais le ~~projet~~ ^{projet} vienne
à nous faire.

Le grand air est
ministe en fait de l'armée
entre autres armées sur
un bon pied ~~un peu~~
je n'obtiens rien de la part
et entre autres notes que
suffisant de l'espèce de
la fortune

Il est un peu ~~l'ensemble~~
L'impôt.

and everywhere I am received with the greatest enthusiasm. Our public spirit has never been better or more national.

The Regent in Antwerp remains disagreeable. Our powerful neighbors for the moment do not seem to take any interest in us. *It is however difficult to hope that future great events will not affect us.*

I would like to have a Ministry completely united, to put our army on a good footing. Unhappily I cannot obtain it from the Cabinet, and our future is too dependent on the caprices of fortune.

I kiss you tenderly.

Signed,

LEOPOLD.

Note — (It is a pity Leopold II. could not have lived a few years longer, to have seen the powerful Prussians put to rout completely, and the future of Belgium assured by her gallant allies, thanks to the heroic stand taken by Albert, King of the Belgians.)

The envelope of this letter was addressed by the hand of the King, To her Majesty, the Empress of Mexico.

In 1907-8, I had the misfortune to lose my mother and I then decided, to the satisfaction of my wife, to send in my resignation to the Belgian Government and established my Belgian School of Music in New York.

It is to my wife that I owe the fact that I was spared from being under the heels of the Germans who took possession of the town of Liège in 1914, and made the inhabitants their slaves.

According to letters received from my brothers, what the Germans could not steal they destroyed and that, when they were obliged by the Allies to leave, the town was bare. My brothers say that there is no word in any language strong enough to express the atrocities committed by those barbarians.



MRS. OVIDE MUSIN

CHAPTER XXI

VIOLINIST REFLECTIONS

Not long ago, a former pupil wrote me to ask if the modern violin masters are superior to the old ones, and my answer was no. I take for example the Conservatory of Paris which had at its head Viotti, Rode, Kreutzer, Baillot, Habeneck, the latest teachers being Remy, Berthelier, Lefort, Nadaud. I took also for example the Conservatory of Brussels which had Charles de Beriot, Leonard, Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski, the teachers of to-day being Thomson, Cornelis, Marchot and Van ZanVoord.

To my knowledge not one of the younger generation has written either a study or a concerto, although Kreutzer, Rode and Fiorillo wrote their celebrated studies before they were thirty-five years old. Viotti, Kreutzer and Rode composed their concertos when about twenty years old and upwards. Vieuxtemps and Leonard wrote theirs when still very young and left to posterity works which made their names immortal.

I have also been asked if the modern violin virtuosos are more skillful than those of old times. I replied that from the technical point of view some of the old masters must have been superior, judging by the compositions they wrote and played. First take Locatelli

(Pietro), born in Italy in 1693, died in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1764. He was the last pupil of Corelli and was the one to diverge the most from the manner of his master and by his originality and audacity he succeeded in creating extraordinary effects.

It is surprising that so little is known of the life of Locatelli, while his compositions have given him so brilliant a reputation that his name is placed among the greatest of the old classic masters. No traces of his career can be found in the archives of the big European cities and we know only that after Corelli's death, he made frequently long concert tours and finally established himself in Amsterdam where he died at 71 years of age. In his works "*L'arte del Violino*," his "*Enigmatical Caprices and Concertos*," he is considered by composers and violin virtuosos to be the pioneer of other great violinists.

It is no wonder that violinists of his time could not do justice to his compositions, which they called "devilish," as they were much too difficult for them to play and understand. What placed the "*Enigmatical Studies of Locatelli*" still further above their comprehension, was that this master had a way of writing his music with abbreviations. He would, for instance, write out one whole measure of a caprice as it should be played and the rest of the measures of the work would be abbreviated, which the player would have to solve, and as these enigma caprices, as they were called, required an experience equal to that of Locatelli himself in order to play them as he intended them to be played, we see why these works have been shelved to a large extent. But some of them are

now available for violinists to study with great profit and enjoyment.

In some of them I have eliminated the abbreviations and carried out every measure to the full and every note is written out as it ought to be played, with the fingering wherever necessary. In this work I must thank my brilliant pupil, Miss Anna Moya, for her excellent and patient assistance.

The labyrinth and the study in D Major for extensions of the third and fourth fingers in double stoppings, I consider the very best written and the most profitable to study. Locatelli has been to modern violinists from Paganini down what Hector Berlioz was in orchestral effects to Wagner, Liszt and younger composers for orchestra.

PAGANINI

Born in Genoa in 1784, died in Nice, France, in 1840.

So much has been written about this great genius that I shall relate only a few incidents which are not in any encyclopedia. Camillo Sivori, the only pupil of Paganini and at that time the most celebrated Italian virtuoso, was a friend of Leonard, and I met him often at Leonard's home in Paris, and although much younger than he, Sivori took some liking to me and we were together pretty often. He was living in Rue de Trevise in a hotel and I was living in Rue Cadet, just one block distant. I used to go to see him very often when he was in Paris and I always turned the conversation to Paganini. He told me how charming the great violinist was to him and also about his Guarnerius del Gesu given to him by

an amateur and how he tuned his violin just half a tone higher than usual to F-B \flat -E \flat and A \flat , instead of having his violin tuned as we do to E A D G, and he used very thin strings. In his concerto in D the orchestra was playing in E \flat . The effect was striking for the other violinist, also for the public.

I read a few critiques on Paganini by Guhr, a German violinist and critic who criticized him for his tone although recognizing his wonderful technique.

It is only comparatively recently — a few years — that a violinist virtuoso could draw a good house in Europe or in America. For example, Vieuxtemps, Sarasate, Wilhelmj, Wieniawski, had to get the help of a pianist of reputation or a cantatrice of renown. Paganini made all Europe run to hear him no matter in what capitals or towns of any size he appeared. Sivori told me that his tone was powerful and luscious and that he played all his pieces as he wrote them. Sivori's "piece de resistance" was the finale of the 2nd Concerto of Paganini, called "La Clochette," but Sivori was a small man with short fingers, and he was obliged to arrange many things in the double harmonics and when the stretching was too big for his small hands. He showed me how Paganini fingered the scales which I have adopted in my revision of the Belgian School of Violin.

Other great virtuosos of the olden times were Heinrich Ernst, born in Austria, and Ferdinand Laub, a Bohemian violinist, whom I heard once in Liège, when I was a boy, and who left a tremendous impression on account of his stupendous technique. He was at that time teacher

at the Conservatory of Moscow. I remember that many years after the violin teachers were still talking about Laub.

BELGIAN SCHOOL OF VIOLIN PLAYING

An unscrupulous musician wrote about three years ago in a musical magazine that the Belgian School of Violin playing did not exist, and to refute the assertion I took down my old books and hunted up historical facts to prove that the Belgian school had existed since very ancient times and also published four books of the Belgian School from the first principles to the highest virtuosity.

SOME HISTORICAL FACTS

When we say a school is French, German, Italian or Russian, what is meant by the term?

A "school" means the disciples of a man of genius, superior knowledge and of new ideas, the value of which he demonstrated and taught to his pupils who handed down their knowledge to succeeding generations. It is true that a Belgian school exists and has existed from ancient times and furthermore that other schools were derived from the ancient masters who went from the low countries to Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Austria and even to the Court of Peter the Great in Russia, where they demonstrated their advancements in the science and art of composition, singing and playing of musical instruments, and where they founded schools which were the source of our modern development, irrespective of nationality.

Charles de Beriot, born in Louvain, Belgium, was the

teacher of Henri Vieuxtemps. With very few exceptions, all the greatest violinists since De Beriot have been graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Liège or have been taught by masters of this school.

Among the products of this school may be listed such artists as Henri Leonard, Lambert Massart, Eugene Ysaye, Martin Marsick, César Thomson, Emile Sauret, Fritz Kreisler, Jeno Hubay, Jacques Thibaud, Carl Flesch, etc.

Going further back into musical history, a few names will serve to prove the antiquity of the Belgian school.

A monk named Hucbald, 840, of the Convent of St. Amand, near Tournai, Belgium, is called the father of primitive or ancient harmony. But the true founders of the first school of music in Rome (1549) were the two musicians from the Netherlands, Arkadelt and Goudimel. From this school came Palestrina, Animuccia, Nanini, Allegri, composer of the celebrated "Miserere," who was a pupil of Nanini. This was before the violin, as we know it to-day, had appeared, and from one hundred to two hundred years before Corelli, Tartini, Locatelli and Viotti were born.

In 1540 appears Jean de Ockegem, born in Hainaut, Belgium. One of his pupils was Josquin des Pres (called the father of modern harmony), Chapel Master of the Vatican, Rome. Another illustrious representative of the ancient Belgian School in Italy, was Rolland de Latre (also called Orlando Lasso), born at Mons, Belgium, 1520. At twenty-one, he was Director of the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome. He traveled in France,

in England, and in 1557, was called to the court of Bavaria where he died in 1594.

Franco, called in Belgium Frank, of the Cathedral of Liège (1066) was the inventor of modern rhythm.

Dumont, born in Liège (1610), was the first to use thorough bass in his compositions.

The above brief sketch of a few historical facts from authentic records should settle the question of the existence of the Belgian school in music from antiquity down to the predominance of the Belgian school of violin since 1827.

THE BELGIAN SCHOOL OF VIOLIN

My edition of the Belgian Violin School in four volumes from the first principles to the highest virtuosity by Leonard, with additional studies of my own, has been so far a very big success and is used by hundreds of teachers all over the world.

In revising somewhat these studies, I did so with no idea of improving upon Leonard's school (which could not be in any respect bettered by any one) but to facilitate their comprehension by the student and render easier the task of the teacher.

Leonard was called chief of the Belgian school for the reason that he so perfected the science and art of bowing as to produce a more voluminous and singing tone, and the use of the whole bow from frog to tip and vice versa. Furthermore, his books cover the whole field of violin instruction. There are many authors who cover certain phases, but Leonard was the only master who

covered the entire field from A to Z in a concentrated form, comprising every essential, but eliminating every non-essential as a great waste of time. Leonard was not only a great, if not the greatest of all pedagogues, but also a great player. He was the first to play that classic, the Mendelssohn Concerto, in Germany at Berlin, with the illustrious composer himself conducting the orchestra. Leonard's method was designed to develop equally and with uniformity the bowing, technic, style, musical knowledge and comprehension in order to make a complete artist, which cannot be accomplished where one feature such as technic of the left hand is specialized to the detriment of the bowing.

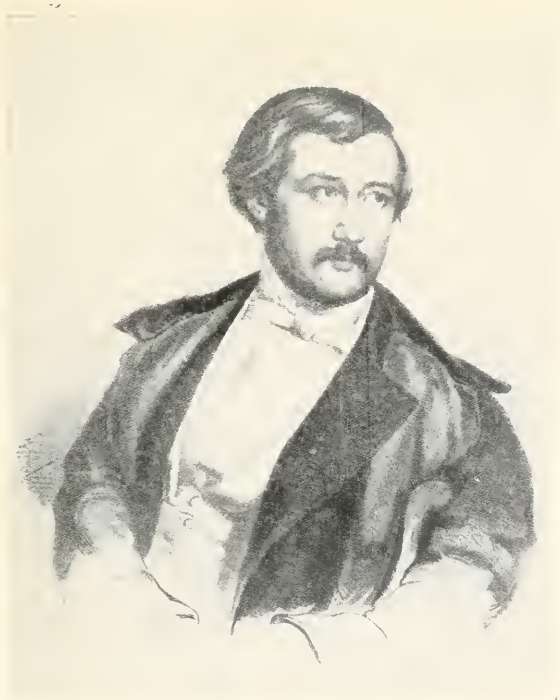
The three reasons why the great works of Henri Leonard (called *Hubert* Leonard in many encyclopedias) are less known in the English-speaking countries are:

1. His books are in French.
2. The markings of Fingering and Bowing are very few.
3. Being European editions, they are very expensive.

Furthermore, by my new edition, the work of the teacher will be made much easier by the fact that he will not have to lose time in marking the fingerings and the easy second violin accompaniment will enable him to keep his eyes on the pupil all the time.

MY TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR YOUNG ASPIRING VIOLIN STUDENTS

1. Begin young.
2. Seek a good teacher.



Alf. Lavinia

3. Take at least two full lessons every week.
4. Practice from three to five hours every day.
5. Practice mentally, as well as with the fingers and bow.
6. Practice scales every day.
7. Practice slowly (for control, flexibility, strength and endurance).
8. Listen to yourself.
9. Exercise your memory from the very beginning.
10. Learn the science of music, solfeggio, harmony, sight-reading (indispensable).

ESSENTIALS

Natural gift for music.

Aptitude for the violin.

Love of work.

Perseverance.

Self-control in public.

A good instrument.

THE VIOLIN

It was in the 16th century that the violin suddenly appeared in its present form. As to the subject of the inventor everything is contradictory. Of conjectures there are a plenty but of certainty there is none. The antiquity of the violin has always been a subject of dispute among savants.

Whence came the violin? No one knows. Who made it? We are equally ignorant. Some say that it was Duiffoprugar at Bologna. Others that it was Gaspar da Salo at Brescia, and still others that it was Andreas

Amati at Cremona. All however agree that in the 16th century two large schools of instrument making were formed; one of them at Brescia, having as its chief Gaspar da Salo, and the other at Cremona, founded by Andreas Amati. These two schools immediately arrived to a degree of skill in making instruments of the violin family which has never been surpassed or ever equaled, and the violin seems to have been born perfect. The violin which the Apollo of Raphael plays is for shape and size the same as it is now. See what progress has been made in modern times by makers of other instruments. See how piano manufacturers have improved the shrill, pitiful thin tone of the spinet, the ancestor of the piano; and what a revolution has taken place in wind instruments, in contrast to what they once were, when the art was in its infancy. As much as modern pianos, cornets, clarinets, etc., are superior to anything formerly made, so are the violins of the Amatis, Stradivarius, and Guarnerius superior to the best work of modern makers, which is a contradiction to the doctrine of progress; for the violin as it appeared in all its perfection in 1550 has not been improved upon in more than three centuries, and no one has ever arrived to the same degree of perfection in stringed instrument making as the old Italian masters. All the scientific problems essential to their perfection of form and tone had been worked out to a perfect solution by the inventor whoever he was. On the back of one of the Duiffoprugar 'cellos was inscribed the following:

“ I lived in the forest until I was slain by the

relentless axe. Whilst alive I was silent, but in death I became sonorous and melodious."

There is much food for thought in this allegory, which seems to point out what the puny creative power of man may accomplish, from the material aspect, and from the spiritual point of view, demonstrates the continuity of the soul of man after death.

THE BOW

For over a thousand years the bow remained in a rudimentary shape, being highly arched. During the 16th century it still retained the form of an arc and was called *l'arco*. Corelli in the 17th century made it more flexible and Tartini at the beginning of the 18th century improved it also, but it was Francois Lupot, the father of Nicolas Lupot, who during the 18th century suppressed the arc for a stick almost straight. Then Francois Tourte flattened the hair, made the bow more supple and solid and bent the stick toward the hair. J. B. Vuillaume, of Paris, invented the fixed frog, and the efforts of Tourte united to the invention of the fixed frog gives the perfect bow of to-day. I can not resist telling an amusing description of the violin and the bow given in the exclamation of a fiddler of ancient times, who said, "Heaven reward the man whoever he was who first hit the idea of sawing the insides of a cat with the tail of a horse."

AN INTERESTING LETTER OF TARTINI

Teaching by Correspondence.

This is a translation by Dr. Burney in 1779, of this remarkable Tartini letter to one of his pupils, addressed to Madelena Lombardini.

PADUA, March 5, 1760.

My very much esteemed Signora Madelena:

I shall begin the instruction you wish from me, by letter, and if I should not explain myself with sufficient clearness, I entreat you tell me your doubts and difficulties, in writing, which I shall not fail to remove in a future letter.

(This letter, which takes at least eight pages with a few examples in music, proves that the violin in the eighteenth century was taught by correspondence).

There were others before Tartini. Monteclair, in 1711, and Dupont, of Paris, who in 1740, wrote "Principles of violin playing by questions and answers, whereby persons may learn by themselves to play the instrument." Naturally pictures and exercises on perfect intonation are absolutely indispensable.

LETTER FROM CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Translation of a letter from Camille Saint-Saëns to Ovide Musin, 51 West 76 Street, New York, dated April 15, 1919, Rue de Courcelles, 83 bis, 17th Ar.

My dear Friend:

I have written so many letters lately that I cannot re-

Paris 15 Avril 1919

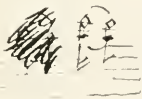
Mon cher ami

J'ai écrit tant de lettres depuis quelques jours que je ne puis me souvenir exactement de celles-ci. Je n'ai écrit ou si j'ai écrit seulement en l'intention. Il me semble bien pourtant m'en avoir été le grand plaisir que m'a fait votre lettre, mon regret que la chaleur excessive m'en empêcha de faire une visite à M^{lle} Muriel lors de mon dernier passage à New York; mais je n'ai eu aucun doute de vous avoir pu le même Concerto en la mineur.

Schirmer en a fait une édition, perfectionnée par lui-même. Il n'est pas dans doute que ce Concerto d'art pour un pianiste, avec l'accompagnement qu'il a écrit lui-même, dernière main. Il ne pouvait savoir que ce Concerto d'art pour Sarasate l'a été entièrement sans son concours, et qu'il ne contient pas un détail qui n'ait été approuvé par mon illustre ami. L'exception autorisée sur le titre fait naturellement croire que j'ai autorisé tous les changements opérés par Sauer; il n'en est rien. Schirmer a été autorisé par Durand à publier son œuvre, mais l'autorisation ne va pas plus loin.


L'édition française aura été authentique.

Sauer ne s'est pas contenté de changer les notes d'anches; il a complètement modifié l'intonation, pulso, à un degré de son invention qui produit un effet très original.



Il a substitué l'indispensable ordinaire qui ne plus facile, mais ne perdant pas du tout le même effet.

SECOND LETTER OF SAINT-SAËNS

Mais le mien et vous verrez il se produit
une gesticulation de air aut le  qui est sou-
vent le signe l'effet d'émotion. de au doigt barrel.

Et voilà ! le premier pas déjà fait, tant
pis ! je vous le redis, que les autres pour se sont
pas sentis de son existence, que vous êtes toujours
un de mes préférés, et que vous serez sage à bras.
ouvert si vous avez la bonne pensée de venir à
Paris un de ces jours.

(Note est au)

() , Paris - Paris



Rue de Courcelles 83 615

Paris (17^{me})

member exactly if I have written to you or if I only had the intention of doing so. It seems to me though that I told you the great pleasure your letter gave me and my regret that the excessive heat prevented my making a visit to Mme. Musin during my last sojourn in the United States; but I do not remember to have written you about my Concerto in B minor. Schirmer has made an edition of it arranged by Sauret. He thought no doubt that this Concerto, written by a pianist, needed a violinist to give it the last touches. He (Schirmer) evidently did not know that this Concerto was written for Sarasate and was entirely under his control, and that it does not contain one detail which was not approved by my illustrious friend Sarasate. The inscription "Authorized" put on the title page, leads one to suppose that all the changes made by Sauret were also authorized, which was not the case. Schirmer was authorized by Durand, Paris, to publish my work, but he had no authority to go any further. The French edition only is authentic. Sauret was not satisfied in changing the bowing alone, but he has completely modified certain passages which, with my own fingering, produce a very original effect. For instance, by substituting



he has made a change which is ordinary and easier to play, but which does not produce the effect I intended at all. Play it my way and you will see that it produces a glis-



sando which is an altogether different effect from the other, which is banal. So there it is. As I have already told you, and I repeat it, I have never forgotten the old days and you will always remain one of my favorites and you will be received with open arms if you should have the happy thought to come to Paris one of these days.

Your old friend,

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

FELIX RENARD'S BERCEUSE

In line with this subject (Saint-Saëns), which has given European composers and their publishers cause for complaint against American firms, is an affair the truth about which I now take occasion to state.

A friend of mine, Felix Renard, of Huy, Belgium, a violinist and former pupil of Leonard, wrote a Berceuse which was published by Gevaert, a publisher of Liège. Renard asked me to play it on my American tours and I used it as an encore selection during several of my tours in the United States, and as these were each year on different routes and the Berceuse always made a hit with the public, every one who could fiddle a little was playing it, and the sales, it seems, were quite large. I had used a manuscript copy for my pianist and was surprised to learn, in a roundabout way, that an American music house had published an American edition and was making the sales and naturally the profits, while the European publisher and the composer received nothing.

One summer, when I was back in Liège for a visit, Renard came to see me, in company with his wife, and with Mrs. Musin present, went over the matter of his Berceuse.

“Here am I, the composer,” he said, “and Gevaert, the publisher. You made it popular in America and it was taken away from us by others without leave or license and they make money on it in America and we get nothing. What shall I do about it?”

We agreed that the only way would be to have an American firm publish it in a new form, with certain changes as it was played by me, with my name included on the title page as a reminder that it was the RENARD BERCEUSE played and made known and popular by Ovide Musin. I agreed to have Breitkopf and Hartel make the new edition.

Renard gave me *carte blanche* as to arrangements, title, etc., with the publishers, with a view to securing to him some returns on his work.

On coming over from my tour, I left the matter in the hands of Breitkopf and Hartel and started traveling. With the best intentions in the world toward Felix Renard, I must confess that his Berceuse did not occupy a paramount place in my mind, as I had plenty to do in attending to my own tour, traveling every day, and I was glad to board the ship for Belgium, scarcely stopping a day in New York, so that it never occurred to me to call on Breitkopf and Hartel to see how the Berceuse was selling.

I should say further that previous to my arrangements with Renard as to the new publication, I had not played the piece for some time, having compositions of my own on my programs and as pieces for encore, so it will be readily understood why the matter slipped from my mind.

I got back to Liège and one day on the street I saw the Renards, but they did not seem to see me. I thought nothing of it, however, until, on later occasions, it became evident that there was a decided intention on their part to cut me.

I was puzzled, but it did not disturb me and it never occurred to me that the Berceuse was the cause. I knew, of course, that Breitkopf and Hartel would send along their annual statements and on receiving them, Renard would come in for his share of anything over and above the cost of publication.

But one day I received a letter from Renard which was positively insulting. It conveyed the idea that he felt he was being robbed by me, that I was gathering in shekels of wealth derived from sales of his composition, and demanded an accounting.

I wrote at once to Breitkopf and Hartel telling them to send a statement to Renard as to the expense of publication and receipts, together with the engraved plates and remainder of unsold copies. Renard received these in a short time and the expense fell on me, as the sales consisted of only 35 copies.

This was a terrible blow to Renard in view of his suspicions of my honesty which I had reason to know he had not kept to himself but which had been a matter of gossip among his friends. At any rate, Renard did the right thing in the end, for, at a public examination at the Liège Conservatoire, when a number of the professors and members of the jury were gathered in the foyer, as I came along he rushed up and embraced me and with tears in his eyes, begged my pardon before the crowd.



ONE OF MUSIN'S CLASSES AT HIS NEW YORK SCHOOL, 51 WEST 76TH STREET

I must say that, although I forgave Renard, it is more than likely that no one in America would ever have heard his *Berceuse* except for me. Still I have not forgotten his misjudgment of me which was quite inexcusable, as we had been friends from boyhood and companions at the Conservatoire.

MISLEADING ADVERTISEMENTS

There are teachers who advertise themselves as representing some prominent teacher: as though such a thing were possible, and many students are duped by this false idea.

A great teacher has his knowledge and experience which he uses to the best advantage for the pupil, according to the requirements of each and every one. I quote from one of the oldest pupils of Leschetizky, who said "nothing irritates the old Master so much as this expression — Leschetizky Method or system" and he said "only charlatans use it."

A professor of a University, for one hour's teaching, is often obliged to study his subject for two days in order to prepare the subject matter for that hour; but in the case of a teacher of piano or violin it is only from what he hears the pupil do during the lesson, that he will be able to make his observations and corrections, and every pupil being different, his system or method will change according to the pupil he hears, so no one can say with truth that he or she represents a Master teacher. This is a catch-penny way of getting business, and is used only in America, by persons who have no records of their own to show, of an artistic career, or as players before the great public.

CHAPTER XXII

AGREEABLE RECOLLECTION

AMONG the thousand and one concerts at which I have played, there is one which I shall never forget, for the reason that it afforded me perhaps the greatest amount of artistic satisfaction of any one of them. This was my appearance in Vienna at the Philharmonic Society, in 1880. The affair was a contribution to musical history, in that the "Academisch Overture" of Brahms was played for the first time.

The program was composed of three numbers only:

1. Academisch Overture, (1st audition), Brahms.
2. Concerto for Violin, Beethoven.
3. Symphonie No. 4, Volckmann.

Although the concert began at noon, the hall was packed. The Philharmonic Orchestra was considered the best in Europe, Hans Richter was the conductor and it was an event for any young artist to appear with this society. The next day I received a letter from the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic Society, signed by Hans Richter, which complimented me on my performance of the Beethoven Concerto, which explains my artistic satisfaction. The Overture of Brahms was well received; also the Symphony No. 4 of Volckmann.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S RECEPTION

His Eminence Cardinal Mercier's reception for the Belgians at the Hotel Astor, New York, on the evening of Sept. 19th, was the occasion never to be forgotten by those who could get into the hall to hear the Cardinal speak.

The Belgian Bureau of New York, through its chief, Monseigneur Stillemans, sent invitations to the Belgians of the city to attend the reception, and I need not say that the large room was crowded to its utmost capacity to welcome the great Belgian.

Monseigneur Stillemans introduced His Eminence to the audience in an eloquent address, and when the Cardinal arose to reply, the applause was such that for fully ten minutes it was impossible for him to utter a word.

When the enthusiastic demonstration, aroused by the actual presence of this heroic man, had finally subsided sufficiently to enable him to be heard, the Cardinal addressed the people in three languages, English, Flemish and French.

In English he said in part: "I come as a Belgian, in the name of the whole people, both Catholic and Protestant, to convey to the people of America their gratitude and my admiration and love because of what you have done for us all. I feel that my arrival here is one of the greatest events of my life, and I only wish that I could at least adequately express the gratitude of Belgium to America and her people."

Cardinal Mercier then went on to say: "My people wish to begin to work for themselves again. They want

to take up their industrial life as soon as possible. We know that America will help us to help ourselves, to get back our industry again," and further, "I hope that our two nations, one so weak and the other so strong, will walk together hand in hand, the weak supported by the friendship of your wonderful Republic.

"I would like to go everywhere in America to express my thoughts to the people; but I cannot go everywhere, and the newspapers must convey my message for me. I have followed the magnificent records of your armies. We knew God would not forsake us. We knew the hand of America would strike on our behalf, and our faith, our supreme faith which held us intact during the darkest hours of depression, was not shaken.

"The kind words and great compliments which have been given me are almost too much. I accept them not as though they were meant for me; but because I am representing Belgium."

The second speech was in Flemish, of which I did not understand one word; but judging from the applause there must have been many Flemish people in the audience.

The third address was in French and described the events of the war from 1914 to the collapse of the German power. In concise language His Eminence told of the German invasion of Belgium at the small town of Visé, where they massacred civilians, women and children, setting fire to the houses, so that what was once a peaceful town is now but a mass of stone and brick.

He told us of his visit to Dinant, formerly a town of six thousand inhabitants, where six hundred and fifty

civilians, women and children were killed, on the pretext that they had fired on the German army. This the Cardinal denied. He told us of so many cruelties it is impossible for me to even begin to enumerate them.

Fifty-nine priests were killed in Belgium during the war, for no reason whatever but as a part of the ruthless campaign of utter destruction which the enemy had adopted from the start.

When the Germans began expatriating the Belgians, they were told that to all who would sign an agreement to become German, an allowance would be given to their families; but all of these brave Belgians adopted the slogan "I will not sign." Their wives went out to a hill past which the train would go which carried their husbands away, and shouted to them, "Do not sign! Do not sign."

The Cardinal also told of the little paper called "La libre Belgique" (Free Belgium). Although every effort was made to suppress that paper, by spies and arrests, imprisonments and killings, it still appeared quite regularly and the enemy were never able to discover where it was printed or by whom; but very often the German Governor would find it on his desk.

Although His Eminence used no dramatic gestures and did not raise his voice, what he told us was often so terrible that the whole audience shivered with horror, and no one could have doubted for an instant that this great man told the simple truth as to the hideous way the Germans conducted the war in Belgium.

ALBERT, KING OF BELGIUM

On Thursday, Oct. 3rd, I was called to the telephone to receive a message from the Belgian Bureau, that the King of the Belgians would be there at five P. M. It was then four o'clock and I had just time to dress and take a taxi in order to be present at the reception.

The offices of the Belgian Bureau are at 431 West 47th Street, and it was in a large room there that this impromptu gathering took place, and owing to the short notice given of the visit of the King, there were not many present; but what we lacked in numbers was made up for in enthusiasm, and the moment the King appeared, lusty Belgian throats shouted, *Vive le Roi! Vive la Belgique! Vive le Roi!*

King Albert was visibly touched by the warmth of sentiment and devotion of his subjects thus expressed in their greeting, and said, "I am deeply touched by this manifestation of loyalty. As soon as I arrived here I wished to come among my countrymen living in New York. I am proud of them, and I thank you for your devotion. I hope that the Belgian colony here will improve the prosperity of Belgium under those who preside over this free country."

The King took this opportunity to decorate Monsieur Pierre Mali, our Consul General in New York, with the order of Commander of the "Order of Leopold," and upon Mgr. Stillemans he bestowed the Order of "Knight of the Crown," a very impressive ceremony.

King Albert remembered me very well and told me so. The last time I played before His Majesty was at Brus-



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sels in an official concert at the opera house, La Monnaie, when he, as Prince Albert, and all his Ministers were present. Eugene Ysaye was there also, on his way from Europe to Cincinnati, and as we had not seen each other for some years, we left the reception together and chatted of old times and when we were boys at Liège. We were so under the patriotic spell caused by the visit of the King and the gathering of our compatriots, that as we parted we simultaneously exclaimed:

VIVE LE ROI! VIVE LA BELGIQUE! ET VIVE L'AMERIQUE!

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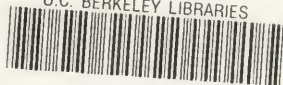
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